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POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

EDITED BY ROBERT BELL

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CONTENTS OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

PAGE

COMPLEYNTE OF A LOVERES LYFE 5

THE COMPLEYNTE OF MARS AND VENUS 27

THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN.

THE PROLOGE OF NINE GOODE WOMEN 44

INCIPIT LEGENDA CLEOPATRIE MARTIRIS, EGIPTI REGINE 63

INCIPIT LEGENDA TESBE BABILON, MARTIRIS 67

INCIPIT LEGENDA DIDONIS, CARTHAGINIS REGINE . . . 74

INCIPIT LEGENDA YPSIPHILE ET MEDEE, MARTIRIS . . 86

INCIPIT LEGENDA LUCRECIE ROME, MARTIRIS 95

INCIPIT LEGENDA ADRIANE DE ATHENES 102

INCIPIT LEGENDA PHILOMENE 111

INCIPIT LEGENDA PHILLIS 116

INCIPIT LEGENDA YPERMYSTRE 121

Minor Poems.

INTRODUCTION 126

THE COMPLEYNTE OF THE DETHE OF PITE 131

BALLADE DE VILAGE SAUNS PEYNTURE 135

A GOODLY BALLADE OF CHAUCER 138

BALLADE SENT TO KING RICHARD 140

THE COMPLEYNTE OF CHAUCER TO HIS PURSE 141

GOODE COUNSEIL OF CHAUCER 143

A BALLADE 144

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER A SCOGAN 145

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER A BUKTON 147

PROVERBES OF CHAUCER 148

ROUNDEL 149

VIRELAI 151

PAGE

CHAUCER'S PROPHECY 152
CHAUCER'S WORDS UNTO HIS OWN SCRIVENER 154
INCIPIT ORATIO GELFRIDI CHAUNCER 154

Poems attributed to Chaucer.

INTRODUCTION 160

THE LAMENTATION OF MARY MAGDALENE 161
A PRAISE OF WOMEN 182
'GO FORTH KING' 187
EIGHT GOODLY QUESTIONS, WITH THEIR ANSWERS 187
TO THE KINGS MOST NOBLE GRACE, AND TO THE LORDS AND KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER 190
'IT FALLETH FOR A GENTLEMAN' 192

Glossary.

INTRODUCTION 195

GLOSSARY 199

POEMS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

COMPLAYNTE OF A LOVERES LYF;

OR, THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT.

[In the printed editions this poem is called *The Complaint of the Black Knight*, and Speght adds the following short explanation of its purport:—'The heavy complaint of a knight for that he cannot win his ladies grace.' In *The Envoy* the poet dedicates it to one whom he addresses by the title of 'Princesse;' but whether this be a mere hyperbolical compliment, expressive of the power which his mistress exercises over his heart, or whether it denotes her actual rank, the context affords no clue to determine.

That the poem is rightly attributed to Chaucer there can be little doubt. It has been included in all the editions of his collected works; and Tyrwhitt, whose sound judgment entitles his opinion on such questions to the highest respect, pronounces in favour of its authenticity. The opening is a palpable imitation of that of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, from which most of the allegorical personages who, for a moment appear upon the scene, are also borrowed. The phraseology and versification are certainly characteristic of Chaucer's manner.

The text of this edition is founded upon that of the MS. entitled Fairfax 16, in the Bodleian Library, compared, in cases of difficulty with that marked Arch. Seld. B. 24. Both

these have been already described in the introduction to *The House of Fame.*—See vol. vi. p. 192.]

IN May, when Flora, the fressh lusty quene,
The soyle hath clad in grene, rede, and white;
And Phebus gan to shede his stremes shene
Amyd the Bole,[1] wyth al the bemes bryghte;
And Lucifer, to chace awey the nyghte,
Ayen the morowe oure orisont hath take,
To byd alle loveres out of hire slepe awake,

And hertys hevy for to recomforte
From dreryhed of hevy nyghtis sorowe,
Nature bad hem ryse, and hem disporte,
Ageyn the goodly glad grey morowe;
And Hope also, with seint Johan to borowe,[2]
Bad in dispite of daunger and dispeyre,
For to take the holsome lusty eyre.

And wyth a sygh I gan for to abreyde
Out of my slombre, and sodenly up sterte,
As he, alas! that nygh for sorowe deyde,
My sekenes sat aye so nygh myn herte.
But for to fynde socoure of my smerte,
Or atte lest summe relesse of my peyne,
That me so sore halt in every veyne,

I rose anon, and thoght I wolde goon
Into the wode, to here the briddes singe,
When that the mysty vapour was agoon,
And clere and feyre was the morwenyng;
The dewe also lyke sylver in shynynge
Upon the leves, as any baume swete,
Till firy Tytan with hys persaunt hete

Had dried up the lusty lycour nywe,
Upon the herbes in the grene mede,
And that the floures of many dyvers hywe,

[1] 'When the sun had entered the sign of Taurus.'

[2] A proverbial expression, meaning, properly, St. John being my pledge, or security; but often used, apparently, as a mere expletive.

Upon the stalkes gunne for to sprede,
And for to splaye out her leves on brede
Ageyn the sunne, golde-borned in hys spere,
That doune to hem cast hys bemes clere.

And by a ryver forth I gan costey,
Of water clere as berel or cristal,
Til at the last I founde a lytil wey,
Towarde a parke, enclosed with a wal
In compas rounde, and by a gate smal,
Who so that wolde frely myghte goon,
Into this parke, walled with grene stoon.[1]

And in I went to here the briddes songe,
Which on the braunches, bothe in pleyne and vale,
So loude songe that al the woode ronge,
Lyke as hyt sholde shiver in pesis smale;
And as me thoghte, that the nyghtyngale
With so grete myght her voys gan out wreste
Ryght as her herte for love wolde breste.

The soyle was pleyne, smothe, and wonder softe,
Al oversprad with tapites that Nature
Had made her selfe; celured[2] eke alofte
With bowys grene, the floures for to cure,
That in her beaute they may longe endure
Fro al assaute of Phebus fervent fere,
Which in his spere so hote shone and clere.

The eyre atempre, and the smothe wind
Of Zepherus, amonge the blosmes whyte,
So holsome was, and so nourysshing be kynde,
That smale buddes, and rounde blomes lyte,
In maner gan of her brethe delyte,

[1] This description will remind the reader of the opening of *The Romaunt of the Rose*.—See vol. vii. p. 17.

[2] The printed editions read *covered*, but *celured* is infinitely better. It means *canopied*, and is derived, ultimately, from the *Lat. celare*, to cover; and, proximately, from the French *ciel*, a canopy, as in the expression, *ciel de lit*, the canopy of a bed.

To yeve us hope there fruite shall take[1]
Ayens autumpne, redy for to shake.[2]

I sawe the Daphene[3] closed under rynde,
Grene laurer, and the holsome pyne,
The myrre also that wepeth ever of kynde,[4]
The cedres high, upryght as a lyne,
The philbert eke, that lowe dothe enclyne
Her bowes grene to the erthe doune,
Unto her knyght ycalled Demophoune.[5]

There sawe I eke the fressh hauthorne
In white motele, that so soote doth smelle,
Asshe, firre, and oke, with many a yonge acorne,
And many a tre mo than I can telle;
And me beforne I sawe a litel welle,
That had his course, as I gan beholde,
Under an hille, with quyke stremes colde.

The gravel gold, the water pure as glas,
The bankys rounde, the welle environyng,
And softe as velvet the yonge gras
That thereupon ful lustely gan sprynge,
The sute of trees about compassyng
Her shadowe caste, closyng the welle rounde,
And al the herbes growing on the grounde.

The water was so holsome and vertuous,
Thurgh myghte of herbes growynge there beside;
Not lyche the welle where as Narcissus[6]
Yslayne was thurgh vengeaunce of Cupide,
Where so covertly he did abide

---

[1] *Take* is here an intransitive verb, meaning to *set*. Gardeners say, that in cold and unseasonable springs the blossom falls off before the fruit *sets*, or *takes*.

[2] The meaning is that the buds gave promise that the fruit would set and be ready to be shaken off the trees against autumn.

[3] See Ovid, *Met.* i.

[4] The tree into which Myrrha was transformed, and which distils the bitter sap called myrrh.—See Ovid, *Met.* x.

[5] See Ovid, *Her.* ii.

[6] See vol. vii. p. 62.

The greyne of cruel dethe upon eche brynke,
That deth mot folowe, who that ever drynke.

Ne lyche the pitte of the Pegace,[1]
Under Pernaso, where poetys slept;
Nor lyke the welle of pure chastite,
Which as Dyane with her nymphes kept,
Whan she naked into the water lepte,
That slowe Acteon with his houndes felle,
Oonly for he cam so nygh the welle.[2]

But this welle that I here of reherse
So holsome was, that hyt wolde aswage
Bollyn hertes, and the venym perse
Of pensifhede, with al the cruel rage,
And overmore refresshe the visage
Of hem that were in any werynesse
Of gret labour, or fallen in distresse.

And I that had, thurgh daunger and disdeyne,
So drye a thrust, thoughte I wolde assaye
To taste a draughte of this welle or tweyne,
My bitter langour yf hyt myghte alaye,
And on the banke anone doune I lay,
And with myn hede unto the welle I raughte,
And of the water dranke I a good draughte.

Wherof me thoughte I was refresshed wele
Of the brennyng that sate so nyghe my herte,
That verely anone I gan to fele
An huge parte relesed of my smerte;
And therewithalle anoon up I sterte,
And thoughte I wolde walke and se more,
Forth in the parke and in the holtys hore.

---

[1] The fountain Hippocrene, which sprung from Mount Helicon, from the place where Pegasus stamped his foot.—Ovid, *Met.* iv.

[2] Ovid, *Met.* iii.

And thurogh a launde as I yede apace,
And gan aboute faste to beholde,
I founde anoon a delytable place,
That was beset with trees yonge and olde,
Whos names here for me shalle not be tolde,
Amydde of whiche stode an herber grene,
That benched was with turves nywe and clene.

This herber was ful of floures of Inde,[1]
Into the whiche as I beholde gan,
Betwex an hulfere and a wodebynde,
As I was war, I sawe ther lay a man
In blake and white colour, pale and wan,
And wonder dedely also of his hiwe,
Of hurtes grene, and fresshe woundes nywe.

And overmore destreyned with sekenesse
Besyde al this he was full grevously,
For upon him he had an hote accesse,
That day be day him shoke full petously,
So that for constreyning of hys malady,
And hertely wo, thus lyinge al alone,
It was a deth for to here hym grone.

Wherof astonied my fote I gan withdrawe,
Gretly wondring what hit myghte be,
That he so lay and had no felawe,
Ne that I coulde no wyghte with him se;
Wherof I had routhe, and eke pite,
And gan anoon, so softely as I coude,
Amonge the busshes prively me to shroude;

If that I myghte in any wise aspye,
What was the cause of his dedely woo,
Or why that he so pitously gan crye

[1] The printed editions read *gende*, which is probably intended, by a poetical licence, for *gente*, pretty; the Fairf. MS. reads *rende*, and MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24, *of Inde*. The true reading is probably *inde* or *ynde*, scarlet.

On hys fortune, and on eure also,
With al my myghte I leyde an ere to,
Every word to marke what he sayed,
Out of his swough amonge as he abreyde.

But first, yf I shal make mencyoun
Of hys persone, and pleynely him discrive,
He was in sothe, without excepcioun,
To speke of manhod, oon the best on lyve;
Ther may no man ayein trouthe stryve,
For of hys tyme, and of his age also,
He proved was, ther men shuld have ado,[1]

For oon the best; therto of brede and lengthe
So wel ymade by good proporcioun,
Yf he had be in his delyver strengthe;
But thoughte and sekenesse were occasion
That he thus lay in lamentacioun
Gruffe on the grounde, in place desolate,
Sole by hymself, awaped and amate.

And for me semeth that hit ys fyttynge
His wordes alle to put in remembraunce,
To me that herde al his compleynynge,
And al the grounde of his woful chaunce,
Yf therwithalle I may yow do plesaunce,
I wol to yow so as I can anone,
Lyche as he seyde, reherse everychone.

But who shal helpe me now for to compleyne?
Or who shall now my stile guy or lede?
O Nyobe, let now thy teres reyne
Into my penne, and helpe eke in this nede,
Thou woful Myrre[2] that felest my herte blede
Of pitouse wo, and myn houde eke quake,
Whan that I write, for this mannys sake.

---

[1] That is, 'Where men should be engaged in that business which is proper to them,' viz., the exercise of arms.

[2] Myrrha.—See *ante*, p. 8, note 4.

For unto wo accordeth compleynynge,
And dolful chere unto hevynesse;
To sorow also, sighing and wepyng,
And pitouse mournyng unto drerynesse;
And whoso that shal writen of distresse,
In party needeth to know fèlyngly
Cause and rote of al swche malady.

But I, alas! that am of wytte but dulle,
And have no knowyng of suche matere,
For to discryve, and write at the fulle
The woful compleynt, which that ye shul here,
But even like as doth a skryvenere,
That can no more what that he shal write,
But as his maister beside dothe endyte;

Ryghte so fare I, that of no sentement
Sey ryght naught in conclusioun,
But as I herde, whan I was present,
This man compleyne with a pitouse soun;
For even lyche, wythout addicyoun,
Or disencrese, owther mor or lesse,
For to reherse anon I wol me dresse.

And yf that eny now be in this place,
That fele in love brennyng or fervence,
Or hyndered were to his lady grace,
With false tonges, that with pestilence
Sle trewe men that never did offence
In worde ner dede, ne in hir entent,—
If any such be here now present,

Let hym of routhe ley to audyence,
With doleful chere, and sobre countenaunce,
To here this man, be ful high sentence,
His mortal wo, and his grete perturbaunce
Complèyning, now lying in a traunce,
With loke upcast, and with ful ruful chere,
Theffect of whiche was as ye shall here.

COMPLEYNT.

'The thought oppressed with inward sighes sore,
The peynful lyve, the body languysshing,
The woful gost, the herte rent and tore,
The pitouse chere pale in compleyning,
The dedely face, lyke ashes in shynyng,
The salte teres that fro myn yen falle,
Parcel declared grounde of my peynes alle.

'Whos herte ys bounde to blede in hevynesse;
The thought resseyt of woo and of compleynt;
The brest is chest of dule and drerynesse;
The body eke so feble and so feynt,
With hote and colde myn accesse ys so meynt,
That now I shyver for defaute of hete,
And hote as glede now sodenly I swete.

'Now hote as fire, now colde as asshes dede,
Now hote for colde, now colde for hete ageyn,
Now cold as yse, now as coles rede,
For hete I brenne; and thus betwexe tweyne
I possed am, and al forecast in peyne,
So that my hete pleynly as I fele
Of grevous colde ys cause every dele.[1]

'This ys the colde of ynward high dysdeyn,
Colde of dyspite, and colde of cruel hate;
This is the colde that doth his besy peyn,
Ayens trouthe to fighte and to debate;
This ys the colde that wolde the fire abate
Of trewe menyng, alas, the harde while!
This ys the colde that wil me begile.

'For ever the better that in trouthe I ment,
With al my myghte feythfully to serve,
With herte and alle to be diligent,
The lesse thanke, alas! I can deserve:
Thus for my trouthe Daunger doth me sterve;

[1] Imitated from Petrarch, Son. 88.—See vol. v. p. 32, note 1.

For oon that shulde my deth of mercy lette,
Hath made dispite newe his swerde to whette

'Ayenst me, and his arwes to file,
To take vengeaunce of wilful cruelte;
And tonges fals thurgh her sleightly wile,
Han gonne a werre that wel not stynted be;
And fals Envye, Wrathe, and Enemyte,
Have conspired ayens al ryghte and lawe,
Of her malice, that Trouthe shal be slawe.

'And Malebouche gan first the tale telle,
To sclaunder Trouthe of indignacioun,
And Fals-Reporte so loude ronge the belle,
That Mysbeleve and False-suspecioun
Have Trouthe brought hys dampnacioun,
So that, alas! wrongfully he dyeth,
And Falsnes now his place occupieth,

'And entred ys into Trouthes londe,
And hath therof the full possessyon.
O, ryghtful God! that first the trouthe fonde,
How may thou suffre suche oppression,
That Falshed shulde have jurysdixion,
In Trouthes ryght, to sle him gilteles?
In his fraunchise he may not lyve in pes.

'Falsly accused, and of his foon forjuged,
Without answere, while he was absent,
He damned was, and may not be excused,
For Cruelte satte in jugement,
Of Hastynesse without advisement,
And badde Disdeyne do execute anoon
His jugement in presence of hys foon.

'Attourney noon ne may admytted been
To excuse Trouthe, ne a worde to speke;
To Feyth or Othe the juge list not seen,
There ys no geyn but he wil be wreke.
O, Lorde of trouthe! to thee I calle and clepe,

How may thou se thus in thy presence,
Without mercy, mordred Innocence?

'Now God that art of trouthe sovereyn,
And seest how I lye for trouthe bounde,
So sore knytte in loves firie cheyn,
Even at the dethe, through girte with many a wounde,
That lykly are never for to sounde,
And for my trouth am dampned to the dethe,
And noght abide, but draw alonge the brethe:

'Consider and se in thyn eternal sight,
How that myn herte professed whilom was,
For to be trewe with all my ful myghte,
Oonly to oon the whiche now, alas!
Of volunte, withoute more trespas,
Myn accusours hath taken unto grace,
And cherissheth hem my deth to purchace.

'What meneth this? what ys this wonder ure
Of purveyaunce, yf I shal hit calle,
Of god of love, that fals hem so assure,
And trewe, alas! downe of the whele ben falle?
And yet in sothe this is the worst of alle,
That Falshed wrongfully of Trouthe hath the name,
And Trouthe ayenwarde of Falshed bereth the blame.[1]

'This blynde chaunce, this stormy aventure,
In love hath most his experience,
For who that doth with trouthe most his cure,
Shal for his mede fynde most offence,
That serveth love with al his diligence:
For who can feyne under lowlyhede,
Ne fayleth not to fynde grace and spede.

---

[1] Most of these allegorical personages are taken from *The Romaunt of the Rose.*

'For I loved oon ful longe sythe agoon,
With al myn herte, body and ful myght,
And to be ded my herte can not goon
From his heste, but hold that he hath hight;
Though I be banysshed out of her syght,
And by her mouthe dampned that I shal deye,
Unto my hest yet I wil ever obeye.

'For ever sithe that the worlde began,
Who so lyste loke and in story rede,
He shall ay fynde that the trewe man
Was put abake, whereas the falshede
Yfurthered was: for Love taketh non hede
To sle the trewe, and hath of hem no charge,
Wher as the fals goth frely at her large.

'I take recorde of Palamides,[1]
The trewe man, the noble worthy knyght,
That ever loved, and of hys peyne no relese;
Notwithstondyng his manhode and his myght,
Love unto him did ful grete unright,
For ay the bette he did in chevalrye,
The more he was hindred by envye.

'And aye the bette he dyd in every place,
Thorugh his knyghthode and his besy peyne,
The ferther was he fro his ladyes grace,
For to her mercy myght he never atteyne,
And to his deth he coude hyt not refreyne
For no daunger, but ay obey and serve,
As he best coude, pleynly til he sterve.

'What was the fyne also of Ercules,
For al his conquest and his worthynesse,
That was of strengthe alone pereles?

[1] Not the son of Nauplius, one of the Grecian commanders at the war of Troy, but a knight of the round table, called Palomides in the *Mort d'Arthur*, the unsuccessful rival of Tristan for the love of la belle Isoude.

For lyke as bokes of him list expresse,
He set pileres, thurgh his high prowesse,
Away at Gades,[1] for to signifie,
That no man myght him passe in chevalrie.

'The which pilers ben ferre beyonde Ynde
Yset of golde, for a remembraunce:
And for al that was he sete behynde,
With hem that Love list febly to avaunce;
For he him set laste upon a daunce,
Against whom helpe may noon stryve,
For al his trouthe yet he lost his lyve.

'Phebus also for his persaunt lyghte,
Whan that he went here in erthe lowe,
Unto the herte with fresshe Venus sighte
Ywounded was, thurgh Cupides bowe,
And yet his lady list him not to knowe;
Though for her love his herte did sore blede,
She let him go, and toke of him noon hede.

'What shal I say of yonge Piramus?
Of trewe Tristram,[2] for all his high renoune?
Of Achilles, or of Antonyus?
Of Arcite, or of him Palemoune?
What was the ende of her passioune,
But after sorowe dethe, and than her grave?
Lo, here the guerdon that these *loveres* have!

'But false Jasoun with his doublenesse,
That was untrewe at Colkos to Mede,
And Tereus, rote of unkyndenesse,
And with these two eke the false Ene;
Lo, thus the fals, ay in oon degre,

---

[1] Gades, now called Gibraltar, and Septis, now called Ceuta, on the opposite coast, were formerly styled the Pillars of Hercules.

[2] Tristram was the celebrated hero, whose love for the faire Isoude, or Ysulte, is the subject of the *Roman de Tristan*, and enters largely into that of the *Mort d'Arthur*. She is called by Petrarch *Isotta*.

Had in love her lust and al her wille,
And save falshed, ther was noon other skille.

'Of Thebes eke the fals Arcite,
And Demophon eke for his slouthe,
They had her lust and al that myght delyte,
For all her falshede and grete untrouthe.
Thus ever Love, alas, and that is routhe!
His fals legys furthereth what he may,
And sleeth the trewe, ungoodly, day be day.

'For trewe Adon was slayne with the bore
Amydde the forest in the grene shade,
For Venus love he felt al the sore;
But Vulcanus with her no mercy made,
The foule chorle had many nightis glade,
Where Mars, her worthy knyght and her trewe man,
To fynde mercy comfort noon he can.

'Also the yonge fresh Ipomones,
So lustly fre as of his corage,
That for to serve with al his herte ches
Athalant,[1] so feire of her visage;
But Love, alas, quyte him so his wage
With cruel daunger pleynly at the last,
That with the dethe guerdonlesse he past.

'Lo, here the fyne of loveres servise!
Lo, how that Love can his servauntis quyte!
Lo, how he can his feythful men dispise,
To sle the trewe men, and fals respite!
Lo, how he doth the swerde of sorowe byte
In hertis, suche as most his lust obey,
To save the false and do the trewe dey!

'For feythe nor othe, worde, ne assuraunce,
Trewe menyng, awayte, or besynesse.
Stil porte, ne feythful attendaunce,

[1] See Ovid, *Met.* viii.

Manhode ne myght, in armes worthinesse,
Pursute of worshippe nor high prowesse,
In straunge londe ryding ne travayle,
Ful lyte, or nought, in love dothe avayle.

'Peril of dethe, nother in se ne londe,
Hungre ne thrust, sorowe ne sekenesse,
Ne grete emprises for to take on honde,
Shedyng of blode, ne manful hardynesse,
Nor ofte woundynge at sautes by distresse,
Nor in partyng of lyfe nor dethe also,
Al ys for noughte, Love taketh noon hede therto.

'But lesynges with her false flaterye,
Thurogh her falshede, and with her doublenesse,
With tales new, and mony feyned lye,
By false-semblaunte, and countrefet humblesse,
Under colour depeynt with stedfastnesse,
With fraude covered under a pitouse face,
Accepte ben now rathest unto grace,

'And can hemselve now best magnifie
With feyned port and false presumption;
They haunce her cause with false surquedrie,
Under menyng of double entention,
To thenken oon in her opinyon,
And sey another, to set hemselve alofte,
And hynder trouthe, as hit ys seyne ful ofte.

'The whiche thing I bye now al to dere,
Thanked be Venus, and the god Cupide!
As hit is seene by myn oppressed chere,
And by his arowes that stiken in my syde,
That, safe the dethe, I nothing abide
Fro day to day, alas, the harde while!
Whan ever hys dart that hym list to fyle,

My woful herte for to ryve atwo,
For faute of mercye, and lake of pite
Of her that causeth al my peyne and woo,

And list not ones of grace for to see
Unto my trouthe thurogh her cruelte;
And most of al yif that I me compleyne,
Than she hath joy to laughen at my peyne.

'And wilfully hath my dethe sworne,
Al giltelesse, and wote no cause why,
Safe for the trouthe that I have had aforne
To her allone to serve feythfully.
O God of Love! unto the I crye,
And to thy blende double deyte
Of this grete wronge I compleyne me,

'And unto thy stormy wilful variaunce,
Ymeynt with chaunge and gret unstablenesse,
Now up, now down, so rennyng is thy chance,
That the to trust may be no sikernesse;
I wite hit nothing but thy doublenesse,
And who that is an archer, and ys blend,
Marketh nothing, but sheteth as he wend.[1]

'And for that he hath no discretion,
Withoute avise he let his arowe goo,
For lak of syght, and also of resoun,
In his shetyng hit happeth ofte soo,
To hurt his frende rather than his foo;
So doth this god with his sharpe flon,
The trewe sleeth, and leteth the fals gon.

'And of his woundyng this is the worst of alle,
Whan he hurteth he dothe so cruel wreche,
And maketh the seke for to crye and calle
Unto his foo for to ben his leche,
And hard hit ys for a man to seche,
Upon the poynt of dethe in jeupardie,
Unto his foo to fynde remedye.

[1] The Fairfax MS. for *wend* reads *wenynge*, which destroys the rhyme. *Wend* is put for *weneth*, guesseth.

'Thus fareth hit now even by me,
That to my foo that yaf my herte a wound,
Mot axe grace, mercy, and pite,
And namely ther wher noon may be founde;
For now my sore my leche wol confounde,
And god of kynde so hath set myne ure,
My lyves foo to have my wounde in cure.

'Alas the while now that I was borne!
Or that I ever saugh the brighte sonne!
For now I se that ful longe aforne,
Or I was borne, my destany was sponne
By Parcas sustren, to sle me if they conne,
For they my dethe shopen or my sherte,[1]
Oonly for trouthe, I may hit not asterte.

'The mighty goddesse also of Nature,
That under God hath the governaunce
Of worldly thinges committed to her cure,
Disposed hath, thurogh her wyse purveyance,
To give my lady so muche suffisaunce
Of alle vertues, and therewithalle purvyde
To mordre trouthe, hath taken Dawnger to guyde.

'For bounte, beaute, shape, and semelyhede,
Prudence, witte, passyngly fairenesse,
Benigne port, glad chere, with lowlyhede,
Of womanhede ryght plenteous largesse,
Nature in her fully did empresse,
Whan she her wrought, and altherlast Dysdeyne,
To hinder trouthe, she made her chambreleyne.

'Whan Mystrust also, and False-suspecion,
With Mysbeleve she made for to be
Chefe of counseyle, to this conclusion,
For to exile Trouthe, and eke Pite,
Out of her court to make Mercy fle,

[1] For an example of this expression see vol. i. p. 138, note a.

So that Dispite now holdeth forth her reyne,
Thurogh hasty beleve of tales that men feyne.

'And thus I am for my trouthe, alas!
Mordred and slayn with wordes sharp and kene,
Gilteles, God wot, of al trespas,
And lye and blede upon this colde grene.
Now mercye, swete! mercye, my lyves quene!
And to youre grace of mercye yet I prey,
In youre servise that your man may dey.

'But and so be that I shal deye algate,
And that I shal non other mercye have,
Yet of my dethe let this be the date,
That by youre wille I was broght to my grave,
Or hastely, yf that ye list me save,
My sharpe woundes that ake so and blede,
Of mercye charme, and also of womanhede.

'For other charme pleynly ys ther noon,
But only mercye, to helpe in this case;
For though my woundes blede evere in oon,
My lyve, my deth, stondeth in youre grace,
And though my gilt be nothing, alas!
I axe mercy in al my best entent,
Redy to dye, yf that ye assent.

'For ther ayens shal I never strive
In worde ne werke, pleynely I ne may,
For lever I have than to be alyve
To dye sothely, and hit be her to pay;
Ye, though hit be this eche same day,
Or whan that ever her liste to devyse,
Suffiseth me to dye in your servise.

'And God, that knowest the thought of every wyght
Right as hit is, in every thing thou maist se,
Yet ere I dye, with al my ful myght,

Lowly I prey to graunte unto me,
That ye, goodly, feire, fresshe, and fre,
Which sle me oonly for defaut of routhe,
Or that I die, may byknow my trouth.

'For that in sothe sufficeth unto me,
If she hit know in every circumstaunce,
And after I am wel apayd that she
Yf that her lyste of dethe to do vengeaunce
Unto me, that am under her legeaunce,
Hit sitte me not her doom to dysobey;
But at her luste wilfully to dey.

'Withoute gruching or rebellion
In wille or worde, holy I assent,
Or any maner contradixion,
Fully to be at her commaundement;
And yf I dye, in my testament
My herte I send, and my spirit also,
What so ever she liste with hem to do.

'And alderlaste to her womanhede,
And to her mercy me I recommaunde,
That lye now here betwexe hope and drede,
Abyding pleynly what she liste commaunde;
For utterly this nys no demaunde
Welcome to me while that me lasteth brethe,
Ryght at her chose, wher hit be lyf or dethe.

'In this mater more what myght I seyne,
Sithe in her honde and in her wille ys alle,
Bothe lyf and dethe, my joy, and al my peyne;
And fynally my heste holde I shal,
Til my spirit, be destanye fatal,
Whan that her liste fro my body wende,
Have here my trouthe, and thus I make an ende."[1]

[1] In the margin of the Fairfax MS. is here writen in red ink, *No. perseverantiam amantis*, mark the constancy of a lover.

And with that worde he ganne sike as sore,
Lyke as his herte ryve wolde atweyne,
And held his pese, and spak a word no more;
But for to se his woo and mortal peyne,
The teres gonne fro myn eyen reyne
Ful pitously, for verrey inwarde routhe,
That I hym sawe so langwisshing for his trouth.

And al this while my selfe I kepte close
Amonge the bowes, and my selfe ganne hide,
Til at the laste the woful man arose,
And to a logge wente ther beside,
Wher al the May his custome was tabyde,
Sole to compleyne of his peynes kene,
Fro yer to yer, under the bowes grene.

And for because that hit drowe to the nyght,
And that the sunne his arke diurnal
Ypassed was, so that his persaunt lyght,
His bryghte bemes and his stremes alle
Were in the wawes of the water falle,
Under the bordure of our ocean,
His chare of golde his course so swyftly ran;

And while the twilyght and the rowes rede
Of Phebus lyght were deaurat a lite,
A penne I toke, and gan me faste spede,
The woful pleynte of this man to write
Worde be worde, as he dyd endyte;
Lyke as I herde, and coude hem tho reporte,
I have here set, your hertes to dysporte.

If ought be mys, leyth the wite on me,
For I am worthy for to bere the blame,
If any thing mysreported be,
To make this ditye for to seme lame
Thurogh myn unconnyng, but for to seme the same,
Lyke as this manne his compleynt did expresse,
I axe mercy and foryevenesse.

And, as I wrote, me thought I saw afeire,
Fer in the west lustely appere
Esperus, the goodly bryghte sterre,
So glad, so feire, so persaunt eke of chere,
I mene Venus with her bemys clere,
That hevy hertes oonly to releve
Is wont of custome for to shewe at eve.

And I as faste fel down on my kne,
And even thus to her I gan to preye:
'O lady Venus! so feire upon to see,
Let not this man for his trouthe dey,
For that joy thou haddest whan thou ley
With Mars thy knyght, whan Vulcanus you fonde,
And with a cheyne unvisible you bond

'Togedre bothe tweyne in the same while,
That al the court above celestial,
At youre shame ganne laughe and smile:
O, feire lady, wel willy founde at al![1]
Comfort to careful, O goddesse immortal!
Be helpyng now, and do thy diligence,
To let the stremes of thyne influence

'Descende doune, in fortheryng of the trouthe,
Namely of hem that lye in sorowe bounde,
Shewe now thy myght, and on her wo have routhe,
Er fals Daunger sle hem and confounde:
And specially let thy myght be founde
For to socoure, what so that thou may,
The trewe man that in the herber lay.

'And alle trewe further for his sake,
O glade sterre! O lady Venus myn!
And cause his lady him to grace take;
Her herte of stele to mercy so enclyne,
Er that thy bemes go up to declyne,

[1] Always found to be propitious.

And er that thou now go fro us adoune,
For that love thou haddest to Adoun.'

And whan that she was goon unto her rest,
I rose anoon, and home to bedde went,
For verrey wery,[1] me thought hit for the best,
Preying thus in al my best entent,
That alle trewe, that be with Daunger shente,
With mercye may, in reles of her peyne,
Recured be, er May come efte ageyne.

And for that I ne may noo lenger wake,
Farewel, ye loveres alle that be trewe!
Preying to God, and thus my leve I take,
That er the sunne to morowe be rysen newe,
And er he have ayen his rosen hewe,
That eche of yow may have suche a grace,
His owne lady in armes to embrace.

I mene thus, that in al honeste,
Withoute more ye may togedre speke
What so yow liste at goode liberte,
That eche may to other her herte breke,
On Jelousye oonely to be wreke,
That hath so longe of malice and envye
Werried trouthe with his tirannye.

LENVOYE.

Princes, pleseth hit your benignite
This litil dite to have in mynde!
Of womanhede also for to se,
Your trewe man may somme mercye fynde,
And Pite eke, that longe hath be behynd,
Let thenne ayein be provoked to grace;
For by my trouthe it is ayenes kynde,
Fals Daunger for to occupy his place.

1 For very weariness. This construction has been noted before.—See vol. i. p. 188, note 2.

Go litel quayre, go unto my lyves queene
And my verrey hertes sovereigne,
And be ryght glade for she shal the scene;
Suche is thy grace; but I, alas, in peyne
Am left behinde, and not to whom to pleyne;
For Mercye, Routhe, Grace, and eke Pite
Exiled be, that I may not ateyne,
Recure to fynde of myn adversite.

EXPLICIT.

THE COMPLAYNT OF MARS AND VENUS.

[In the Envoy to this poem the reader is informed that it is a translation from the French of Graunson, whom the author calls the 'floure of them that maken [write poetry] in France;' and that it was written in the poet's old age.

> For elde, that in my spirite dulleth me,
> Hath of endyting al the subtilite
> Wel-nygh bereft out of my remembraunce,

Of Graunson, once so famous, little is now known. Tyrwhitt supposes that he was a certain Otho de Graunson; who, as appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, Pat. 17, was retained in the military service of Richard II., with an annuity of 200 marks. In his *Life of Chaucer* Speght says, that Chaucer 'made a treatise of the alliance betwixt Venus and Mars at the commandment of John of Gaunt;' and adds in a note:— 'Some [among whom, if he had read the poem he professed to edit, he might have found the author himself] say that he did but translate it, and that it was made by Sir Otes [Otho] de Grantsome [Graunson, or Granson], knight, in French, of my Lady of Yorke, daughter of the King of Spaine [Peter the Cruel] representing Venus, and my Lord of Huntingdon, some time Duke of Excester. This lady was younger sister of Constance, John of Gaunt's second wife. This Lord of Huntingdon was called John Holland, halfe brother to Richard II.: he married Elizabeth, the

daughter of John of Gaunt.' The poem evidently applies, primarily, to the phenomena presented by the planets Mars and Venus in the relative positions they assume in the course of their orbits round the sun; and, as such, is an imitation of the song of Demodocus, in the eighth book of *The Odyssey*. But it may possibly have a secondary application to the disgraceful intrigue between the Lord Huntingdon and the Duchess of York, aunt of his wife Elizabeth. This traditional application, the force of which has escaped Tyrwhitt, derives some strength from the allusion to the Broche of Thebes (see *post*, p. 37) which was supposed to inspire those who possessed it with incestuous and ill-omened passions. From this allusion the poem is distinguished by Lydgate among Chaucer's productions:—

> Of Anelida and of false Arcite
> He made a compleynte doleful and pitous;
> And of the *broche which that Vulcanus*
> *At Thebes wrought*, ful divers of nature.

Bale, taking *broche* in its primary meaning as a spit, and never having read the poem, describes it by the name of *De Vulcani veru*, of the *spit* of Vulcan.

The text of the printed editions is almost incredibly corrupt. An example of their corruptions may be found in the first stanza, which, in its proper form, is very pretty and ingenious, but, as hitherto given, is a mass of nonsense. The present text is taken from a MS. marked 7333, in the Harleian Collection, as far as that MS., which is imperfect, goes.—See p. 35. The remainder is from the MS. Fairfax 16, collated with Arch. Seld. B. 24. These have been already described in the Introduction to the *House of Fame*, vol. vi. p. 192. In the Fairfax volume the illuminations to this poem are very elaborate. Venus is represented as *Anadyomene*, half covered by the waves, with dishevelled hair, of a yellow, or, as we should call it, red colour, such as was admired in classical and mediæval times; and Mars, as an old knight, in the armour of the fifteenth century, of a prodigiously grim and ferocious demeanour.

The *Complaint of Mars and Venus* was one of the poems included in the volume of selections entitled *Chaucer Modernized*.—See Introduction to vol. i. p. 63.]

GLADETH, ye foules, of the morowe gray!
Loo, Phebus rising amonge yon rowis rede!
And floures fresshe, honoureth ye this May,
For whanne the sunne upriste than wol ye sprede;
But ye loveres that lye in eny drede,
Fleeth lest that wikked tonges yow espye!
Loo, yonde the sunne, candel of jalousye![1]

With teres blew,[2] and with a wounded herte
Taketh your leve, and, with seint Johan to borowe,
Apeseth sumwhat of your sorowes smerte,
Tyme cometh efte, that cese shal your sorowe;
The glad nyght ys worthe an hevy morowe!
Seynt Valentyne![3] a foule thus herd I synge,
Upon thy day, er sunne gan up sprynge.

Yet sange this foule, I rede yow al awake;
And ye that han not chosen in humble wyse,
Without repentynge cheseth youre make,
Yet at this fest renoveleth your servyse:
And ye that han ful chosen as I devise,
Confermeth hyt perpetuely to dure,
And paciently taketh your aventure.

And for the worshippe of this highe feste,
Yet wol I, in my briddes wise, synge
The sentence of the compleynt, at the leste,
That woful Mars made atte departynge
Fro fresshe Venus in a morwenynge,
Whanne Phebus, with his firy torches rede,
Ransaked hath every lover in hys drede.

---

[1] Compare the address of Troylus to Day, vol. v. p. 166.

[2] There seems no propriety in this epithet. It is probably a corruption.

[3] See vol. iv. p. 201, note z.

Whilom the thridde hevenes lorde above,[1]
As wel by hevenysh revolucioun,[2]
As by desert hath wonne Venus his love,
And she hath take him in subjecioun,
And as a maistresse taughte him his lesson,
Commaundynge him that never in her service,
He ner so bolde no lover to dispise.

For she forbad him jalosye at alle,
And cruelte, and bost, and tyrannye;
She made him at her lust so humble and thralle,
That whanne her deyned to caste on hym her ye,
He toke in pacience to lyve or dye;
And thus she brydeleth him, in hire manere,
With nothing but with scorning[3] of her chere.

Who regneth now in blysse but Venus,
That hath thys worthy knyghte in governaunce?
Who syngeth now but Mars that serveth thus
The faire Venus, causer of plesaunce?
He bynt him to perpetuel obeysaunce,
And she bynt[4] her to love him for evere,
But so be that his trespace hyt desever.

Thus be they knyt, and regnen as in heven,
Be lokyng moost; til hyt fil on a tyde,
That by hire bothe assent was set a steven,
That Mars shall entre as fast as he may glyde,
Into hire next paleys[5] to abyde,

---

[1] *Scil.*, Mars, whose sphere, if the earth be omitted, is the third from the sun.

[2] The meaning is, that in the course of their revolutions through the heavens, the two planets were now, what astronomers call, in conjunction.

[3] The MS. Harl. 7333, for *scorning* reads *stering*.

[4] Bindeth.

[5] The heavens were mapped out into different compartments, which in the old astronomy, were called *houses*; and the planet was said to dwell in such a *house*, when it was in any of these compartments. The meaning is, that the planet Mars now proceeded to the next compartment or house in his orbit.

Walkynge hys cours til she had him ytake,
And he preyede her to haste her for his sake.

Than seyde he thus, 'Myn hertis lady swete,
Ye knowe wel my myschefe in that place,
For sikerly til that I with yow mete,
My lyfe stant ther in aventure and grace,
But whan I se the beaute of your face,
Ther ys no dred of deth may do me smerte,
For alle your luste is ese to myn herte.'

She hath so grete compassion on her knyghte,
That dwelleth in solitude til she come,
For hyt stode so, that ylke tyme no wyghte
Counseyled hym, ne seyde to hym welcome,
That nyghe her witte for sorowe was overcome;
Wherfore she sped her as fast in her wey,
Almost in oon day as he dyd in twey.[1]

The grete joye that was betwex hem two,
When they be mette, ther may no tunge telle;
Ther is no more but unto bed they go,
And thus in joy and blysse I let hem dwelle;
This worthy Mars that is of knyghthode welle,
The floure of feyrenesse lappeth in his armes,
And Venus kysseth Mars the god of armes.

Sojourned hath this Mars of which I rede
In chambre amydde the paleys prively,
A certeyne tyme, til him fel a drede,
Throgh Phebus, that was comen hastely
Within the paleys yates ful sturdely,
With torche in honde, of which the stremes bryghte
On Venus chambre gan kythe ful grete lyghte.[2]

---

[1] Because the sphere, or orbit of the planet Venus, being much smaller than that of Mars, she appears to travel twice as fast as he.

[2] This is evidently an allusion to the Song of Demodocus:—

—— ἆφαρ δέ οἱ ἄγγελος ἦλθεν
Ἥλιος, ὃ σφ' ἐνόησε μιγαζομένους φιλότητι.

The chambre, ther as ley this fresshe quene,
Depeynted was with white boles grete,[1]
And by the lyghte she knew that shone so shene,
That Phebus cam to bren hem with his hete;
This sely Venus, nygh dreynt in teres wete,
Embraceth Mars, and seyd:—'Alas, I dye!
The torche is come, that al this world wol wrie.'

Up sterte Mars, hym luste not to slepe,
When he his lady herde so compleyne;
But, for his nature was not for to wepe,
Instede of teres, fro his eyen tweyne
The firy sparkes brosten out for peyne,
And hente his hauberke that ley hym besyde;
Fle wold he not, ne myght himselven hide.

He throweth on his helme of huge wyghte,
And girt him with his swerde; and in his honde
His myghty spere, as he was wont to fyghte,
He shaketh so, that almost it to-wonde;
Ful hevy was he to walken over londe;
He may not holde with Venus companye,
But bad her fleen lest Phebus her espye.

O woful Mars! alas, what maist thou seyne,
That in the paleys of thy disturbaunce,
Art left byhynd in peril to be sleyne?
And yet therto ys double thy penaunce,
For she that hath thyn herte in governance,
Is passed halfe the stremes of thyn yen;
That thou ner swift, wel maist thou wepe and crien.

Now fleeth Venus into Ciclinius toure,
With voide cours,[2] for fere of Phebus lyghte.
Alas! and ther hath she no socoure,

[1] That is to say, Mars and Venus were now both in the constellation Taurus.

[2] The influence of the planet Venus was supposed to produce rain; that of Mars, heat.

[3] The meaning is, that the beams of the planet Venus are paled by her near approach to the sun, when she enters the constellation here

For she ne founde ne saugh no maner wyghte;
And eke as ther she had but litel myghte;
Wherfor her selven for to hyde and save,
Within the gate she fledde into a cave.

Derke was this cave, and smokyng as the helle,
Nat but two pales within the yate hit stode;
A naturel day in derke I let her dwelle.
Now wol I speke of Mars furiouse and wode;
For sorowe he wolde have sene his herte blode,
Sith that he myght have done her no companye,
He ne rought not a myte for to dye.

So feble he wex for hete and for his wo,
That nygh he swelt, he myght unnethe endure;
He passeth but a sterre in dayes two;[1]
But nertheles, for al his hevy armure,
He foloweth her that is his lyves cure;
For whos departyng he toke gretter ire,
Than for his [owne] brenning in the fire.

After he walketh softely a paas,
Compleynyng that hyt pite was to here.
He seyde, 'O lady bryght Venus! alas,
That ever so wyde a compas ys my spere!
Alas! whan shall I mete yow, herte dere?
Thys twelve dayes of Aprile I endure,
Throgh jelouse Phebus, this mysaventure.'

Now God helpe sely Venus allone!
But as God wolde hyt happed for to be,
That while the Venus weping made her mone
Ciclinius ryding in his chevache,
Fro Venus Valanus might this paleys se;[2]

---

called Ciclinius, and in MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24, Cilennus, and in Fairfax 16, Cilinios.

[1] *Scil.*, in his course through the heavens.

[2] The meaning of the astronomical allusions in these two lines is not apparent. For *Valanus* the Harl. MS. reads *Valaunses*.

And Venus he saluëth, and maketh chere,
And her receyveth as his frende ful dere.

Mars dwelleth forth in his adversyte,
Compleyning ever in her departynge;,
And what his compleynt was remembreth me,
And therfore, in this lusty morwenynge,
As I best can, I wol it seyne and synge,
And after that I wol my leve take;
And God yif every wyghte joy of his make!

THE COMPLEYNT OF MARS.

THE ordre of compleynt requireth skylfully,
That yf a wight shal pleyne pitously,
Ther mot be cause wherfore that men pleyne,
Other men may deme he pleyneth folely,
And causeles. Alas, that do not I!
Wherfor the grounde and cause of al my peyne,
So as my troubled witte may hit atteyne,
I wol reherse; not for to have redresse,
But to declare my grounde of hevynesse.[1]

The first tyme, alas, that I was wroghte,
And for certeyn effectes hider broghte,
Be him that lordeth eche intelligence,
I yaf my trewe servise and my thoghte,
For evermore, how dere I have it boghte,
To her that is of so grete excellence,
That what wight that first sheweth his presence,
Whan she is wrothe and taketh of hym no cure,
He may not longe in joye of love endure.[2]

This is no feyned mater that I telle;
My lady is the verrey sours and welle

[1] The reader will observe that the metre changes in the *Compleynt of Mars*, and becomes very complicated. The first, second, fourth and fifth lines fall into one rhyme; the third, sixth and seventh into another; and the eighth and ninth into a third.

[2] That is, 'Venus will not be propitious to him.'

Of beaute, luste, fredam, and gentilnesse,
Of riche aray, how dere men hit selle,
Of al disport in which men frendely dwelle,
Of love and pley, and of benigne humblesse,[1]
Of sowne of instrumentes of al swetnesse,
And therto so wel fortuned and thewed,
That thorowe the worlde her goodnesse is yshewed.

What wonder ys than thogh that I besette
My servise on suche one that may me knette
To wele or wo, sith hit lythe in her myght?
Therfore myn herte for ever I to her hight,
Ne trewely for my dethe shal I not lette,
To ben her trewest servaunt and her knyghte.
I flatter not, that may wete every wyghte;
For this day in her servise shal I dye,
But grace be, I se her never with eye.

To whom shal I pleyne of my distresse?
Who may me helpe, who may my harme redresse?
Shal I compleyne unto my lady fre?
Nay, certes, for she hath such hevynesse,
For fere and eke for wo, that as I gesse,
In lytil tyme hit wol her bane bee;
But were she safe, hit wer no fors of me.[2]
Alas, that ever lovers mote endure,
For love, so many a perilouse aventure!

For tho so be that lovers be as trewe
As any metal that is forged newe,
In many a case hem tydeth ofte sorowe.
Somtyme hire ladies wol nat on hem rewe;
Somtyme, yf that jelosie hyt knewe,
They myghten lyghtly ley hire hede to borowe;[3]
Somtyme envyous folke with tunges horowe

[1] Here the Harleian MS. 7333 leaves off; the rest of the poem is taken from MS. Fairfax 16, and Arch. Seld. B. 24.

[2] That is, 'It would be no consequence what became of me.'

[3] That is, 'They might, in all probability, leave their head as a pledge.'

Departen hem, alas! Whom may they plese?
But he be fals, no lover hath his ese.

But what availeth suche a longe sermoun
Of aventures of love up and doune?
I wol returne and speken of my peyne;
The poynt is this of my distruccion,
My righte lady, my savacyoun,
Is in affray, and not to whom to pleyne.
O herte sweete! O lady sovereyne!
For your disese I oght wel swoune and swelte,
Thogh I none other harme ne drede felte.

To what fyne made the God that sitte so hye,
Benethen love other companye,
And streyneth folke to love malgre hir hede?
And than her joy, for oght I can espye,
Ne lasteth not the twynkelyng of an eye.
And somme have never joy til they be dede.
What meneth this? what is this mystiheed?
Wherto constreyneth he his folke so faste,
Thing to desire but hit shulde laste?

And thogh he made a lover love a thing,
And maketh hit seme stedfast and during,
Yet putteth he in hit soch mysaventure,
That rest nys ther in his yevinge.
And that is wonder that so juste a kynge
Doth such hardnesse to his creature.
Thus whether love breke or elles dure,
Algates he that hath with love to done,
Hath ofter wo than chaunged ys the mone.

Hit semeth he hath to lovers enemyte,
And lyke a fissher, as men al day may se,
Baiteth hys angle-hoke with summe plesaunce,
Til many a fissh ys wode to that he be
Sesed therwith; and than at erst hath he
Al his desire, and therwith al myschaunce,
And, thogh the lyne breke, he hath penaunce;

For with the hoke he wounded is so sore,
That he his wages hathe for evermore.

The broche of Thebes[1] was of suche kynde,
So full of rubies and of stones of Ynde,
That every wight that set on hit an ye,
He wende anon to worth out of his mynd;
So sore the beaute wold his herte bynde,
Til he hit had, him thoght he moste dye;
And whan that it was his than shulde he drye
Such woo for drede ay while that he hit hadde,
That welnygh for the fere he shulde madde.

And whan hit was fro his possession,
Than had he double wo and passion,
That he so feire a tresore had forgo;
But yet this broche, as in conclusion,
Was not the cause of his confusion;
But he that wroght hit enfortuned hit so,
That every wight that had hit shulde have wo;
And therfore in the worcher was the vice,
And in the coveytour that was so nyce.

---

[1] See *ante*, p. 28. The broche is thus described in the *Thebais*, ii. 265:—

> Lemnius hæc, ut prisca fides, Mavortia longum
> Furta dolens, capto postquam nihil obstat amori
> Pœna, nec ultrices castigavere catenæ,
> Harmonies dotale decus, sub luce jugali
> Struxerat: hoc, docti quanquam majora, laborant
> Cyclopes notique operum, Thelctrines amicâ
> Certatim juvere manu, sed plurimus ipse
> Sudor, ibi arcano florentes igne smaragdos
> Cingit, et infaustas percussum adamanta figuras,
> Gorgoneosque orbes, Siculâque incude relictos
> Fulminis extremi cineres, viridumque draconum
> Lucentes a fronte jubas: hi flebile germen
> Hesperidum, et dirum Phrynæi velleris aurum,
> Tum varias pestes, raptumque interplicat atro
> Tisiphones de crine ducem, et quæ pessima Ceston
> Vis probat: hæc circum spumis Lunaribus ungit
> Callidus, atque hilari perfundit cuncta veneno.'

This description will remind the reader of the witches' caldron in *Macbeth*.

So fareth hyt by lovers, and by me;
For thogh my lady have so gret beaute,
That I was mad til I had gete her grace,
She was not cause of myn adversite,
But he that wroght her, as mote I the,
That put suche beaute in her face,
That made me coveten and purchase
Myn owne dethe; him wite I, that I dye,
And myne unwitte that ever I clombe so hye,

But to yow hardy knyghtes of renoun,
Syn that ye be of my devisioun,[1]
Al be I not worthy to so grete a name,
Yet sayne these clerkes I am your patroun,
Therfore ye oght have somme compassioun
Of my disese, and take hit not a-game;
The proudest of yow may be made ful tame.
Wherfore I prey yow, of your gentilesse,
That ye compleyne for myn hevynesse.

And ye, my ladyes, that ben true and stable,
Be wey of kynde ye oghten to be able
To have pite of folke that ben in peyne,
Now have ye cause to clothe yow in sable;
Sith that youre emperise, the honorable,
Is desolat, wel oghte ye to pleyne,
Now shulde your holy teres falle and reyne.
Alas! your honour and your emperise,
Neigh ded for drede, ne can her not chevise.

Compleyneth eke ye lovers alle in fere
For her that, with unfeyned humble chere,
Was evere redy to do yow socoure;
Compleyneth her that evere hath be yow dere;
Compleyneth beaute, fredom, and manere;

[1] Of those who are born under my influence. The same expression occurs in vol. i. p. 155:—

'Ther wer also of Martz *divisioun*
The barbour,' &c.

Compleyneth her that endeth your labour,
Compleyneth thilke ensample of al honour,
That never did but alwey gentilesse;
Kytheth therfor in her summe kyndenesse.

THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS.

THERE nys so high comfort to my plesance,
Whan that I am in any hevynesse,
As for to have leyser of remembraunce,
Upon the manhod and the worthynesse,
Upon the trouthe, and on the stedfastnesse,
Of him whos I am al whiles I may dure;
Ther oghte blame me no creature,
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.[1]

In him ys bounte, wysdom, and governaunce,
Wel more than any mannes witte can gesse;
For grace hath wolde so ferforthe hym avaunce,
That of knyghthode he is parfite richesse;
Honour honoureth him for his noblesse;
Therto so wel hath formed him Nature,
That I am his for ever I him assure,
For every wight preyseth his gentilesse.

And not withstondyng al his suffisaunce,
His gentil herte ys of so grete humblesse
To me in worde, in werke, in countenaunce,
And me to serve is al his besynesse,
That I am sette in verrey sikernesse.
Thus oght I blesse well myn aventure,
Sith that him list me serven and honoure,
For every wight preiseth his gentilesse.

---

[1] Here the metre is again changed. In *The Compleynte of Venus*, the first and third lines fall into one rhyme; the second, fourth, fifth and eighth into another; and the sixth and seventh into a third.

Now certis, Love, hit is right covenable,
That men ful dere abye the noble thinge,
As wake a-bedde, and fasten at the table,
Wepinge to laugh and sing in compleynynge,
And doune to caste visage and lokynge,
Often to chaunge visage and countenaunce,
Pley in slepyng, and dreme at the daunce,
Al the reverse of eny glad felynge.

Jelousie be hanged be a cable!
She wold al knowe through her espyinge.
Ther dothe no wyght nothing so resonable,
That al nys harme in her ymagynynge.
Thus dere abought is Love in yevynge,
Which ofte he yifeth withoute ordynaunce,
As sorow ynough, and litil of plesaunce,
Al the reverse of any glad felynge.

A lyttel tyme his yift ys agreable,
But ful encomberouse is the usynge;
For subtil Jelosie, the deceyvable,
Ful often tyme causeth desturbynge.
Thus ben we ever in drede and suffrynge;
In no certeyne we languisshen in penaunce,
And han ful often many an hard mischance,
Al the reverse of any glad felynge.

But certys, Love, I say not in such wise,
That for tescape out of youre lace I ment,
For I so longe have be in your servise,
That for to lete yow shal I never assent.
No fors! ye! thogh Jelosye me turment,
Suffiseth me to see hym whan I may;
And therefore certys to myn endyng day,
To love hym best that shal I never repent.

And certys, Love, whan I me wel avise,
Of any estate that man may represent,
Than have ye made me, thurgh your fraunchise
Chese the best that ever in erthe went.

Now love wel, herte, and loke thou never stent,
And let the jelouse put hit in assay,
That for no peyne, wille I not sey nay;
To love yow best, that shall I never repent.

Herte, to the it oughte ynough suffise,
That Love so highe a grace to yow sent,
To chese the worthiest in alle wise,
And most agreable unto myn entent.
Seeche no ferther, neyther wey ne went,
Sithe I have suffisaunce unto my pay,
Thus wol I ende this compleynt or this lay,
To love hym best ne shall I never repent.

LENVOY.

Princes! resseyveth this compleynt in gre,
Unto your excellent benignite
Directe,[1] after my litel suffisaunce;
For elde,[2] that in my spirite dulleth me,
Hath of endyting al the subtilite
Welnyghe berefte out of my remembraunce:
And eke to me hit is a grete penaunce,
Syth ryme in Englissh hath such skarsete,
To folowe word by word the curiosite
Of Graunson,[3] floure of hem that maken in Fraunce.

EXPLICIT.

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[1] *Directe* is here the past participle, agreeing with *Compleynt*, in the first line.

[2] This poem was written, therefore, in Chaucer's old age.

[3] See *ante*, p. 27.

THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN.

[The Prologe to this poem affords conclusive proof of the fact, interesting on other grounds besides that of the mere chronology of authorship, that *The Legende of Goode Women* was one of the latest productions of the Father of English Poetry. It, therefore, appropriately terminates the series of his poetical works, leaving only a few short pieces, which could not otherwise be so conveniently disposed of, to be collected at the end.

The proof of the presumptive date of this *Legende* is found in the enumeration it contains of several of Chaucer's previous compositions. Those mentioned are *The House of Fame*, *The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*, *The Parlement of Foules*, *The Loves of Palamon and Arcite* (*Knightes Tale*), the translation of Boethius (prose), *The Life of Saint Cecilia* (*Second Nonnes Tale*), *Origenes on the Maudelaine*, Balades, Roundels, Virelaies, and 'many a ley and many a thynge.' It may be inferred from this list, which is obviously incomplete, and from the comprehensive reference to many other productions with which it closes, that *The Legende of Goode Women* was nearly the last of Chaucer's writings; a supposition which is still further supported by the penitential and apologetic character of the poem itself. As in *The Persone's Tale*, also written in his old age, he retracts his heresies against religion and morality, so in the *Legende* he makes satisfaction for his offences against that courtesy and gallantry to ladies which was scrupulously observed by all persons who laid claim to the rank and breeding of gentlemen. The avowed intention of the poem is to atone for the unfavourable characters he had drawn of the female sex in *Troylus and Cryseyde* and *The Romaunt of the Rose*, by placing upon record the histories of nineteen ladies whose constancy and purity of life redeemed the honour and virtue of their sex. The work is clearly that of

one who is desirous, as he approaches the termination of his career, to make amends for the errors of his life. There are unmistakeable evidences in the execution of the plan that it was really undertaken as a duty.

The Prologe, in which he enlarges upon the beauty and sweetness of Spring, and describes his interviews with the God of Love, is certainly the noblest part of the poem, and the most characteristic of his taste and genius. Amongst the scattered passages of forcible delineation and picturesque description, which no less emphatically mark his hand, the sea-fight in the legend of Cleopatra may be selected as a striking example. The *Legende* itself appears to have been left unfinished, for it consists of short sketches of only nine of the nineteen ladies famous in classical story for their constancy and patience, whose histories are proposed at the outset as the subjects of the work. These nine brief narratives are taken almost entirely from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and *Heroides;* but, as might be expected, they are treated in the Gothic rather than the classic spirit, a transformation from which the heroic tales suffer less than the love stories. It may be observed, that if there had been any doubt of Chaucer's acquaintance with the Latin Classics, this poem must completely dispel them, for the reader will find whole passages translated word for word from Ovid's *Heroides.*

The title of the poem, called indifferently *The Legende of Goode Women,* and *The Saints' Legende of Cupide,* or, to place it in its direct order, *The Legende of the Saints of Cupide,* is a sort of application of the terms and ideas of Christian hagiology to the heathen mythology, an appropriation of forms of which there are many examples in Chaucer's love poems. The ladies who died for love are here considered as Saints and Martyrs of Cupid, just as those who died for the Christian faith were called by the Church Saints and Martyrs of Christ.

The text of the present edition is founded upon a careful collation of the MS. Fairfax 16, in the Bodleian Library, and Arch. Seld. B. 24, already described.—See vol. vi. p. 19.]

THE PROLOGE OF NINE GOODE WYMMEN.

A THOUSANDE tymes I have herde telle,
That there ys joy in hevene, and peyne in helle,
And I acorde wel that it ys so;
But, natheles, yet wot I wel also,
That ther nis noon dwellyng in this countree,
That eyther hath in hevene or helle ybe,
Ne may of hit noon other weyes witen,
But as he hath herd seyd, or founde it writen;
For by assay ther may no man it preve.
But God forbede but men shulde leve
Wel more thing than men han seen with eye!
Men shal not wenen every thing a lye
But yf himselfe yt seeth, or elles dooth;
For, God wot, thing is never the lasse sooth,
Thogh every wight ne may it not ysee.
Bernarde, the monke, ne saugh nat al parde![1]
Than mote we to bokes that we fynde,
(Thurgh which that olde thinges ben in mynde)

---

[1] In the margin of Fairfax MS. 16 is written in red letters the following gloss:—'Bernardus monachus non vidit omnia.' This appears to have been a proverbial expression of equivocal import, meaning either that however wise St. Bernard may have been, there were yet some things which had escaped him; or, with a sly inuendo, that St. Bernard asserted more than he ever saw, and that his statements are, therefore, to be taken *cum grano salis*. St. Bernard is considered the last of the Fathers. He was born in 1091, at the Castle of Fontaine, within half a league of Dijon, and died on the 20th of August, 1153. His father was of the family of the Counts of Chatillon; his mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the Count of Montbard. At the age of 22 he resolved to embrace the monastic profession, and by his extraordinary powers of persuasion induced his uncle, and other members of his family who came to dissuade him from his purpose, to join with him in founding a more than usually severe order of monachism. He and his infant community, by the labour of their own hands, changed the rugged valley of Absinthus into an agricultural paradise, and raised, in the midst of the wilderness, the first few sheds, which afterwards expanded into the Abbey of Clairvaulx. Here his father followed him to die, in 1117. His works are chiefly sermons explanatory of scripture. But, though he was well versed in the Latin classics, his style is entirely spoiled by being interwoven with the Hebraisms of the Scriptural language.

And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,
Yeve credence, in every skylful wise,
That tellen of these olde appreved stories,
Of holynes, of regnes, of victories,
Of love, of hate, and other sondry thynges,
Of whiche I may not maken rehersynges:
And yf that olde bokes were awey,
Ylorne were of remembraunce the key.
Well ought us, thanne, honouren and beleve
These bokes, ther we han noon other preve.

And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldome on the holy day,
Save, certeynly, whan that the monethe of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocion![1]

Now have I thanne suche a condicion,
That of al the floures in the mede,
Thanne love I most these floures white and rede,
Suche as men callen daysyes[2] in our toune.
To hem have I so grete affeccioun,
As I seyde erst, whanne comen is the May,
That, in my bed ther daweth me no day,
That I nam uppe and walkyng in the mede,
To seen this floure ayein the sunne sprede,
Whanne it up ryseth erly by the morwe;
That blisfull sight softeneth al my sorwe,

---

[1] What an interesting picture does the great poet here give of his tastes! His books occupy all his leisure, and for them he is content to forego the pleasures of society; but when May returns, and the landscape puts on its summer garb, his devotion to his books is superseded by his still more ardent devotion to Nature.

[2] See vol. iv. p. 250, note 2.

So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to doon it alle reverence,
As she that is of alle floures flour,
Fulfilled of al vertue and honour,
And evere ylike faire, and fressh of hewe.
And I love it, and ever ylike newe,
And ever shal, til that myn herte dye;
Al swere I nat, of this I wol nat lye,
Ther loved no wight hotter in his lyve.
And, whan that hit ys eve, I renne blyve,
As sone as evere the sunne gynneth weste,
To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste,
For fere of nyght, so hateth she derkenesse!
Hire chere is pleynly sprad in the brightnesse
Of the sunne, for ther yt wol unclose.
Allas, that I ne had Englyssh, ryme, or prose,
Suffisant this flour to preyse aryght!
But helpeth ye that han konnyng and myght,
Ye lovers, that kan make of sentement;
In this case oght ye be diligent,
To forthren me somewhat in my labour,
Whether ye ben with the leef or with the flour,[1]
For wel I wot, that ye han herbeforne
Of makynge ropen, and lad awey the corne;
And I come after, glening here and there,
And am ful glad yf I may fynde an ere
Of any goodly word that ye han left.
And thogh it happen me rehercen eft
That ye han in your fressh songes seyede,
Forbereth me, and beth not evele apayede,
Syn that ye see I do yt in the honour
Of love, and eke in service of the flour,
Whom that I serve as I have witte or myghte.
She is the clerenesse and the verray lyghte,

[1] This is an allusion to the allegory upon which is founded the poem of *The Flower and the Leaf*.—See vol. iv. p. 232.

That in this derke world me wynt and ledyth,
The herte in with my sorwful brest yow[1] dredith,
And loveth so sore, that ye ben, verrayly,
The maistres of my witte, and nothing I.
My worde, my werkes, ys knyt so in youre bonde
That as an harpe obcieth to the honde,
That maketh it soune after his fyngerynge,
Ryght so mowe ye oute of myne herte bringe
Swich vois, ryght as yow lyst, to laughe or pleyne;[2]
Be ye my gide, and lady sovereyne.
As to myn erthely God, to yow I calle,
Bothe in this werke, and in my sorwes alle.
But wherfore that I spak to yeve credence
To olde stories, and doon hem reverence,
And that men mosten more thyng beleve
Then they may seen at eighe or elles preve,
That shal I seyn, whanne that I see my tyme;
I may nat all attones speke in ryme.
My besy gost, that trusteth alwey newe,
To seen this flour so yong, so fressh of hewe,
Constreyned me with so gredy desire,
That in myn herte I feele yet the fire,
That made me to ryse er yt wer day,
And this was now the firste morwe of May,
With dredful herte, and glad devocion,
For to ben at the resurreccion
Of this flour, whan that yt shulde unclose
Agayne the sunne, that roos as rede as rose,
That in the brest was of the beste that day,
That Agenores doughter[3] ladde away.

---

[1] Here the poet addresses the lady directly in the second person.

[2] The poet compares his heart to a harp, from which his mistress evokes such music as she pleases, whether joyful or sad. This idea has been often imitated by modern poets.

[3] *Agenores daughter* was Europa, and the beast which led her away, that is, took her captive, was the bull into whose shape Jupiter transformed himself. By this periphrasis is meant that the sun had now entered Taurus, that is, that it was May.

And doune on knees anoon ryght I me sette,
And as I koude, this fressh flour I grette,
Knelyng alwey, til it unclosed was,
Upon the smale, softe, swote gras,
That was with floures swote embrouded al,
Of swich swetenesse, and swich odour over al,
That for to speke of gomme, or herbe, or tree,
Comparison may noon ymaked be;
For yt surmounteth pleynly alle odoures,
And of riche beaute of floures.
Forgéten had the erthe his pore estate
Of wynter, that him naked made and mate,
And with his swerd of colde so sore greved;
Now hath thattempre sunne al that releved
That naked was, and clad yt new agayn.
The smale foules, of the seson fayn,
That of the panter and the nette ben scaped,
Upon the foweler, that hem made awhaped
In winter, and distroyed hadde hire broode,
In his dispite hem thoghte yt did hem goode
To synge of hym, and in hire songe dispise
The foule cherle, that for his coveytise,
Had hem betrayed with his sophistrye.
This was hire songe, 'The foweler we deffye,
And al his crafte.'[1] And somme songen clere
Layes of love, that joye it was to here,
In worshippyng and preysing of hire make;
And, for the newe blisful somers sake,
Upon the braunches ful of blosmes softe,
In hire delyt, they turned hem ful ofte,

[1] The picture drawn in this passage belongs to mediæval times, and foreign countries. It can scarcely be said to have a counterpart in modern English life. In the classical and middle ages small birds were a common article of food, as they are on the Continent at the present time, and the season for catching them with a *panter*, or bag-net, was winter, when the scarcity of food made them tame. The poet here represents their songs in the spring, as the expression of their exultation at having baffled the stratagems, quaintly termed sophistries, by which the fowler had endeavoured to allure them to their destruction.

And songen, 'Blessed be seynt Valentyne![1]
For on his day I chees yow to be myne,
Withouten repentyng, myn herte swete!'
And therewithalle hire bekes gonnen meete,
Yeldyng honour, and humble obeysaunces
To love, and diden hire othere observaunces
That longeth onto love, and to nature;
Construeth that as yow lyst, I do no cure.
And thoo that hadde doon unkyndenesse,
As dooth the tydif,[2] for newfangelnesse,
Besoghte mercy of hire trespasing,
And humblely songe hire repentynge,
And sworen on the blosmes[3] to be trewe,
So that hire makes wolde upon hem rewe,
And at the laste maden hire acorde.
Al found they Daunger for a tyme a lord,
Yet Pitee, thurgh his stronge gentil myghte,
Forgaf, and made mercy passen ryghte
Thurgh Innocence, and ruled Curtesye.[4]
But I ne clepe yt nat innocence folye,
Ne fals pitee, for vertue is the mene,
As etike[5] seyth, in swich maner I mene.
And thus thise foweles, voide of al malice,
Acordeden to love, and laften vice
Of hate, and songe alle of oon acorde,
'Welcome Sommer, oure governour and lorde.'
And Zepherus, and Flora gentilly
Yave to the floures, softe and tenderly,

[1] See vol. iv. p. 201, note 2.

[2] Skinner thinks this means the titmouse, but his interpretation is doubtful. It may, perhaps, be the hedge-sparrow, which sometimes brings up the young of the cuckoo, and whose faithfulness to its mate is thus placed in doubt.

[3] There is something very quaint and pretty in representing the birds swearing fidelity on the blooms with which the trees are covered at this season.

[4] The allegorical personages here represented are the same as those who play so conspicuous a part in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, and *Court of Love*.

[5] Etike probably means Aristotle's *Ethics*.

Hire swoote breth, and made hem for to sprede,
As god and goddesse of the floury mede.
In whiche me thoughte I myghte, day by day,
Dwellen alwey, the joly monyth of May,
Withouten slepe, withouten mete or drynke.
Adoune ful softely I gan to synke,
And lenynge on myn elbowe and my syde,
The longe day I shoope me for tabide
For nothing elles, and I shal nat lye,
But for to loke upon the daysie;
That men by reson wel it calle may
The daisie, or elles the ye of day,
The emprise, and floure of floures alle.
I pray to God that faire mote she falle,
And alle that loven floures, for hire sake:
But, natheles, ne wene nat that I make
In preysing of the flour agayn the leefe,
No more than of the corne agayn the sheefe:
For as to me nys lever noon ne lother,
I nam withholden yit with never nother.
Ne I not who serveth leef, ne who the flour,[1]
Wel browken they hire service or labour,
For this thing is al of another tonne,[2]
Of olde storye, er swiche thinge was begonne.
Whan that the sunne out the south gan weste,
And that this floure gan close, and goon to reste,
For derknes of the nyght, the which she dred,
Home to myn house full swiftly I me sped
To goon to reste, and erly for to ryse,
To seen this flour sprede, as I devyse.
And in a litel herber that I have,
That benched was on turves fressh ygrave,[3]

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[1] Here the allegory of *The Floure and the Lefe* is again alluded to as being familiar to all readers.—See vol. iv. p. 232.

[2] This expression is used by the Wyf of Bathe.—See vol. ii. p. 49.

[3] It appears to have been the fashion among the gardeners of this period to construct seats of turf, which were renewed as soon as they became withered.—See vol. iv. p. 239, note 1.

I bad men shulde me my couche make;
For deyntee of the newe sommeres sake,
I bad hem strawen floures on my bed.
Whan I was leyd, and had myn eyen hed,
I fel on slepe, in with an houre or twoo,
Me mette how I lay in the medewe thoo,
To seen this flour that I love so and drede;
And from a fer come walkyng in the mede
The God of Love, and in his hande a quene,
And she was clad in real habite grene;
A fret of golde she hadde next her heer,
And upon that a white corowne she beer,
With flourouns smale, and, I shal nat lye,
For al the world ryght as a daysye
Ycorouned ys with white leves lyte,
So were the flowrouns of hire coroune white;
For of oo perle, fyne, oriental,
Hire white coroune was ymaked al,
For which the white coroune above the grene
Made hire lyke a daysie for to sene,
Considered eke hire fret of golde above.[1]
Yclothed was this myghty God of Love
In silke embrouded, ful of grene greves,
In which a fret of rede rose leves,
The fresshest syn the worlde was first begonne.
His gilte heere was corouned with a sonne
In stede of golde, for hevynesse and wyghte;[2]
Therwith me thoght his face shoon so brighte
That wel unnethes myght I him beholde;
And in his hande me thoght I saugh him holde
Twoo firy dartes, as the gledes rede,
And aungelyke hys wynges saugh I sprede.

---

[1] The queen is said to resemble a daisy; her green habit represented the leaves, the pearl of which her crown was made, the white petals, and the fret, or band of gold, the yellow spot in the middle of the flower.

[2] That is, 'His gilt hair was crowned with a sun, instead of with gold, because the latter would have been inconveniently heavy.'

And, al be that men seyn that blynd ys he,
Algate me thoghte that he myghte se;
For sternely on me he gan byhold,
So that his loking dooth myn herte colde.
And by the hande he helde this noble quene,
Corouned with white, and clothed al in grene,
So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,
That in this worlde, thogh that men wolde seke,
Halfe of hir beautee sholden men nat fynde[1]
In creature that formed is by kynde.
And therfore may I seyn, as thynketh me,
This song in preysyng of this lady fre.

Hyde, Absolon,[2] thy gilte tresses clère;
Ester,[3] ley thou thy meknesse al adoune;
Hyde, Jonathas,[4] al thy frendly manere;
Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,[5]
Make of your wifehode no comparysoun;
Hyde ye youre beautyes, Ysoude[6] and Eleyne,
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

Thy faire body lat yt nat appere,
Lavyne;[7] and thou Lucresse of Rome toune,
And Polixene,[8] that boghten love so dere,
And Cleopatre, with al thy passyoun,
Hyde ye your trouthe of love, and youre renoun,

[1] In Fairfax MS. 16 these two lines are contracted into one, thus:—'That in this worlde though that men nat fynde.' The correct version, as given in the text, is taken from MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24.

[2] Absalom was remarkable for the beauty of his hair.—See 2 Sam. xiv. 26.

[3] Hester is cited as an example of meekness in *The Merchant's Tale.* —Vol. ii. p. 178.

[4] Alluding to Jonathan's friendship for David.—See 1 Sam. xix.

[5] That is *Marcia Catonis*, Marcia, the wife of Cato the Censor, whose complaisance, apparently, in consenting to be lent to Cato's friend, Hortensius, is the ground of her praise in this place.

[6] Isoude, or Isulte, is the heroine of the celebrated *Romance of Sir Tristram.*

[7] Lavinia, the heroine of the *Æneid.*

[8] Polyxena, of whom Achilles was enamoured, and who slew herself for sorrow at his death by the hand of her brother, Paris. For the rest of the ladies here mentioned see Ovid, *Heroid.*

And thou, Tesbe, that hast of love suche peyne,
My lady commeth, that al this may disteyne.

Hero, Dido, Laudomia, alle yfere,
And Phillis, hangyng for thy Demophoun,
And Canace, espied by thy chere,
Ysiphilé betraysed with Jasoun,
Maketh of your trouthe neyther boost ne soun,
Nor Ypermystre, or Adriane, ye tweyne,
My lady cometh, that all this may disteyne.[1]

This balade may ful wel ysongen be,
As I have seyde erst, by[2] my lady fre;
For certeynly al thise mowe nat suffise,
To apperen wyth my lady in no wyse.
For as the sunne wole the fire disteyne,[3]
So passeth alle my lady sovereyne,
That ys so good, so faire, so debonayre,
I prey to God that ever falle hire faire.[4]
For nadde comforte ben of hire presence,
I hadde ben dede, withouten any defence,
For drede of Loves wordes, and his chere,
As, whan tyme is, herafter ye shal here.
Behynde this God of Love upon the grene
I saugh comyng of ladyes ninetene[5]
In real habite, a ful esy paas;
And after hem come of wymmen swich a traas,

This poem has been often imitated. Compare Surrey's *Praise of his Love. Poems of Surrey and others*, Ann. Ed. p. 66. But the turn of expression is still more closely followed in a poem by an unknown author in the same volume, p. 237:

'Give place you ladies and be gone,
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face shall stain you all.'

[2] *By* does not here denote the instrument, it means *in relation to.*

[3] As the sun dims the brightness of the fire.

[4] In the Fairfax MS. the foregoing song is introduced in this place, evidently by mistake,

[5] Of the nineteen ladies here alluded to, the legendes of only nine are related.

That syn that God Adam hadde made of erthe,
The thridde part of mankynde, or the ferthe,
Ne wende I nat by possibilite,
Had ever in this wide worlde ybe,
And trewe of love, thise women were echon.
Now whether was that a wonder thing or non,
That ryght anoon, as that they gonne espye
This flour, which that I clepe the daysie,
Full sodeynly they stynten al attones,
And knelede doune, as it were for the nones,
And songen with o vois, 'Heel and honour
To trouthe of womanhede, and to this flour,
That bereth our alder pris in figurynge,[1]
Hire white corowne beryth the witnessynge!'
And with that word, a-compas enviroun,
They setten hem ful softely adoun.
First sat the God of Love, and syth his quene
With the white coroune, clad in grene;
And sithén al the remenaunt by and by,
As they were of estaat, ful curteysly,
Ne nat a worde was spoken in the place,
The mountaunce of a furlong wey of space.
I, knelyng by this floure, in good entente
Aboode, to knowen what this peple mente,
As stille as any stone; til at the last
This God of Love on me hise eyen caste,
And seyde, 'Who kneleth there?' and I answerde
Unto his askynge, whan that I it herde,
And seyde, 'It am I,' and come him nere,
And salwed him. Quod he, 'What dostow here,
So nygh myn owne floure, so boldely?
Yt were better worthy trewely
A worme to neghen ner my floure than thow.'
'And why, sire,' quod I, 'and yt lyke yow?
'For thow,' quod he, 'art therto nothing able.
Yt is my relyke, digne and delytable,

[1] That is, 'That in shape bears the prize from us all.'

And thow my foo, and al my folke werreyest,
And of myn olde servauntes thow mysseyest,
And hynderest hem, with thy translacion,
And lettest folke from hire devocion
To serve me, and holdest it folye[1]
To serven Love. Thou mayst it nat denye,
For in pleyne text, withouten nede of glose,
Thou hast translated the Romaunce of the Rose,[2]
That is an heresye ayeins my lawe,
And makest wise folke fro me withdrawe;
And of Cresyde[3] thou hast seyde as the lyste,
That maketh men to wommen lasse trist,
That ben as trewe as ever was any stele.
Of thyn answere avise thee ryght wele,
For though thou reneyed hast my lay,
As other wrecches han doon many a day,
By seynte[4] Venus, that my moder ys,
If that thou lyve, thou shalt repenten this
So cruelly, that it shal wele be sene.'
Thoo spak this lady, clothed al in greene,
And seyde, 'God, ryght of youre curtesye,
Ye moten herken yf he can replye
Ayenst al this that ye have to him meved;
A God ne sholde nat be thus agreved,
But of hys deitee he shal be stable,
And therto gracious and merciable.
And yf ye nere a God that knowen alle,
Thanne myght yt be as I yow tellen shalle;

---

[1] The words *me and holdest it folie* are omitted in the Fairfax MS. They are supplied from MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24.

[2] The fact that Chaucer was blamed for translating *The Romaunt of the Rose* as being a heresy against the law of Love, suggests the probability that he translated the whole of it, including the part so obnoxious to ladies. See Introd. vol. vii. p. 12. For in Chaucer's version, as we now have it, there is certainly nothing very unfavourable to the fair sex.

[3] See vol. v. p. 8.

[4] To keep up the analogy between the heathen mythology and the Christian religion, which is implied in the name of the poem, the God swears by Venus as a saint.

This man to yow may falsly ben accused,
Ther as by right him oughte ben excused;
For in youre courte ys many a losengeour,
And many a queinte totolere accusour,
That tabouren in youre eres many a soun,
Right after hire ymagynacioun,
To have youre daliaunce, and for envie.
Thise ben the causes, and I shal nat lye,
Envie ys lavendere[1] of the court alway;
For she ne parteth neither nyght ne day,
Out of the house of Cesar, thus saith Daunte;
Who so that gooth, algate she wol nat wante.[2]
'And eke, parauntere, for this man ys nyce,
He myght doon yt gessyng no malice;
For he useth thynges for to make,[3]
Him rekketh noght of what matere he take;
Or him was boden maken thilke tweye[4]
Of somme persone, and durste yt nat withseye;
Or him repenteth outrely of this.
He ne hath nat doon so grevously amys,
To translaten that olde clerkes writen,
As thogh that he of malice wolde enditen,
Despite of Love, and had himselfe yt wroghte.
This shoolde a ryghtwis lord have in his thoughte,

---

[1] Lavendere, or laundere, means, primarily, a gutter, or channel for conveying water. Here it is the translation of *meretrice*. The passage alluded to is in the *Inferno*, canto xiii.:—

'La meretrice, che mai dall' ospizio
Di Cesare non torse gli occhi putti,
Morte commune e *delle corte vizio*
Infiammò contra me *gli animi tutti*,
E gl' *infiammati infiammar si Augusto*,
Che i lieti onor tornaro in tristi lutti.

Chaucer seems to have been no less conversant with the works of Dante than with those of Petrarch and Boccaccio. He quotes from Dante in four separate instances.—See vol. vi. p. 207, note 3.

[2] That is, 'Whosoever goes [falls], she will not be in want.'

[3] That is, 'Because he is accustomed to write poetry.'

[4] That is, 'Either he was bidden to write those two poems,' *scil.*, *The Romaunt of the Rose*, and *The Troylus and Cryseyde*.

And nat be lyke tirauntes of Lumbardye,[1]
That han no reward but at tyrannye.
For he that kynge or lorde ys naturel,
Hym oughte nat be tiraunt ne crewel,
As is a fermour, to doon the harme he kan;
He moste thinke yt is his leege man,
And is his tresour, and his gold in cofre.[2]
This is the sentence of the philosophre:
A kyng to kepe hise leeges in justice,
Withouten doute that is his office.
Al wol he kepe hise lordes in hire degree,
As it ys ryght and skilful that they bee
Enhaunsed and honoured, and most dere,
For they ben half goddys in this world here,
Yit mote he doon bothe right to poore and ryche,
Al be that hire estaate be nat yliche;
And han of poore folke compassyon.
For loo, the gentil kynde of the lyon!
For whan a flye offendeth him or biteth,
He with his tayle awey the flye smyteth
Al esely; for of his gentrye
Hym deyneth nat to wreke hym on a flie,
As dooth a curre, or elles another beste.
In noble corage oughte ben areste,[3]
And weyen every thing by equytee,
And ever have rewarde unto his owen degree.
For, syr, yt is no maistrye for a lorde
To dampne a man, without answere of worde,
And for a lorde, that is ful foule to use.[4]
And it so be, he may hym nat excuse,

[1] The allusion is to the several successful adventurers, like the Visconti, who in the 13th and 14th centuries succeeded in seizing upon the governments of Milan, and other free cities of Lombardy.

[2] That is, 'A liege-lord ought not to oppress his own vassals, who are his most precious possessions, in the same way as one who merely farms the revenues of a kingdom.'

[3] In a noble disposition the passions ought to be restrained.

[4] This, and many other passages of Chaucer's poems, breathe a noble spirit of moderation and political wisdom. Compare the sentiments of Theseus in *The Knightes Tale*, vol. i. p. 145.

But asketh mercy with a dredeful herte,
And profereth him, ryght in his bare sherte,
To ben ryght at your owen jugement,
Than ought a God, by short avysement,
Consydre his owen honour, and hys trespas;
For syth no cause of dethe lyeth in this caas,
Yow oghte to ben the lyghter merciable;
Leteth youre ire, and beth sumwhat tretable!
The man hath served you of his konnynge,
And forthred wel youre law in his makynge.
Al be hit that he kan nat wel endite,
Yet hath he made lewde folke delyte
To serve you, in preysinge of your name.
He made the boke that hight the Hous of Fame,[1]
And eke the Deeth of Blaunche the Duchesse,[2]
And the Parlement of Foules,[3] as I gesse,
And al the Love of Palamon and Arcite
Of Thebes,[4] thogh the storye ys knowen lyte;
And many an ympne for your haly dayes,
That highten Balades, Roundels, Virelayes.[5]
And for to speke of other holynesse,
He hath in prose translated Boece,[6]
And made the Lyfe also of Seynte Cecile.[7]
He made also, goon ys a grete while,

---

[1] See vol. vi. p. 192. [2] See vol. vi. p. 135.

[3] This poem is also called *The Assembly of Foules*.—See vol. iv. 184.

[4] The poem here alluded to is probably *The Knightes Tale*, or one version of it.—See vol. i. p. 111.

[5] Among the Balades here mentioned would probably have been included *The Compleynte of the Blake Knight*, and other short poems of this description. Of the *Roundel* and *Virelaye* we have specimens amongst the minor poems.

[6] The work of Boëthius, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, was one of the most popular works on philosophy in the middle ages. It was translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, into French by John of Meung, and into English by Chaucer.

[7] *The Second Nonnes Tale*, in *The Canterbury Tales*, is on this subject, and is probably the poem here alluded to.—See vol. iii. p. 65.

Origenes upon the Maudeleyne.[1]
Hym oughte now to have the lesse peyne,
He hath made many a ley, and many a thynge.
'Now as ye be a God, and eke a kynge,
I your Alceste, whilom quene of Trace,[2]
I aske yow this man, ryght of your grace,
That ye him never hurte in al his lyve,
And he shal sweren to yow, and that blyve,
He shal never more agilten in this wyse,
But shal maken, as ye wol devyse,
Of wommen trewe in lovyng al hire lyf,
Wher so ye wol, of mayden or of wyf,
And forthren yow as muche as he mysseyde,
Or in the Rose, or elles in Creseyde.'
The God of Love answerede hire anoon,
'Madame,' quod he, 'it is so long agoon
That I yow knewe so charitable and trewe,
That never yit, syn that the worlde was newe,
To me ne founde I better noon than yee;
If that ye wolde save my degree,
I may ne wol nat werne your requeste;
Al lyeth in yow, dooth wyth hym as yow leste.
I al foryeve withouten lenger space;
For who so yeveth a yefte or dooth a grace,
Do it betyme, his thanke ys wel the more,
And demeth ye what he shal do therfore.
Goo thanke now my lady here,' quod he.
I roos, and doune I sette me on my knee,
And seyde thus:—'Madame, the God above
Foryelde yow that the God of Love
Han maked me his wrathe to foryive,
And grace so longe for to lyve,

[1] Tyrwhitt thinks it almost certain, from internal evidence, that the poem which bears this title, and which has been included in all editions of Chaucer's works, is the production of some later poet, and that it has been attributed to him only because he here mentions a poem of his on the same subject.

[2] See vol. iv. p. 133, note a.

That I may knowe soothly what ye bee,
That han me holpe, and put in this degree.
But trewely I wende, as in this caas
Nought have agilte, ne doon to love trespas;
For why? a trewe man, withouten drede,
Hath nat to parten with a theves dede.[1]
Ne a trewe lover ought me nat to blame,
Thogh that I spake a fals lovere som shame.
They oughte rather with me for to holde,
For that I of Creseyde wroot or told,
Or of the Rose, what so myn auctour mente,
Algate, God woot, yt was myn entente
To forthren trouthe in love, and yt cheryce,
And to ben war fro falsnesse and fro vice,
By swiche ensample; this was my menynge.'
And she answerde, 'Lat be thyn arguynge,
For love ne wol not counterpleted be[2]
In ryghte ne wrong, and lerne that of me;
Thow hast thy grace, and holde the ryghte therto.
Now wol I seyne what penance thou shalt do
For thy trespas, understonde yt here:—
Thow shalt while that thou lyvest, yere by yere,
The most partye of thy tyme spende
In makyng of a glorious legende,
Of good wymmen, maydenes, and wyves,
That weren trewe in lovyng al hire lyves;
And telle of fals men that hem bytraien,
That al hir lyfe ne do nat but assayen
How many women they may doon a shame,
For in your worlde that is now holde a game.
And thogh the lyke nat a lovere bee,
Speke wel of love; this penance yeve I thee.
And to the God of Love I shal so preye,

---

[1] This appears to be a proverb, meaning, 'A true [honest] man has no part in the actions of a thief.'

[2] This axiom forms one of the statutes of *The Court of Love*.—See vol. iv. p. 146.

That he shal charge his servauntes, by any weye,
To forthren thee, and wel thy labour quyte:
Goo now thy weye, this penaunce ys but lyte.
And whan this boke ys made, yeve it the quene
On my byhalfe, at Eltham, or at Sheene.'[1]
The god of love gan smyle, and than he seyde:—
'Wostow,' quod he, 'wher this be wyfe or mayde,
Or queene, or countesse, or of what degre,
That hath so lytel penaunce yeven thee,
That hast deserved sore for to smerte?
But pite renneth soone in gentil herte:[2]
That maistow seen, she kytheth what she ys.'
And I answerde, 'Nay, sire, so have I blys,
No more, but that I see wel she is good.'
'That is a trewe tale, by myn hood!'
Quod Love, 'and thou knowest wel, pardee,
If yt be so that thou avise the.
Hastow nat in a booke lyth in thy cheste,
The gret goodnesse of the quene Alceste,
That turned was into a dayesye?
She that for hire housbonde chees to dye,
And eke to goon to helle, rather than he,
And Ercules rescowed hire, parde,
And brought hire out of helle agayne to blys?'
And I answerde ageyn, and sayde, 'Yis,
Now know I hire. And is this good Alceste,
The dayesie, and myn owene hertes reste?
Now fele I wele the goodnesse of this wyf,
That both after hire deth, and in hir lyf,
Hir grete bounte doubleth hire renoun.
Wel hath she quyt me myn affeccioun,
That I have to hire flour the daysye.
No wonder ys thogh Jove hire stellyfye,

---

[1] This allusion determines the date of the poem to be subsequent to 1382, the year of the marriage of Anne of Bohemia, Richard II.'s fir queen.

[2] For this proverb see vol. i. p. 145.

. As telleth Agaton,[1] for hire goodenesse,
Hire white corowne bereth of hyt witnesse;
For al so many vertues hadde she,
As smale florounes in hire corowne bee.
In remembraunce of hire and in honoure
Cibella[2] maade the daysye and the floure ,
Ycrowned al with white, as men may se,
And Mars yaf to hire a corowne reede, parde,
In stede of rubyes sette among the white.'
Therwith this queene wex reed for shame a lyte,
Whanne she was preysed so in hire presence.
Thanne seyde Love, 'A ful grete negligence
Was yt to the, that ilke tyme thou made,
'Hyde Absolon thy tresses'[3] in balade,
That thou forgate hire in thy songe to sette,
Syn that thou art so gretly in hire dette,
And wost wel that kalender[4] ys she
To any woman that wol lover be:
For she taught al the crafte of fyne lovyng,
And namely of wyfhode the lyvyng,
And alle the boundes that she oughte kepe;
Thy litel witte was thilke tyme aslepe.
But now I charge thee upon thy lyf,
That in thy legende thou make of thys wyf,
Whan thou hast other smale ymade before;
And fare now wel, I charge thee na more.
But er I goo, thus muche I wol the telle,
Ne shal no trewe lover come in helle.

---

[1] Upon this word Tyrwhitt has the following note:—'I have nothing to say concerning this writer, except that one of the same name is quoted in the Prologue to the *Tragedie of Cambyses*, by Thomas Preston. There is no ground for supposing, with Gloss. Ur. [the compiler of Urry's Glossary] that *a philosopher of Samos* is meant, or any of the Agathoes of Antiquity.' The compiler of Urry's Gloss. obtained his information from a note in Speght, who says, equivocally, 'Agathon, a philosopher of Samos, did write Histories.'

[2] Cybele.

[3] See *ante*, p. 52.

[4] A kalendar, or calendar, is an almanac by which persons are guided in their computation of time; hence it is used, as here, for a guide, or example generally.

Thise other ladies sittynge here arowe,
Ben in my balade, yf thou kanst hem knowe,
And in thy bookes alle thou shalt hem fynde;
Have hem in thy legende now alle in mynde;
I mene of hem that ben in thy knowyng.
For here ben twenty thousande moo sittyng
Thanne thou knowest, good wommen alle,
And trowe of love for ought that may byfalle;
Make the metres of hem as the lest;
I mot goon home, the sonne draweth west,
To Paradys, with al this companye;
And serve alwey the fresshe daysye.
At Cleopatres I wole that thou begynne,
And so forthe, and my love so shal thou wynne;
For lat see now what man that lover be,
Wol doon so stronge a peyne for love as she.
I wot wel that thou maist nat al yt ryme,
That swiche loveres dide in hire tyme;
It were too long to reden and to here;
Suffiseth me thou make in this manere,
That thou reherce of al hire lyf the grete,
After thise olde auctours lysten for to trete.
For who so shal so many a storye telle,
Sey shortely or he shal to longe dwelle.'
And with that worde my bokes gan I take,
And right thus on my legende gan I make.

INCIPIT LEGENDA CLEOPATRIE MARTIRIS, EGIPTI REGINE.[1]

AFTER the deth of Tholome the kyng,
That al Egypte hadde in his governyng,
Regned hys queene Cleopataras;
Til on a tyme befel ther swich a caas,

[1] This is the form in which royal saints are described in the kalendar. Thus, the 19th of January is designated *Canuti Regis et Martyris.*

That out of Rome was sent a senatour,
For to conqueren regnes and honour
Unto the toune of Rome, as was usaunce,
To have the worlde at hir obeysaunce,
And sooth to seye, Antonius was his name.
So fil yt, as Fortune hym oght[1] a shame,
Whanne he was fallen in prosperitee,
Rebel unto the toune of Rome ys hee.
And over al this, the suster of Cesar[2]
He lafte hir falsly, er that she was war,
And wold algates han another wyf,
For which he took with Rome and Cesar stryf.
Natheles, forsooth this ilke senatour,
Was a ful worthy gentil werreyour,
And of his deeth it was ful gret damage.
But Love had brought this man in swich a rage,
And him so narwe bounden in his laas,
Alle for the love of Cleopataras,
That al the worlde he sette at noo value;
Hym thoghte ther was nothing to him so due
As Cleopataras for to love and serve;
Hym roghte nat in armes for to sterve
In the defence of hir and of hir ryghte.
This noble queene ek loved so this knyghte,
Thurgh his desert and for his chivalrye,
As certeynly, but yf that bookes lye,
He was of persone, and of gentilesse,
And of discrecion, and of hardynesse,
Worthy to any wight that liven may;
And she was faire, as is the rose in May.
And to maken shortly is the beste,
She wax his wif, and hadde him as hir leste.
The weddyng and the feste to devyse,
To me that have ytake swich emprise,
Of so many a storye for to make,
Yt were to longe, lest that I sholde slake

[1] That is, 'As Fortune owed him a shameful reverse.'
[2] Octavia, sister of Augustus, whom Antony repudiated to marry Cleopatra.

Of thing that beryth more effect and charge;
For men may overlade a shippe or barge.
And forthy, to effect than wol I skyppe,
And al the remenaunt I wol let yt slyppe.
Octavyan, that woode was of this dede,
Shoop hiin an ooste on Antony to lede,
Al outerly for his distruccion,
With stoute Romaynes, crewel as lyon;
To shippe they wente, and thus I let hem sayle.
Antonius, that was war, and wol nat fayle
To meten with thise Romaynes, yf he may,
Took eke his rede, and booth upon a day
His wyf and he and al hys oost forthe went
To shippe anoon, no lenger they ne stent,
And in the see hit happed hem to mete.
Up gooth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,
And paynen hem to sette on with the sonne;
With grisly soun out gooth the grete gonne,[1]
And hertely they hurtelen al attones,
And fro the toppe doune cometh the grete stones.
In gooth the grapenel so ful of crokes,
Amonge the ropes, and the sheryng hokes;
In with the polax preseth he and he;
Byhynde the maste begynneth he to fle,
And out agayne, and dryveth hym over borde;
He styngeth hym upon hys speres orde;
He rent[2] the sayle with hokes lyke a sithe;
He bryngeth the cuppe, and biddeth hem be blithe;[3]
He poureth pesen[4] upon the hacches slidre,
With pottes ful of lyme,[5] they goon togedre.

---

[1] A ludicrous anachronism.

[2] The third pers. sing. pres. indic. of *to rende*. The other form, used indifferently, is *rendeth*.

[3] One is represented as going for drink to refresh the combatants.

[4] *Slider* is here an adjective, meaning slippery. Another sailor pours pease or *peesen*, a form still used in Norfolk and Suffolk, the usual food of mariners, upon the hatches to make them slippery, that the enemy might not be able to board the vessel.

[5] Probably quick lime, to set fire to the vessel.

And thus the longe day in fight they spende
Til at the last, as every thing hath ende,
Antony is shent, and put ys to the flyght,
And al hys folke to-goo, that best goo myght.
Fleeth ek the quene with al hir purpre sayle,
For strokes which that went as thik as hayle;
No wonder was, she myght it nat endure.
And whan that Antony saugh that aventure,
'Alas,' quod he, 'the day that I was borne!
My worshippe in this day thus have I lorne!'
And for dispeyre out of hys wytte he sterte,
And roof hymselfe anoon thurghout the herte,
Er that he ferther went out of the place.[1]
Hys wyf, that koude of Cesar have no grace,
To Egipte is fled, for drede and for distresse.
But herkeneth ye that speken of kyndenesse.
Ye men that falsly sweren many an oothe,
That ye wol dye yf that your love be wroothe,
Here may ye seene of women which a trouthe.
This woful Cleopatra had made swich routhe,
That ther nys tonge noon that may yt telle.
But on the morwe she wol no lenger dwelle,
But made hir subtil werkmen make a shryne
Of alle the rubees and the stones fyne
In al Egipte that she koude espye;
And put ful the shryne of spicerye,
And let the corps enbawme; and forth she fette
This dede corps, and in the shryne yt shette.
And next the shryne a pitte than dooth she grave,
And all the serpentes that she myghte have,
She put hem in that grave, and thus she seyde:—
'Now, love, to whom my sorweful herte obeyde,
So ferforthely, that fro that blysful houre
That I yow swor to ben al frely youre;

[1] This is historically incorrect. When the queen's galleys fled at the battle of Actium, Antony followed her to Egypt; and it was not until his allies had all deserted him that he stabbed himself.

(I mene yow, Antonius, my knyght,)
That never wakyng in the day or nyght,
Ye nere out of myn hertes remembraunce,
For wele or woo, for carole, or for daunce;
And in my self this covenaunt made I thoo,
That ryght swich as ye felten wele or woo,
As ferforth as yt in my powere laye,
Unreprovable unto my wifhood aye,
The same wolde I felen, life or dethe;
And thilke covenaunt while me lasteth brethe
I woll fulfille; and that shal wel be seene,
Was never unto hir love a trewer queene.'
And wyth that worde, naked, with ful good herte,
Amonge the serpents in the pit she sterte.
And ther she chees to han hir buryinge.
Anoon the neddres gonne hir for to stynge,
And she hir deeth receveth with good chere,
For love of Antony that was hir so dere.
And this is storial, sooth it ys no fable.
Now er I fynd a man thus trewe and stable,
And wolde for love his deeth so frely take,
I preye God lat oure hedes nevere ake!

EXPLICIT LEGENDA CLEOPATRE MARTYRIS.

INCIPIT LEGENDA TESBE BABILON, MARTIRIS.[1]

AT Babiloyne whylome fil it thus,
The whiche toune the queene Simyramus
Leet dichen al about, and walles make
Ful hye, of harde tiles wel ybake:
Ther were dwellynge in this noble toune,
Two lordes, which that were of grete renoune,
And wonedeh so neigh upon a grene,
That ther nas but a stoon wal hem betwene,

[1] Ovid, *Met.* iv. 55.

As ofte in grette tounes ys the wone.
And sooth to seyne, that o man had a sone,
Of al that londe oon the lustieste;
That other had a doghtre, the faireste
That esteward in the worlde was tho dwellynge.
The name of everyche gan to other sprynge,
By wommen that were neyghebores aboute;
For in that countre yit, wythouten doute,
Maydenes ben ykept for jelousye
Ful streyte, leste they diden somme folye.
This yonge man was cleped Piramus,
Tesbe hight the maide, (Naso[1] seith thus).
And thus by reporte was hir name yshove,
That as they woxe in age, wax hir love.
And certeyne, as by reson of hir age,
Ther myghte have ben betwex hem mariage,
But that hir fadres nolde yt not assente,
And booth in love ylike soore they brente,
That noon of al hir frendes myghte yt lette.
But prevely sommetyme yit they mette
Be sleight, and spoken somme of hir desire,
As wrie the glede and hotter is the fire;[2]
Forbeede a love, and it is ten times so woode.
This wal, which that bitwixe hem bothe stoode,
Was cloven atwoo, right fro the toppe adoune,
Of olde tyme, of his foundacioun.
But yit this clyft was so narwe and lite
Yt was nat seene, deere ynough a myte;
But what is that that love kannot espye?
Ye lovers twoo, yf that I shal nat lye,
Ye founden first this litel narwe clifte,
And with a soune as softe as any shryfte,[3]

---

[1] Publius Ovidius Naso.

[2] That is, 'Since, if you cover up the firebrand, [*scil.* with ashes,] the fire throws out all the more heat.'

[3] That is, 'A voice as low as that with which one utters his confession.'

They leete hir wordes thurgh the clifte pace,
And tolden, while that they stoden in the place,
Al hir compleynt of love, and al hire woo.
At every tyme whan they durste soo,
Upon the o syde of the walle stood he,
And on that other syde stood Tesbe,
The swoote soune of other to receyve.
And thus hire wardeyns wolde they disceyve,
And every day this walle they wolde threete,
And wisshe to God that it were doune ybete.
Thus wolde they seyn:—'Allas, thou wikked walle!
Thurgh thyne envye thow us lettest alle!
Why nyltow cleve, or fallen al atwo?
Or at the leest, but thow wouldest so,
Yit woldestow but ones let us meete,
Or oones that we myghte kyssen sweete,
Than were we covered[1] of oure cares colde.
But natheles, yit be we to the holde,
In as muche as thou suffrest for to goon
Oure wordes thurgh thy lyme and eke thy stoon,
Yet oghte we with thee ben wel apayde.'
And whanne thise idel wordes weren sayde,
The colde walle they wolden kyssen of stoon,
And take hir leve, and foorth they wolden goon.
Alle this was gladly[2] in the evetyde,
Or wonder erly, lest men it espyede.
And longe tyme they wroghte in this manere,
Til on a day, whanne Phebus gan to clere,
Aurora with the stremes of hire hete,
Had dried uppe the dewe of herbes wete,
Unto this clyfte, as it was wont to be,
Come Piramus, and after come Tesbe.
And plighten trouthe fully in hir faye,
That ilke same nyght to steele awaye,
And to begile hire wardeyns everychone,
And forth out of the citee for to gone.

[1] *Covered* is here put for recovered.
[2] That is, 'All this was done by preference at eventide.'

And, for the feeldes ben so broode and wide,
For to meete in o place at o tyde,
They sette markes; hire metynge sholde bee
Ther kyng Nynus was graven, under a tree;
(For olde payens, that ydoles heriede,
Useden thoo in feelds to ben beriede)
And faste by his grave was a welle.
And shortly of this tale for to telle,
This covenaunt was affermed wonder faste,
And longe hem thoghte that the sonne laste,
That it nere gone under the see adoune.
This Tesbe hath so grete affeccioun,
And so grete lykynge Piramus to see,
That whanne she seigh hire tyme myghte bee,
At nyght she stale awey ful prevely,
With hire face ywympled subtilly.
For al hire frendes, for to save hire trouthe,
She hath forsakè; allas, and that is routhe,
That ever woman wolde be so trewe,
To trusten man, but she the bet hym knewe!
And to the tree she gooth a ful goode paas,
For love made hir so hardy in this caas;
And by the welle adoune she gan hir dresse.
Allas, than commeth a wilde leonesse
Out of the woode, withouten more arreste,
With blody mouth of strangelynge of a beste,
To drynken of the welle ther as she sat.
And whanne that Tesbè had espyed that,
She ryst hire up, with a ful drery herte,
And in a cave, with dredful foot she sterte,
For by the moone she saugh yt wel withalle.
And as she ranne, hir wympel leet she falle,
And tooke noon hede, so soore she was awhaped,
And eke so glad that she was escaped;
And ther she sytte, and darketh[1] wonder stille.
Whan that this lyonesse hath dronke hir fille,

[1] The printed editions read *lurketh*, but as the reading of the Fair-

Aboute the welle gan she for to wynde,
And ryght anoon the wympel gan she fynde,
And with hir bloody mouth it al to-rente.
Whan this was done, no lenger she ne stent,
But to the woode hire wey than hath she nome.
And at the laste this Piramus ys come,
But al to long, allas, at home was hee!
The moone shoone, men myghte wel ysee,
And in hys wey, as that he come ful faste,
Hise eighen to the grounde adoune he caste;
And in the sonde as he behelde adoune,
He seigh the steppes broode of a lyoune;
And in his herte he sodeynly agroos,
And pale he wex, therwith his heer aroos,
And nere he come, and founde the wimpel torne.
'Allas,' quod he, 'the day that I was borne!
This oo nyghte wol us lovers boothe slee!
How shulde I axen mercy of Tesbee,
Whanne I am he that have yow slayne, allas?
My byddyng hath yow slayne in this caas!
Allas, to bidde a woman goon by nyghte
In place thereas a peril fallen myghte!
And I so slowe! allas, I ne hadde bee
Here in this place, a furlong wey or yee!
Now what lyon that be in this foreste,
My body mote rente, or what beste
That wild is, gnawen mote he now myn herte!'
And with that worde he to the wympel sterte,
And kist it oft, and wept on it ful sore;[1]
And seyde, 'Wympel, allas! ther nys no more,
But thou shalt feele as wel the blode of me,
As thou hast felt the bledynge of Tesbe.'

---

fax MS., which is given in the text, is supported by MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24, it is retained. *To darke*, or dirke, appears, from this place, to be a verb, meaning, to remain in the dark, whence, probably, the poetical word *darkling*, used by Milton.

[1] This line is omitted in the Fairfax MS.; it is supplied from Arch. Seld. B. 24.

And with that worde he smot hym to the herte;
The blood out of the wounde as broode sterte,
As water, whanne the conduyte broken ys.
Now Tesbe, which that wyste nat this,
But syttyng in hire drede, she thoghte thus:—
'Yf it so falle that my Piramus
Be comen hider, and may me nat fynde,
He may me holden fals, and eke unkynde.'
And oute she comth, and after hym gan espyen,
Booth with hire herte, and with hire eighen;
And thoghte, 'I wol him tellen of my drede,
Booth of the lyonesse and al my dede.'
And at the laste hire love than hath she founde,
Betynge with his helis on the grounde,
Al blody; and therewithal abak she sterte,
And lyke the wawes quappe gan hir herte,
And pale as boxe[1] she wax, and in a throwe
Avised hir, and gan hym wel to knowe,
That it was Piramus, hire herte dere.
Who koude write whiche a dedely chere
Hath Tesbe now? and how hire heere she rente?
And how she gan hir selve to turmente?
And how she lyth and swowneth on the grounde?
And how she wepe of teres ful his wounde?
How medeleth she his blood with hir compleynte?
How with his blood hir selven gan she peynte?
How clippeth she the dede corps? allas!
How dooth this woful Tesbe in this cas?
How kysseth she his frosty mouthe so colde?
'Who hath doon this? and who hath ben so bolde
To sleen my leefe? o speke Piramus!
I am thy Tesbe, that thee calleth thus!'
And therwithal she lyfteth up his heed.
This woful man that was nat fully deed,

[1] Taken literally from Ovid:—

—— 'Oraque buxo
Pallidiora gerens, exhorruit æquoris instar
Quod fremit, exiguâ cum summum stringitur aurâ.'
Met. iv. 134.

Whanne that he herd the name of Tesbe crien,
On hire he caste his hevy dedely eyen,
And doune agayn, and yeldeth up the gooste.
Tesbe rist uppe, withouten noyse or booste,
And saugh hir wympel and his empty shethe,
And eke his swerde, that him hath doon to dethe.
Than spak she thus:—'Thys woful hande,' quod she,
'Ys strong ynogh in swiche a werke to me;
For love shal me yeve strengthe and hardynesse,
To make my wounde large ynogh, I gesse.
I wol the folowen deede, and I wol be
Felawe, and cause'eke of thy deeth,' quod she.
'And thogh that nothing save the deth only,
Myghte the fro me departe trewely,
Thou shal noo more now departe fro me
Than fro the deth, for I wol goo with the.
'And now ye wrecched jelouse faders oure,
We that weren whylome children youre,
We prayen yow, withouten more envye,
That in oo grave we moten lye,
Syn love hath us broght this pitouse ende.
And ryghtwis God to every lover sende,
That loveth trewely, moore prosperite
Than ever hadde Piramus and Tesbe.
And let noo gentile woman hire assure,
To putten hire in swiche an aventure.
But God forbede but a woman kan
Ben as trewe and lovynge as a man,
And for my parte I shal anoon it kythe.'
And with that worde his swerde she tooke swithe,
That warme was of hire loves blood, and hoote,
And to the herte she hire selven smoote.
And thus are Tesbe and Piramus agoo.
Of trewe men I fynde but fewe moo
In al my bookes, save this Piramus,
And therfore have I spoken of hym thus.
For yt is deyntee to us men to fynde
A man that kan in love be trewe and kynde.

Here may ye seen, what lover so he be,
A woman dar and kan as wel as he.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA TESBE.

INCIPIT LEGENDA DIDONIS, CARTHAGINIS REGINE.[1]

GLORIE and honour, Virgile Mantuan,
Be to thy name! and I shal as I kan
Folowe thy lanterne as thou goste byforne,
How Eneas to Dido was forsworne,
In thyne Eneyde. And of Naso wol I take
The tenour and the grete effectes make.
Whanne Troy broght was to destruccion
By Grekes sleight, and namely by Synon,
Feynyng the hors offred unto Minerve,
Thurgh which that many a Trojan moste sterve,
And Ector had after his deeth appered;
And fire so woode, it myghte nat ben stered,
In al the noble tour of Ylion,
That of the citee was the cheef dungeon;
And al the countree was so lowe ybroghte,
And Priamus the kyng fordoon and noghte;
And Eneas was charged by Venus
To fleen away; he tooke Ascanius
That was his sone, in his ryght hande and fledde,
And on his bakke he baar, and with him ledde
His olde fader, cleped Anchises;
And by the wey his wyfe Creusa he lees,
And mochel sorwe hadde he in his mynde,
Er that he koude his felawshippe fynde.
But at the last, whanne he hadde hem founde,
He made him redy in a certeyn stounde,
And to the see ful faste he gan him hye,
And sayleth forth with al his companye

[1] This legende is taken from the *Æneid*, and Ovid's *Heroides*, epist. vii.

Towarde Ytayle, as wolde destanee.
But of his aventures in the see,
Nys nat to purpos for to speke of here,
For it acordeth nat to my matere.
But as I seyde, of hym and of Dydo
Shal be my tale, til that I have do.
So long he saylled in the salte see,
Til in Lybye unneth arryved he,
So was he with the tempest al to-shake.
And whanne that he the havene had ytake,
He had a knyghte was called Achates,
And him of al his felawshippe he ches
To goon with him, the contree for tespye.
He tooke with him na more companye,
But forth they goon, and lafte hise shippes ride,
His fere and he, withouten any guyde.
So longe he walketh in this wildernesse,
Til at the last he mette an hunteresse,
A bowe in hande, and arwes hadde she;
Hire clothes knytte were unto the knee.
But she was yit the fairest creature
That ever was yformed by nature;
And Eneas and Achates she grette,
And thus she to hem spak whanne she hem mette.
'Sawe ye,' quod she, 'as ye han walked wide,
Any of my sustren walke yow besyde,
With any wilde boor or other beste,
That they han hunted to in this foreste,
Ytukked up, with arwes in her cas?'
'Nay soothly, lady!' quod this Eneas;
'But by thy beaute, as yt thynketh me,
Thou myghtest never erthely woman be,
But Phebus suster artow, as I gesse.
And yf so be that thou be a goddesse,
Have mercy on oure labour and oure woo.'
'I nam no goddesse soothely,' quod she thoo;
'For maydens walken in this contree here,
With arwes and with bowe, in this manere.

This is the regne of Libie ther ye been,
Of which that Dido lady is and queene.'
And shortly tolde al the occasion
Why Dido come into that region,
Of which as now me lusteth nat to ryme;
It nedeth nat, it nere but los of tyme.
For this is al and somme; it was Venus
His owene moder, that spak with him thus;
And to Cartage she bad he sholde him dighte,
And wanysshed anoon out of his sighte.
I koude folwe worde for worde Virgile,
But it wolde lasten al to longe while.
This noble queene, that cleped was Dido,
That whylom was the wife of Sicheo,
That fairer was than the bryghte sonne,
This noble toune of Cartage hath begonne;
In which she regneth in so grete honoure,
That she was holde of alle quenes floure,
Of gentillesse, of fredome, of beautee,
That wel was him that myght her oones see.
Of kynges and of lordes so desired,
That al the worlde hire beaute hadde yfired,
She stoode so wel in every wyghtes grace.
Whanne Eneas was come unto that place,
Unto the maistre temple[1] of al the toune,
Ther Dido was in hir devocioun,
Ful prively his wey than hath he nome.
Whanne he was in the large temple come,
I kannat seye if that hit be possible,
But Venus hadde him maked invisible;
Thus seyth the booke, withouten any les.
And whanne this Eneas and Achates
Hadden in the temple ben over alle,
Thanne founde they depeynted on a walle,
How Troy and al the londe destruied was.
'Allas, that I was borne!' quod Eneas.

[1] *Maistre* means principal: it is applied in this sense to strete, as in the expression the maister-strete.

'Thurghout the worlde our shame is kid so wide
Now it is peynted upon every side.
We that weren in prosperitee,
Be now disclaundred, and in swiche degre,
No lenger for to lyven I ne kepe.'
And with that worde he braste out for to wepe
So tendirly that routhe yt was to seene.
This fresshe lady, of the citee queene,
Stoode in the temple, in hire estat royalle,
So richely, and eke so faire withalle,
So yonge, so lusty, with hire eighen glade,
That yf that God that hevene and erthe made,
Wolde han a love, for beaute and goodenesse,
And womanhede, and trouthe, and semelynesse,
Whom sholde he loven but this lady swete?
There nys no woman to him halfe so mete.
Fortune, that hath the worlde in governaunce,
Hath sodeynly brought in so newe a chaunce,
That never was there yit so fremed a cas.
For al the companye of Eneas,
Which that he wend han loren in the see,
Aryved ys noght fer fro that citee.
For which the grettist of his lordes, some
By aventure ben to the citee come
Unto that same temple for to seke
The queene, and of hire socour hire beseke;
Swiche renowne was ther spronge of hir goodnesse.
And whanne they hadde tolde al hire distresse,
And al hir tempeste and hire harde cas,
Unto the queene appered Eneas,
And openly beknew that it was he.
Who had joye thanne, but his meinee,
That hadden founde hire lord, hire governour?
The queene sawgh they dide him swich honour,
And had herde ofte of Eneas er thoo,
And in hire herte hadde routhe and woo,
That ever swiche a noble man as hee
Shal ben disherited in swiche degree.

And sawgh the man, that he was lyke a knyghte,
And suffisaunt of persone and of myghte,
And lyke to ben a verray gentilman.
And wel hys wordes he besette kan,
And hadde a noble visage for the noones,
And formed wel of brawnes and of boones;
And after Venus hadde swiche fairenesse,
That no man myghte be halfe so faire I gesse,
And wel a lord him semed for to bee.
And for he was a straunger, somewhat shee
Lyked him the bette, as God do boote,
To somme folke often newe thinge is swoote.
Anoon hire herte hath pitee of his woo,
And with pitee, love come alsoo;
And thus for pitee and for gentillesse,
Refresshed mote he ben of his distresse.
She seyde, certes, that she sory was,
That he hath had swiché peril and swiche cas;
And in hire frendely speche, in this manere
She to him spak, and seyde as ye may here.
'Be ye nat Venus sonne and Anchises?
In good fayth, al the worshippe and encres
That I may goodly doon yow, ye shal have;
Youre shippes and your meyne shal I save.'
And many a gentil worde she spak him too,
And commaunded hire messageres goo
The same day, withouten any faylle,
Hys shippes for to seke and hem vitaylle.
Ful many a beeste she to the shippes sente,
And with the wyne she gan hem to presente,
And to hire royalle paleys she hire spedde,
And Eneas alwey with hire she ledde.
What nedeth yow the feste to discryve?
He never better at ese was his lyve.
Ful was the feste of deyntees and richesse,
Of instrumentes, of songe, and of gladnesse,
And many an amorouse lokyng and devys.
This Eneas is comen to Paradys

Out of the swolwe of helle;[1] and thus in joye
Remembreth him of his estaat in Troye.
To dauncyng chambres ful of paraments,[2]
Of riche beddes, and of pavements,
This Eneas is ladde after the meete.
And with the queene whanne that she hadde seete,
And spices parted, and the wyne agoon,[3]
Unto hyse chambres was he lad anoon
To take his ese, and for to have his reste
With al his folke, to doon what so hem leste.
Ther nas coursere wel ybridled noon,
Ne stede for the justyng wel to goon,
Ne large palfrey, esye for the noones,
Ne juwel frette ful of riche stoones,
Ne sakkes ful of gold, of large wyght,
Ne rubee noon that shyneth by nyghte,
Ne gentil hawteyn faukone heroneer,[4]
Ne hound for hert, or wilde boor, or deer,
Ne coup of golde, with floryns newe ybette,
That in the londe of Lybye may ben gette,
That Dido ne hath hit Eneas ysente;
And all is payed, what that he hath spente.
Thus kan this honorable queene hire gestes calle,
As she that kan in fredome passen alle
Eneas soothly eke, withouten les,
Hath sent to his shippe by Achates
After his sone, and after ryche thynges,
Booth cepter, clothes, broches, and eke rynges;

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[1] In mediæval pictures of the last judgment hell is represented as a hideous monster, breathing flames, who swallows up the condemned. —See ALBERT DURER'S *Der Kleine Passion*. It will generally be found that the popular notions on religion, in the middle ages, took their rise from a literal interpretation of the Bible, with which they display an intimate acquaintance. Thus, Jonah exclaims:—'Out of the belly of hell cried I.'—Jon. ii. 2.

[2] See vol. ii. p. 211, note 1.

[3] For the custom of distributing wine to the guests the last thing before going to bed, see vol. v. p. 139, note 1.

[4] See vol. iv. p. 203, note 2.

Somme for to were, and somme for to presente
To hire, that all thise noble thinges him sente;
And bad hys sone how that he sholde make
The presentynge, and to the queene it take.
Repeyred is this Achates agayne,
And Eneas ful blysful is and fayne,
To seene his yonge sone Ascanius.
For to him yt was reported thus,
That Cupido, that is the god of love,
At prayere of his moder hye above,
Hadde the likenesse of the childe ytake,
This noble queene enamoured to make
On Eneas. But of that scripture
Be as be may, I make of yt no cure.
But sooth is this, the queene hath made swich chere
Unto this child that wonder is to here;
And of the present that his fader sente,
She thanked him ful ofte in goode entente.
Thus is this queene in pleasaunce and joye,
With al thise newe lusty folke of Troy.
And of the dedes hath she moore enquered
Of Eneas, and all the story lered
Of Troye; and al the longe day they twey
Entendeden for to speke and for to pley.
Of which ther gan to breden swich a fire,
That sely Dido hath now swich desire
With Eneas hire newe geste to deele,
That she loste hire hewe and eke hire heele.
Now to theffect, now to the fruyt of al,
Why I have tolde this storye, and tellen shal.
Thus I begynne:—It fil upon a nyghte,
Whanne that the moon upreysed had hire lyghte,
This noble queene unto hire reste wente.
She siketh soore, and ganne hire selfe turmente;
She waketh, walwithe, maketh many a brayde,
As doone thyse loveres, as I have herde sayde;
And at the laste, unto hire suster Anne
She made hire mone, and ryght thus spak she thanne.

'Now dere suster myn, what may it be
That me agasteth in my dreme?' quod she.
'This ilke new Trojane is so in my thoghte,
For that me thinketh he is so wel iwroughte,
And eke so likly to ben a man,
And therwithal so mykel good he kan,
That al my love and lyf lyth in his cure.
Have ye nat herde hym telle his aventure?
Now certes, Anne, yif that ye rede me,
I wil fayne to him ywedded be;'
(This is theffect; what sholde I more seyne?)
'In him lith alle, to doo me lyve or deyne.'
Hire suster Anne, as she that kouth hire goode,
Seyde as hire thoghte, and somedel yt withstoode.
But herof was so longe a sermonynge,
Yt were to longe to make rehersynge.
But, finally, yt may nat be withstonde;
Love wol love, for no wyght wol yt wonde.
The dawenyng upryst oute of the see,
This amorouse queene chargeth hire meynee
The nettes dresse, and speres broode and kene;
An huntynge wol this lusty fresshe queene,
So priketh hire this newe joly woo.
To hors is al hire lusty folke ygoo;
Unto the courte the houndes ben ybroughte,
And up on coursere, swyfte as any thoughte,
Hire yonge knyghtes heven al aboute,
And of hire women eke an huge route.
Upon a thikke palfrey, paper white,
With sadel rede, embrouded with delyte,
Of golde the barres, up enbosed heighe,
Sitte Dido, al in golde and perrey wreigh.
And she is faire as is the bryghte morwe,
That heeleth seke folkes of nyghtes sorwe.
Upon a coursere, startlyng as the fire,
Men myghte turne him with a lytel wire,
Sitte Eneas, lyke Phebus to devyse,
So was he fressh arrayed in hys wyse.

The fomy bridel, with the bitte of golde,
Governeth he ryght as himselfe hathe wolde.
And foorth this noble queene, this lady ride
On huntyng, with this Trojan by hire syde.
The heerde of hertes founden ys anoon,
With 'Hay! goo bet! prike thou! lat goon, lat goon!
Why nyl the lyoun comen, or the bere,
That I might hym ones meten with this spere?'
Thus seyne thise yonge folke, and up they kylle
The wilde hertes, and han hem at hire wille.
Amonges al this, to romblen gan the hevene;
The thonder rored with a grisly stevene;
Doune come the rayne, with haile and sleet so faste,
With hevenes fire, that ys so sore agaste
This noble queene, and also hire meynee,
That yche of hem was glad awey to flee:
And shortly, fro the tempest hire to save,
She fled hire selfe into a lytel cave,
And with hire went this Eneas alsoo.
I not with hem if ther went any moo;
The auctour maketh of hit no mencioun.
And here beganne the depe affeccioun
Betwix hem two; this was the first morwe
Of hire gladnesse, and gynnynge of hire sorwe.
For there hath Eneas ykayled soo,
And tolde hire al his herte and al his woo;
And swor'e so depe to hire to be trewe
For wele or woo, and chaunge for no newe,
And as a fals lover so wel kan pleyne,
That sely Dido rewed on his peyne,
And toke hym for housbonde, and became his wife
For evermor, while that hem laste lyfe.
And after this, whanne that the tempest stente,
With myrth, out as they come, home they wente.
The wikked fame up roos, and that anoon,
How Eneas hath with the queene ygoon
Into the cave, and demed as hem liste.
And whanne the kynge that Yarbas hight, hit wiste,

As he that had hire loved ever his lyf,
And wowed hire to have to hys wif,
Swiche sorowe as he hath maked, and suche chere,
Yt is a rewthe and pitee for to here.
But as in love alday it happeth soo,
That oon shal lawghen at anotheres woo;
Now lawghed Eneas, and is in joye,
And more riches than ever was in Troye.
O sely woman, ful of innocence,
Ful of pitee, of trouthe, and conscience,
What maked yow to men to trusten soo?
Have ye suche rewthe upon hire feyned woo,
And han suche olde ensaumples yow beforne?
Se ye nat al how they ben forsworne?
Where se ye oon that he ne hath lafte his leefe?
Or ben unkynde, or done hire some myscheefe?
Or pilled hire, or bosted of hys dede?
Ye may as wel hit seen as ye may rede.
Take hede now of this grete gentilman,
This Trojan, that so well hire plese kan,
That feyneth him so trewe and obeysinge,
So gentil, and so privye of his doynge;
And kan so wel doon al his obeysaunce
To hire, at festes and at daunce;
And whanne she gooth to temple, and home agayne;
And fasten til he hath his lady seyne;
And beren in his devyses for hire sake
Wot I nat what; and songes wolde he make,
Justen, and doon of armes many thynges,
Send hire letters, tokens, brooches, and rynges.
Now herkneth how he shal his lady serve.
Ther as he was in peril for to sterve
For hunger and for myscheef in the see,
And desolate, and fledde fro his countree,
And al his folke with tempeste al to-driven,
She hath hire body and eke hire reame yiven
Into his honde, theras she myghte have beene
Of other lande than of Cartage a queene,

And lyved in joy ynogh; what wolde ye more?
This Eneas, that hath thus depe yswore,
Ys wery of his crafte withinne a throw;
The hoote erneste is all overblowe.
And prively he dooth his shippes dyghte,
And shapeth him to steele awey by nyghte.
This Dido hath suspecion of this,
And thoughte wel that hit was al amys;
For in his bede he lythe a nyghte and siketh,
She asketh him anoon what him mysliketh;
'My dere herte which that I love mooste?'
'Certes,' quod he, 'thys nyghte my fadres gooste
Hath in my slepe me so sore turmentede,
And eke Mercure his message hath presentede,
That nedes to the conqueste of Ytayle
My destany is soone for to sayle,
For whiche me thynketh, brosten ys myn herte.'
Therwith his fals teeres oute they sterte,
And taketh hire withinne his armes twoo.
'Ys that in ernest?' quod she; 'wol ye soo?
Have ye nat sworne to wif me to take?
Allas, what woman wol ye of me make?
I am a gentil woman, and a queene;
Ye wol nat fro your wyf thus foule fleene!
That I was borne, allas! what shal I doo?'
To telle in short, this noble queene Dido
She seketh halwes,[1] and doothe sacrifise;
She kneleth, crieth, that routhe is to devyse;
Conjureth him, and profereth him to bee
Hys thral, hys servaunt, in the lest degree.
She falleth him to foote, and swowneth there,
Dissheveled with hire bryght gelte here,
And seyth, 'Have mercy! let me with yow ryde;
These lordes, which that wonnen me besyde,
Wol me destroyen oonly for youre sake.
And ye wol now me to wife take,

[1] That is, 'Makes pilgrimages to the Temples of the Gods.'—Compare vol. i. p. 75, note a, and vol. ii. p. 65.

As ye han sworne, than wol I yive yow leve
To sleen me with your swerd now soone at eve,
For than shall I yet dien as youre wif.
I am with childe, and yive my childe his lyf!
Mercy lorde, have pitee in youre thoughte!'
But al this thing avayleth hire ryghte noughte,
And as a traytour forthe he gan to sayle
Towarde the large countree of Ytayle.
For on a nyghte sleping he let hire lye,
And staal awey upon his companye.[1]
And thus hath he lefte Dido in woo and pyne,
And wedded there a lady highte Lavyne.
A clooth he lefte, and eke his swerde stondynge,
Whanne he fro Dido staale in slepynge,
Righte at hir beddes hed: so gan he hye,
Whanne that he staale awey to his navye.
Which clooth, whanne sely Dido gan awake,
She hath kyste ful ofte for hys sake;
And seyde, 'O swete clooth, while Jupiter hit leste,
Take my soule, unbynd me of this unreste,
I have fulfilled of fortune al the course.'
And thus, allas, withouten hys socourse,
Twenty tyme yswowned hath she thanne.
And whanne that she unto hire suster Anne
Compleyned had, of which I may not write,
So grete routhe I have hit for to endite,
And bad hire noryce and hire sustren goon
To feche fire, and other thinges anoon;
And seyde that she wolde sacrifie;
And whanne she myght hire tyme wel espye,
Upon the fire of sacrifice she sterte,
And with his swerde she roof hire to the herte.
But, as myn auctour seythe, yit thus she seyde,
Or she was hurte, beforne or she deide,
She wroot a letter anoon, that thus beganne.
'Ryghte so,' quod she, 'as the white swanne

[1] This couplet is omitted in the printed editions.

Ayenst his deeth begynneth for to synge;
Ryghte so to yow I make my compleynynge,
Nat that I trowe to geten yow agayne,
For wel I woot hit is al in vayne,
Syn that the goddys ben contrariouse to me.
But syn my name ys loste thurgh yow,' quod she,
'I may well leese a worde on yow, or letter,
Albeit I shal be never the better.
For thilke wynde that blew your shippe away,
The same wynde hath blowe awey your fay.'
But who so wool al this letter have in mynde,
Rede Ovyde, and in him he shal hit fynde.[1]

EXPLICIT LEGENDA DIDONIS, MARTIRIS, CARTAGINIS REGINE.

INCIPIT LEGENDA YPSIPHILE ET MEDEE,[2] MARTIRIS.

THOU roote of fals loveres, duke Jason!
Thou slye devourer, and confusyon
Of gentil wommen, gentil creatures!
Thou madest thy reclaymynge and thy lures[3]
To ladies of thy staately aparaunce,
And of thy wordes farsed with plesaunce,
And of thy feyned trouthe, and thy manere,
With thyne obeysaunce and humble chere,
And with thy countrefeted peyne and woo!
Ther other falsen oon, thou falseste twoo!
O, ofte swore thou that thou woldest deye
For love, whanne thou ne felteste maladeye,
Save foule delyte, which thou callest love!
If that I lyve, thy name shal be shove

[1] Ovid, *Heroides*, Epist. vii.
[2] Ovid, *Met.* vii., and *Heroid.* vi.
[3] A metaphor taken from falconry. To reclaim a hawk was to tame and train it for hawking.

In Englyssh, that thy sleighte shal be knowe;
Have at the, Jason! now thyn horn is blowe!
But certes, it is both routhe and woo,
That love with fals loveres werketh soo;
For they shalle have wel better and gretter chere
Thanne he that hath bought love ful dere,
Or had in armes many a blody box.
For ever as tender a capon eteth the fox,
Though he be fals, and hath the foule betrayed,
As shal the good man that therfor payed;
Allethof he have to the capon skille and ryghte,
The fals fox wil have his part at nyghte.
On Jason this ensample is wel yseene,
By Isiphile and Medea the queene.
In Tessalye, as Ovyde[1] telleth us,
Ther was a knyghte that highte Pelleus,
That had a brother whiche that highte Eson.
And whanne for age he myghte unnethes gon,
He yaf to Pelleus the governynge
Of al his regne, and made him lorde and kynge.
Of whiche Eson this Jason geten was;
That in his tyme in al that land ther nas
Nat suche a famouse knyghte of gentilesse,
Of fredome, of strengthe, and of lustynesse.
After his fader deeth he bar him soo,
That there nas noon that lyste ben his foo,
But dide him al honour and companye.
Of which this Pelleus hath grete envye,
Imagynynge that Jason myghte bee
Enhaunced so, and put in suche degree,
With love of lordes of his regioun,
That from hys regne he may be put adoun.
And in his witte a nyghte compassed he
How Jason myghte beste destroyed be,
Withoute sclaunder of his compassemente.
And at the laste he tooke avysemente,

[1] See *ante*, p. 86, note a.

To sende him into some fer countre,
There as this Jason may destroyed be.
This was hys witte, al made he to Jason
Grete chere of love and of affeccion,
For drede leste hys lordes hyt espyede.
So felle hyt so as fame renneth wide,
Ther was suche tidynge over alle, and suche los,
That in an ile that called was Colcos,
Beyonde Troye estewarde in the see,
That ther was a ram that men myghte see,
That had a flees of golde, that shoon so bryghte,
That no wher was ther suche another syghte,
But hit was kept alway with[1] a dragoun,
And many other merveles up and doun;
And with twoo booles maked al of bras,
That spitten fire; and muche thinge ther was.
But this was eke the tale nathelees,
That who so wolde wynne thilke flees,
He moste booth, or he hit wynne myghte,
With the booles and the dragon fyghte;
And king Otes lorde was of that ile.
This Pelleus bethoughte upon this wile,
That he his nevywe Jason wolde enhorte,
To saylen to that londe, him to disporte.
And seyde, 'Neviwe, yf hyt myghte be,
That suche worshippe myghte falle the,
That thou this famouse tresor myghte wynne,
And brynge hit my regioun withinne,
It were to me grette plesaunce and honoure;
Thanne were I holde to quyte thy laboure,
And al the costes I wol my selfe make;
And chese what folke thou wilte wyth the take.
Let see nowe, darstow taken this viage?'
Jason was yonge, and lustie of corage,
And undertooke to doon this ilke emprise.
Anoon Argus his shippes gan devyse.

[1] *With*, in Chaucer's idiom, governs the ablative of the instrument, like *by* in modern English.—See vol. vii. p. 42, note 3.

With Jason went the stronge Hercules,
And many another that he with him ches.
But who so axeth who is with him goon,
Let him rede Argonauticon,[1]
For he wol telle a tale longe ynoughe.
Philoctetes anoon the sayle up droughe,
Whanne the wynde was good, and gan him hye
Out of his countree called Tessalye.
So longe he sayled in the salt see,
Til in the ile of Lemnos[2] arryved he.
Al be this nat rehersed of Guydo,[3]
Yet seyth Ovyde in hys Epistoles[4] so;
And of this ile lady was and queene,
The faire yonge Ypsiphile the shene,
That whilom Thoas doughter was, the kynge.[5]
Ypsiphile was goon in hire pleynge,
And romynge on the clyves by the see.
Under a brake anoon espiede shee
Where lay the shippe that Jason gan arryve.
Of hire goodnesse adoun she sendeth blyve,
To weten, yf that any straunge wyghte
With tempest thider were yblow anyghte,
To doon hem socour; as was hire usaunce,
To forthren every wyghte, and done plesaunce
Of very bountee, and of curteysie.
This messagere adoun him gan to hye,
And founde Jason and Ercules also,
That in a cogge[6] to londe were ygo,
Hem to refresshen, and to take the eyre.
The morwenyng atempree was and faire,

[1] *The Argonauticon* is an heroic poem of eight books, by Valerius Flaccus, a Latin poet who flourished in the reign of Domitian.

[2] The MSS. read Leonon, evidently by mistake for Lemnos.

[3] Guido de Colonna, who compiled a history of the expedition of the Argonauts and the Trojan war.—See vol. v. p. 9, note 2.

[4] *Heroid.* Epist. vi.

[5] The direct construction is, 'That whilom was daughter of Thoas the king.'

[6] A *cogge* is a cock-boat, which ought, probably, to be written cog-boat. Hence our word coxswain.

And in hys wey this messagere hem mette;
Ful kunnyngely these lordes twoo he grette,
And did his message, askyng hem anoon
If they were broken, or aught woo begon,
Or hadde nede of lodesmen or vitayle;
For socoure they shulde nothinge fayle,
For it was outerly the queenes wille.
Jason answerde mekely and stille;[1]
'My lady,' quod he, 'thanke I hertely
Of hire goodnesse; us nedeth trewely
Nothing as now, but that we wery bee,
And come for to pley out of the see,
Til that the wynde be better in oure wey.'
This lady rometh by the clyffe to pley
With hire meynee, endelonge the stronde,
And fyndeth this Jason and thise other stonde
In spekynge of this thinge, as I yow tolde.
This Ercules and Jason gan beholde
How that the queene it was, and faire hire grette,
Anoon ryghte as they with this lady mette.
And she tooke hede, and knywe by hire manere,
By hire array, by wordes, and by chere,
That hit were gentil men of grete degree.
And to the castel with hir ledeth she
These straunge folke, and dooth hem grete honour;
And axeth hem of travaylle and labour
That they han suffred in the salte see;
So that withynne a day two or three
She knywe by the folke that in his shippes be,
That hyt was Jason, full of renomee,
And Ercules, that hadde the grete los,
That soughten the aventures of Colcos.
And did hem honour more than before,
And with hem deled ever the lenger the more;

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[1] This line is omitted in the Fairfax MS., but given in MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24.

For they ben worthy folke withouten les.
And, namely, she spak moste with Ercules,
To him hir herte bare, he shulde be
Sad, wise, and trewe, of wordes avisee,
Withouten any other affeccioun
Of love, or any other ymaginacioun.
This Ercules hathe this Jason preysed,
That to the sonne he hath hyt up reysed,
That halfe so trewe a man ther nas of love
Under the cope of hevene, that is above;
And he was wyse, hardy, secre, and ryche;
Of these thre poyntes there nas noon hym liche.
Of fredome passed he, and lustyhede
Alle thoo that lyven, or ben dede.
Therto so grete a gentil man was he,
And of Tessalye likely kynge to be.
Ther nas no lakke, but that he was agaste
To love, and for to spoke shamefaste;
Him had lever himselfe to mordre and dye,
Thanne that men shulde a lover him espye.
As wolde God that I hadde iyive
My bloode and flessh, so that I myghte lyve
With the bones, that he hadde ought where a wif
For his estaat! for suche a lusty lyf
She sholde lede with this lusty knyghte!
And al this was compassed on the nyghte
Betwix him Jason, and this Ercules.
Of these twoo here was a shrewede lees,
To come to house upon an innocent,
For to bedote this queene was hire entent.
This Jason is as coy as ys a mayde;
He loketh pitousely, but noghte he sayde
But freely yaf he to hire counselleres
Yiftes grete, and to hire officeres,
As wolde God that I leyser had and tyme,
By processe al his wowyng for to ryme!
But in this house yf any fals lover be,
Ryghte as himselfe now dothe, ryghte so did he,

With feynynge, and with every sobtil dede.
Ye gete no more of me, but ye wol rede
The original that telleth al the cas.
The sothe is this, that Jason weddid was
Unto this queene, and toke of hire substaunce
What so him lyste unto hys purveyaunce;
And upon hire begate children twoo,
And drough his saylle, and saugh hire never moo.
A letter sente she to hym certeyne,
Which were to longe to writen and to seyne;
And him repreveth of his grete untrouthe,
And preyeth him on hire to have some routhe.
And of his children two, she seyde him this;
That they be lyke of alle thinge, ywis,
To Jason, save they couthe nat begile.
And prayede God, or hit were longe while,
That she that had his herte yrefte hire fro,
Most fynden him to hire untrewe alsoo;
And that she moste booth hire children spille,
And al tho that suffreth hym his wille;
And trewe to Jason was she al hire lyve,
And ever kept hire chaste, as for his wyve;
And never had she joye at hire herte,
But dyed for his love of sorwes smerte.
To Colcos comen is this duke Jason,
That is of love devourer and dragon,
As nature appeteth forme alwey,[1]
And from forme to forme it passen may;
Or as a welle that were bottomeles,
Ryghte so kan Jason have no pees,
For to desiren, thurgh his appetite,
To doon with gentil wymmen hys delyte;

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[1] The printed editions read *matire*, which is, perhaps, better than *nature*. It would mean that even as the accident of form is inseparable from matter, and as in all its changes it can only pass from form to form, so Jason, whatever might be the circumstances in which he was placed, was still the same, one who loved merely to satisfy his appetite.

This is his luste, and his felicite.
Jason is romed forthe to the cite,
That whylome cleped was Jasonicos,
That was the maister toune of al Colcos,
And hath ytolde the cause of his comynge
Unto Æetes, of that countree kynge;
Praynge him that he most doon his assay
To gete the flese of golde, yf that he may.
Of which the kynge assenteth to hys boone,
And dothe him honour as hyt is doone,
So ferforthe, that his doghtre and his eyre,
Medea, which that was so wise and feyre,
That feyrer saugh ther never man with ye,
He made hire done to Jason companye
Atte mete, and sitte by him in the halle.
Now was Jason a seemely man withalle,
And like a lorde, and had a grete renoun,
And of his loke as rial as lyoun,
And goodly of his speche, and famulere,
And koude of love al crafte and arte plenere
Withoute boke, with everyche observaunce.
And as fortune hire oughte a foule meschaunce,
She wex enamoured upon this man.
'Jason,' quod she, 'for ought I se or kan,
As of this thinge the whiche ye ben aboute,
Ye, and your selfe ye put in moche doute;
For who so wol this aventure acheve,
He may nat wele asterten, as I leve,
Withouten dethe, but I his helpe be.
But nathelesse, hit ys my wille,' quod she,
'To forthren yow, so that ye shal not dye,
But turne sounde home to youre Tessalye.'
'My ryghte lady,' quod thys Jason, 'thoo,
That ye han of my dethe or my woo
Any rewarde, and doon me this honour,
I wote wel, that my myghte, ne my labour,
May nat deserve hit in my lyves day;
God thanke yow, ther I ne kan ne may.

Youre man[1] am I, and lowly yow beseche
To ben my helpe, withoute more speche;
But certes for my dethe shal I not spare.'
Thoo gan this Medea to him declare
The peril of this case, fro poynt to poynt
Of hys batayle, and in what disjoynte
He mote stonde; of whiche no creature
Save oonly she ne myghte hys lyf assure.
And shortely, ryghte to the poynt to goo,
They ben accorded ful betwix hem two,
That Jason shal hire wedde, as trewe knyghte,
And terme ysette to come soone at nyghte
Unto hire chambre, and make there hys oothe
Upon the goddys, that he for leve ne loothe
Ne shulde hire never falsen, nyghte ne day,
To ben hire husbonde while he lyve may,
As she that from hys dethe hym saved here.
And here upon at nyghte they mete yfere,[2]
And doth his oothe, and goothe with hire to bedde.
And on the morwe upwarde he him spedde.
For she hath taughte him how he shal nat faile
The flese to wynne, and stynten his batayle;
And saved him his lyf and his honour,
And gete a name as a conquerour,
Ryghte thurgh the sleyghte of her enchauntemente.
Now hath Jason the flese, and home ys went
With Medea, and tresoures ful grete woone;
But unwiste of hire fader she is goone
To Tessalye, with duke Jason hire leefe,
That afterwarde hath broghte hire to myscheefe.
For as a traytour he ys from hire goo,
And with hire lefte yonge children twoo,
And falsly hath betrayed hire, allas!
And ever in love a cheve traytour he was;

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[1] That is, 'Your vassal.'—See vol. iv. p. 130, note 5.
[2] This line is omitted in the Fairfax MS., given in the Selden.

And wedded yet the thridde wife anoon,
That was the doughtre of kynge Creoon.
This ys the mede of lovynge and guerdoun,
That Medea receyved of Jasoun
Ryghte for hire trouthe, and for hire kyndenesse,
That loved hym better thanne hire selfe, I gesse;
And lefte hire fadir and hire heritage.
And of Jason this is the vassalage,
That in hys dayes nas never noon yfounde
So fals a lover goynge on the grounde.
And therfore in hire letter thus she seyde,
First whanne she of hys falsnesse hym unbrayde:—
'Why lyked me thy yelow heere to see,
More than the boundes of myn honeste?
Why lyked me thy youthe and thy fairenesse,
And of thy tong the infynyte graciousnesse?
O, haddest thou in thy conquest ded ybe,
Ful mykel untrouthe had ther dyed with the!'[1]
Well kan Ovyde hire letter in verse endyte.
Which were as now to longe for to write.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA YSIPHILE ET MEDEE MARTIRUM.

INCIPIT LEGENDA LUCRECIE ROME, MARTIRIS.

NOW mote I sayne thexilynge of kynges
Of Rome, for the horrible doynges
Of the last kynge Tarquynyus,
As saythe Ovyd, and Titus Lyvyus.[2]
But for that cause telle I nat thys story,
But for to preysen, and drawen to memory

[1] 'Cur mihi plus æquo flavi placuere capilli,
Et decor, et linguæ gratia ficta tuæ?
. . . . . .
Quantum perfidiæ tecum, scelerate, perisset.'
OVID, *Her.* xii.

[2] Ovid, *Fast.* ii. 741, Livy, i. 57.

The verray wif, the verray Lucresse,
That for hire wifhode, and hire stedfastnesse,
Nat oonly that these payens hire commende,
But that cleped ys in oure legende
The grete Austyne,[1] hath grete compassyoun
Of this Lucresse that starf in Rome toun.
And in what wise I wol but shortly trete,
And of this thynge I touche but the grete.
Whanne Ardea[2] beseged was aboute
With Romaynes, that ful sterne were and stoute,
Ful longe lay the sege, and lytel wroghten,
So that they were halfe ydel, as hem thoghten.
And in his pley Tarquynyus the yonge
Gan for to jape, for he was lyghte of tonge;
And seyde, that hit was an idel lyf;
No man dide ther more than hys wif.
'And lat us speke of wives that is best;
Preise every man hys owne as him lest,
And with oure speche let us ese oure herte.'
A knyghte, that highte Colatyne, up sterte,
And sayde thus:—'Nay, for hit ys no nede
To trowen on the worde, but on the dede.
I have a wif,' quod he, 'that as I trowe
Ys holden good of alle that ever hire knowe.
Go we to Rome to nyghte, and we shul se.'
Tarquynyus answerde, 'That lyketh me.'
To Rome they be come, and faste hem dighte
To Colatynes house, and doune they lyghte,
Tarquynyus, and eke this Colatyne.
The housbonde knywe the efters wel and fyne,
And ful prevely into the house they goon,
For at the gate porter was there noon:

[1] St. Augustin, commenting on this story in the milder and more rational spirit of Christian morality, while he admires the purity of Lucrece, blames her folly in committing the crime of self-murder as a punishment on herself for that of which she was really innocent. 'Si adultera,' he asks, 'cur laudata? Si pudica, cur occisa?' Aug. *De Civitat. Dei*, c. xix.

[2] Ardea, a city of the Rutuli, which the Roman army was besieging.

And at the chambre dore they abyde.
This noble wyf sate by hir beddes syde
Disshevelyd, for no malice she ne thoghte,
And softe wolle, sayeth oure boke, that she wroghte,
To kepen hire fro slouthe and ydelnesse;
And bad hire servauntes doon hire besynesse;
And axeth hem, 'What tydynges heren ye?
How sayne men of the sege? how shall yt be?
God wolde the walles werne falle adoune!
Myn housbonde ys to longe out of this toune,
For which the drede doth me so to smerte;
Ryghte as a swerde hyt styngeth to myn herte,
Whanne I thenke on these or of that place.
God save my lorde, I pray him for his grace!'
And therwithalle ful tenderly she wepe,
And of hire werke she toke no more kepe,
But mekely she let hire eyen falle,
And thilke semblant sate hire wel withalle.
And eke the teres ful of hevytee,
Embelysshed hire wifly chastitee.
Hire countenaunce ys to her herte digne,
For they acordeden in dede and signe.
And with that worde hire housbonde Colatyne,
Or she of him was ware, come stertyng ynne,
And sayede, 'Drede the noght, for I am here!'
And she anoon up roos, with blysful chere,
And kyssed hym, as of wives ys the wone.
Tarquynyus, this prowde kynges sone,
Conceyved hath hire beaute and hire chere,
Hire yelow heer, her bounte, and hire manere,
Hire hywe, hire wordes that she hath compleyned,
And by no crafte hire beaute was not feyned;
And kaught to this lady suche desire,
That in his herte brent as any fire
So wodely that hys witte was foryeten,
For wel thoghte he she shulde nat be geten.
And ay the more he was in dispaire,
The more he coveteth, and thoghte hire faire;

Hys blynde lust was al hys covetynge.
On morwe, whanne the brid began to synge,
Unto the sege he cometh ful pryvely,
And by himselfe he walketh sobrely,
The ymage of hire recordyng alwey newe;
Thus lay hire heer, and thus fressh was hire hewe,
Thus sate, thus spak, thus spanne, this was hire chere,
Thus faire she was, and thys was hire manere.
Al this conceyte hys herte hath newe ytake,
And as the see, with tempeste al to-shake,
That after whanne the storme ys al agoo,
Yet wol the water quappe a day or twoo;
Ryghte so, thogh that hire forme were absente,
The plesaunce of hire forme was presente.
But natheles, nat plesaunce, but delyte,
Or an unryghtful talent with dispite,
'For mawgree hire, she shal my lemman be:
Happe helpeth hardy man alway,' quod he,
'What ende that I make, hit shal be soo!'
And gyrt hym with his swerde, and gan to goo,
And he fortheryghte til he to Rome ys come,
And al allon hys way thanne hath he nome,
Unto the house of Colatyne ful ryghte;
Doune was the sonne, and day hath lost hys lyghte.
And inne he come unto a prevy halke,
And in the nyghte ful thefely gan he stalke,[1]
Whanne every wyghte was to hys reste broghte,
Ne no wyghte had of tresoun suche a thoghte,
Whether by wyndow, or by other gynne.
With swerde ydraw, shortly he commeth ynne
There as she lay, thys noble wyfe Lucresse,
And as she woke, hire bedde she felte presse:
'What beste ys that,' quod she, 'that weyeth thus?'
'I am the kynges sone Tarquynyus,'

[1] 'Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.'
SHAKSPEARE—*Rape of Lucrece*. Annot. Ed., p. 96

Quod he; 'but and thow crye, or noyse make,
Or yf thou any creature awake,
Be thilke God that formed man on lyve,
This swerde thurgh thyn herte shall I ryve.'
And therwithalle unto hire throte he sterte,
And sette the swerde al sharpe unto hire herte.
No worde she spak, she hath no myghte therto,
What shal she sayne? hire witte ys al agoo!
Ryghte as a wolfe that fynt a lamb allone,[1]
To whom shal she compleyne or make mone?
What? shal she fyghte with an hardy knyghte?
Wel wote men a woman hath no myghte.
What? shal she crye, or how shal she asterte,
That hath hire by the throte, with swerde at herte?
She axeth grace, and seyde al that she kan.
'Ne wolt thou nat?' quod this cruelle man;
'As wisly Jupiter my soule save,
I shal in the stable slee thy knave,
And lay him in thy bed, and lowde crye,
That I the fynde in suche avowtrye;
And thus thou shalt be ded, and also lese
Thy name, for thou shalt nat chese.'
Thise Romaynes wyfes loveden so hire name
At thilke tyme, and dredden so the shame
That what for fere of sklaundre, and drede of dethe,
She loste both attones wytte and brethe;
And in a swowgh she lay, and wax so ded,
Men myghten smyte of hire arme or hed,
She feleth nothinge, neither foule ne feyre.
Tarquynyus, that art a kynges eyre,
And sholdest as by lynage and by ryghte
Doon as a lorde and a verray knyghte,

[1] 'Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws.'
SHAKSPEARE—*Rape of Lucrece*. Annot. Ed., p. 102.
The Fairfax MS. reads:—
'Right as a wolfe that fayneth a love allone.'
This is evidently a mere clerical error.

Why hastow doon dispite to chevalrye?[1]
Why hastow doon this lady vylanye?
Allas, of the thys was a vilenouse dede!
But now to the purpose; in the story I rede,
Whan he was goon al this myschaunce ys falle.
Thys lady sent after hire frendes alle,
Fader, moder, housbond, alle yfere,
And disshevelee with hire heere clere,
In habyte suche as wymmen used thoo
Unto the buryinge of hire frendes goo,
She sytte in halle with a sorowfull syghte.
Hire frendes axen what hire aylen myghte,
And who was dede, and she sytte aye wepynge.
A worde for shame ne may she forthe oute brynge,
Ne upon hem she durste nat beholde,
But atte laste of Tarquyny she hem tolde
This rewful case, and al thys thing horryble.
The woo to telle hyt were impossyble
That she and alle hire frendes made attones.
Al had folkes hertes ben of stones,
Hyt myghte have maked hem upon her rewe,
Hire herte was so wyfely and so trewe.
She sayde that for hire gilte ne for hire blame
Hire housbonde shulde nat have the foule name;
That nolde she nat suffren by no wey.
And they answerde alle unto hire fey,
That they forgave hyt hire, for hyt was ryghte.
Hit was no gilt; hit lay nat in hire myghte.
And seyden hire ensamples many oon.
But al for noghte, for thus she seyde anoon:
'Be as be may,' quod she, 'of forgyfynge;
I wol not have noo forgyft for nothinge.'

[1] Shakspeare outdoes his great predecessor in the anachronism, representing *hereditary* coats-of-arms as being in use at this early period:—

'Yea, though I die the scandal will survive,
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote.'

SHAKSPEARE—*Rape of Lucrece*. Annot. Edit., p. 90.

But pryvely she kaughte forthe a knyfe,
And therwithalle she rafte hire selfe hire lyfe;
And as she felle adoun she kast hire loke,
And of hire clothes yet hede she toke;
For in hire fallynge yet she hadde care,
Lest that hire fete or suche thynge lay bare.
So wel she loved clennesse, and eke trouthe!
Of hire had al the toune of Rome routhe,
And Brutus hath by hire chaste bloode swore,
That Tarquyny shulde ybanysshed be therfore,
And al hys kynne; and let the peple calle,[1]
And openly the tale he tolde hem alle;
And openly let cary hire on a bere
Thurgh al the toune, that men may see and here
The horryble dede of hire oppressyoun.
Ne never was ther kynge in Rome toun
Syn thilke day; and she was holden there
A seynt, and ever hire day yhalwed dere,
As in hire law. And thus endeth Lucresse
The noble wyf, Titus[2] bereth witnesse.
I telle hyt, for she was of love so trewe,
Ne in hire wille she chaunged for no newe,
And in hire stable herte, sadde and kynde,
That in these wymmen men may all day fynde,
Ther as they kast hire herte, there it dwelleth.
For wel I wot, that Criste himselfe telleth,
That in Israel, as wyde as is the londe,
That so grete feythe in al the londe he no fonde,
As in a woman;[3] and this is no lye.
And as for men, loketh which tyrannye
They doon al day, assay hem who so lyste,
The trewest ys ful brotil for to triste.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA LUCRECIE, ROME, MARTIRIS.

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[1] 'Caused the people to be assembled.' [2] Titus Livius.
[3] The allusion appears to be to the Syrophenician woman.—Matt. xv. and Mark vii.

52795

INCIPIT LEGENDA ADRIANE DE ATHENES.[1]

JUGE infernal Mynos, of Crete[2] king,
Now commeth thy lotte; now commestow on the rynge.
Nat oonly for thy sake writen is this story,
But for to clepe ageyn unto memory
Of Theseus the grete untrewe of love,
For which the goddys of hevene above
Ben wrothe, and wrecche han take for thy synne.
Be rede for shame! now I thy lyf begynne.
Mynos, that was the myghty kynge of Crete,
That wan an hundred citees strong and grete,
To scole hath sent hys sone Androgeus
To Athenes, of the which hyt happeth thus,
That he was slayne, lernynge philosophie,
Ryghte in that citee, nat but for envye.
The grete Mynos of the whiche I speke,
His sones dethe ys come for to wreke.
Alcathoe[3] he besegeth harde and longe;
But natheles, the walles be so stronge,
And Nysus, that was kynge of that citee,
So chevalrouse, that lytel dredeth he;
Of Mynos or hys oste toke he no cure.
Till, on a day, befel an aventure,
That Nisus doghtre stode upon the walle,
And of the sege sawe the maner alle.
So hyt happed, that at a skarmysshynge,
She cast hire herte upon Mynos the kynge,
For hys beaute, and hys chevalerye,
So sore, that she wende for to dye.
And, shortly of this processe for to pace,
She made Mynos wynnen thilke place,

[1] Ovid, *Met.* viii.

[2] The Fairfax MS. reads *Grece*.

[3] The Fairfax MS. reads *And the citee*, but *Alcathoë*, which is another name for Megara, a city of Attica, of which Nisus was king, is probably right.

So that the citee was al at his wille,
To saven whom hym lyst, or elles spille.
But wikkidly he quytte her kyndenesse,
And let hire drenche in sorowe and distresse,
Ner that the goddys hadde of hire pite;
But that tale were to longe as now for me.
Athenes wanne this kynge Mynos also,
As Alcathoe[1] and other tounes mo;
And this theffect, that Mynos hath so dryven
Hem of Athenes, that they mote hym yiven
Fro yere to yere hire owne children dere
For to be slayne, as ye shal after here.
This Mynos hath a monstre, a wikked beste,
That was so cruelle that withoute areste,
Whanne that a man was broghte into hys presence,
He wolde him ete; ther helpeth no defence.
And every thridde yere, withouten doute,
They casten lotte, as hyt came about,
On ryche on pore, he most his sone take,
And of hys childe he moste present make
To Mynos, to save hym or to spille,
Or lat his beste devoure him at his wille.
And this hath Mynos doon right in dyspite,
To wreke hys sone was sette al his delyte;
And make hem of Athenes hys thralle
Fro yere to yere, while he lyven shalle;
And home he saileth whanne this toune ys wonne.
This wikked custome is so longe yrounne,
Til of Athenes kynge Egeus,
Moste senden his owne sone Theseus,
Sith that the lotte is fallen hym upon,
To ben devoured, for grace is ther non.
And forth is lad this woful yonge knyghte
Unto the countree of kynge Mynos ful of myghte,
And in a prison fettred faste ys he,
Til the tyme he shulde yfreten be.

[1] For Alcathoë here the Fairfax MS. reads *Alcïtes*.

Wel maystow wepe, O woful Theseus,
That art a kynges sone, and dampned thus!
Me thynketh this, that thow depe were yholde
To whom that saved the fro cares colde.
And now yf any woman helpe the,
Wel oughtestow hire servaunt for to be,
And ben hire trewe lover yere by yere!
But now to come agayn to my matere.
The toure, ther this Theseus ys ythrowe,
Doune in the bothome derke, and wonder lowe,
Was joynynge to the walle of a foreyne,
And hyt was longynge to the doghtren tweyne
Of Mynos, that in hire chambres grete
Dweltene above the maystre strete
Of Athenes[1] in joye and in solace.
Wot I not how hyt happede percase,
As Theseus compleyned hym by nyghte,
The kynges doghtre that Adriane hyghte,
And eke hire suster Phedra, herden alle
Hys compleynt, as they stode on the walle,
And loked upon the bryghte moone;
Hem list nat to goo to bed so soone.
And of hys woo they had compassyoun;
A kynges sone to be in swiche prisoun,
And be devoured, thoughte hem grete pitee.
Thanne Adriane spak to hire suster free,
And seyde, 'Phedra, leve suster dere,
This woful lordes sone may ye not here,
How pitousely compleyneth he hys kynne,
And eke his pore estate that he ys ynne?
And gilteles; certes now hit ys routhe!
And yf ye wol assente, by my trouthe,
He shal be holpen, how soo that we doo.'
Phedra answerde, 'Ywis, me is as woo
For him, as ever I was for any man;
And to his helpe the beste rede that I kan,

[1] This is a mistake. Minos was King of Crete, and, therefore, his daughters could not have been living at Athens.

Ys, that we doon the gayler prively
To come and speke with us hastely,
And doon this woful man with him to come;
For yf he may the monstre overcome,
Thanne were he quyte; ther is noon other boote!
Lat us wel taste him at hys herte roote,
That yf so be that he a wepne have,
Wher that hys lyf he dar kepe or save,
Fighten with this fende and him defende.
For in the prison, ther as he shal descende,
Ye wote wel that the beste is in a place
That nys not derke, and hath roume and eke space
To welde an axe, or swerde, or staffe, or knyf,
So that me thenketh he shulde save hys lyf;
Yf that he be a man, he shall do so.
And we shal make him balles eke alsoo
Of wexe and towe,[1] that whanne he gapeth faste,
Into the bestes throte he shal hem caste,
To sleke hys hunger, and encombre hys tethe.
And ryghte anoon whanne that Theseus sethe
The beste asleked, he shal on hym lepe
To sleen hym or they comen more to kepe.
The wepen shal the gayler, or that tyde,
Ful prively within the prisoun hyde:
And for the house ys crynkled to and fro,
And hath so queynte weyes for to go,
For yt is shapen as the mase ys wroghte;
Therto have I a remedy in my thoghte,
That by a clywe of twyne, as he hath goon,
The same way he may returne anoon,
Folwynge alway the threde, as he hath come.
And whanne this beste ys overcome,
Thanne may he fleen away out of this stede,
And eke the gayler may he with him lede,
And him avaunce at home in his countree,
Syn that so grete a lordes sone ys he.'

[1] This was the stratagem by which Daniel destroyed the dragon at Babylon.—See *Bel and the Dragon*, or in the *Vulgate* Daniel, xiv.

Thys ys my rede yf that he dar hyt take;
What shulde I lenger sermoun of hyt make?'
The gayler cometh, and with hym Theseus,
Whanne these thynges ben acorded thus.
Downe sytte Theseus upon hys knee,
'The ryghte lady of my lyf,' quod he,
'I sorwful man, ydampned to the dethe,
Fro yow, whiles that me lasteth brethe,
I wol not twynne after this aventure,
But in youre servise thus I wol endure;
That as a wrecche unknowe I wol yow serve
For evermore, til that myn herte sterve.
Forsake I wol at home myn herytage,
And, as I sayde, ben of your courte a page,
Yf that ye vouchesafe that in this place,
Ye graunte me to have suche a grace,
That I may have not but my mete and drinke;
And for my sustenaunce yet wol I swynke,
Ryghte as yow lyste; that Mynos ne no wyghte,
Syn that he sawe me never with eighen syghte,
Ne no man elles shal me konne espie,
So slyly and so wele I shal me gye,
And me so wel disfigure, and so lowe,
That in this worlde ther shal no man me knowe,
To han my lyf, and to have presence
Of yow, that doon to me this excellence.
And to my fader shal I sende here
This worthy man that is your gaylere,
And him so guerdone that he shal wel be
Oon of the gretest men of my countree.
And yif I durst sayne, my lady bryghte,
I am a kynges sone and eke a knyghte,
As wolde God, yif that hyt myghte bee,
Ye weren in my countree alle three,
And I with yow, to bere yow companye.
Thanne shulde ye seen yf that I thereof lye.
And yf that I profre yow in lowe manere,
To ben youre page and serven yow ryghte here,

But I yow serve as lowly in that place,
I prey to Marce to yeve me suche grace,
That shames dede on me ther mote falle,
And dethe and poverte to my frendes alle,
And that my spirite be nyghte mote goo,
After my dethe, and walke to and froo,
That I mote of traytoure have a name,
For which my spirite mote goo to do me shame!
And yif ever I clayme other degre,
But ye vouchesafe to yeve hyt me,
As I have seyde, of shames dethe I deye!
And mercy, lady! I kan no more seye.'
A semely knyghte was this Theseus to see,
And yonge, but of twenty yere and three.
But whoso hadde yseen hys countenaunce,
He wolde have wepte for routhe of his penaunce:
For which this Adriane in this manere,
Answerde to hys profre and to hys chere.
'A kynges sone, and eke a knyghte,' quod she,
'To ben my servaunt in so lowe degre,
God shelde hit, for the shame of wymmen alle,
And lene me never suche a case befalle!
And send yow grace and slyghte of herte also
Yow to defende, and knyghtely sleen your fo!
And lene hereafter I may yow fynde
To me and to my suster here so kynde,
That I ne repente not to yeve yow lyf!
Yet wer hyt better I were your wif,
Syn ye ben as gentil borne as I,
And have a realme not but faste by,
Than that I suffred your gentillesse to sterve,
Or that I lete yow as a page serve;
Hyt is not profet, as unto your kynrede.
But what is that, that man wol not do for drede?
And to my suster syn that hyt is so,
That she mote goon with me yf that I goo.
Or elles suffre deth as wel as I,
That ye unto your sone as trewely,

Doon hire be wedded at your home comynge.
This ys the fynal ende of al this thynge;
Ye, swere hit here, upon al that may be sworne!'
'Yee, lady myn,' quod he, 'or elles to-torne
Mote I be with the Minotaure or to morowe!
And have here of myne herte bloode to borowe,
Yif that ye wol! Yf I had knyf or spere,
I wolde hit letten out, and thereon swere,
For than at erste, I wote ye wol me leve.
By Mars, that ys chefe of my beleve,
So that I myghte lyven, and nat fayle
To morowe for to taken my batayle,
I nolde never fro this place flee,
Til that ye shulde the verray prefe se.
For now, yf that the sothe I shal yow say,
I have loved yow ful many a day,
Thogh ye ne wiste nat, in my countree,
And aldermoste desired yow to see,
Of any erthely lyvynge creature.
Upon my trouthe I swere and yow assure,
These seven yere I have your servaunt bee.
Now have I yow, and also have ye mee,
My dere herte, of Athenes duchesse!'
This lady smyleth at his stedfastnesse,
And at hys hertely wordys, and at his chere,
And to hire suster sayde in this manere:—
'And softely now, suster myne,' quod she,
'Now be we duchesses both I and ye,
And sikered to the regals of Athenes,
And both hereafter lykly to be quecnes,
And saved fro hys dethe a kynges sone
As ever of gentil wymmen is the wone,
To save a gentilman, enforth hire myghte,
In honest cause, and namely in his ryghte.
Me thinketh no wyghte ought us hereof blame,
Ne beren us therfore an yvel name.'
And shortely of this matere for to make,
This Theseus of hire hath leve ytake,

And every poynt was performed in dede,
As ye have in the covenaunt herde me rede;
Hys wepne, his clywe, hys thing that I have sayde,
Was by the gayler in the house ylayde,
Ther as this Mynotaure hath hys dwellynge,
Ryghte faste by the dore at hys entrynge,
And Theseus is ladde unto hys dethe;
And forthe unto this Mynotaure he gethe,
And by the techynge of thys Adriane,
He overcome thys beste and was hys bane,
And oute he cometh by the clywe agayne
Ful prively. Whan he this beste hath slayne,
And by the gayler gotten hath a barge,
And of his wives tresure gan it charge,
And toke hys wif, and eke hire suster free,[1]
And by the gayler, and with hem alle three
Ys stole away out of the londe by nighte,
And to the countree of Ennapye hym dyghte,
There as he had a frende of his knowynge.
There festen they, there daunsen they and synge,
And in hys armes hath thys Adriane,
That of the beste hath kepte him from hys bane.
And gate hym there a noble barge anoon,
And of his countre folke a grete woon,
And taketh hys leve, and homewarde sayleth hee;
And in an yle, amydde the wilde see,
There as ther dwelleth creature noon
Save wilde bestes, and that ful many oon,
He made his shippe a-londe for to sette,
And in that ile halfe a day he lette,
And sayde on the londe he moste hym reste.
Hys maryneres han doon ryghte as hym leste;
And, for to telle schortly in thys case,
Whanne Adriane hys wyf aslepe was,
For that hire suster fairer was than she,
He taketh hire in hys honde, and forth gooth he

[1] This, and the two preceding lines, are omitted in the Fairfax MS.

To shippe, and as a traytour stale hys way,
While that thys Adriane aslepe lay,
And to hys countree warde he sayleth blyve,
(A twenty devel way the wynde him dryve!)
And fonde hys fader drenched in the see.
Me lyste no more to speke of hym, pardee!
These fals loveres, poyson be hire bane!
But I wol turne ageyne to Adryane,
That ys with slepe for werynesse ytake;
Ful sorwfully hire herte may awake.
Allas, for the myn herte hath pitee!
Ryght in the dawenynge awaketh shee,
And gropeth in the bed, and fonde ryghte noghte.
'Allas,' quod she, 'that ever I was wroghte!
I am betrayed,' and hire heer to-rent,
And to the stronde barefote faste she went,
And cryed, 'Theseus, myn herte swete!
Where be ye, that I may not wyth yow mete?
And myghte thus with bestes ben yslayne.'
The holowe roches answerde her agayne.[1]
No man she sawe, and yet shone the moone,
And hye upon a rokke she went soone,
And sawe hys barge saylynge in the see.
Colde waxe hire herte, and ryghte thus sayde she:—
'Meker then ye fynde I the bestes wilde!'
(Hath he not synne, that he hire thus begylde?)
She cried, 'O turne agayne for routhe and synne,
Thy barge hath not al thy meyny ynne.'
Hire kerchefe on a pole styked shee,
Ascaunce that he shulde hyt wel ysee,
And hym remembre that she was behynde,
And turne agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde.
But al for noghte; hys wey he ys goon,
And downe she felle a-swowne on a stoon;
And up she ryste, and kyssed in al hire care
The steppes of hys fete, there he hath fare,

[1] This line is omitted in the Fairfax MS.

And to hire bedde ryghte thus she speketh thoo:—
'Thow bedde,' quoth she, 'that haste receyved twoo,
Thow shalt answere of twoo and not of oon,
Where ys the gretter parte away goon?
Allas, where shal I wrecched wyght become?
For though so be that bote noon here come,
Home to my countree dar I not for drede;
I kan my selfe in this case not rede.'
What shulde I telle more hire compleynynge?
Hyt ys so longe hyt were an hevy thynge.
In hire epistel Naso[1] telleth alle,
But shortly to the ende tel I shalle.
The goddys have hire holpen for pitee,
And in the sygne of Taurus men may see
The stones of hire corowne shyne clere;
I wol no more speke of thys matere.
But thus these false loveres kan begyle
Hire trewe love; the devel quyte hym hys while!

EXPLICIT LEGENDA ADRIANE DE ATHENES.

INCIPIT LEGENDA PHILOMENE.[2]

THOW yiver of the formes, that haste wroghte
The fayre worlde,[3] and bare hit in thy thoghte
Eternally or thow thy werke began,
Why madest thow unto the sklaunder of man,—
Or al be that hyt was not thy doynge,
As for that fyne to make suche a thynge,—
Why suffrest thou that Tereus was bore,
That ys in love so fals and so forswore,

---

[1] 'Incumbo; lachrymisque toro manante profusis,
Pressimus, exclamo, te duo: redde duos.
Venimus huc ambo; cur non discedimus ambo?
Perfide, pars nostri, lectule, major ubi est?'
Heroid. Ep. x.

[2] Ovid, *Met.* vi.

[3] In the margin of Fairfax MS. 16 is written 'Deus dator Formator.'

That fro thys worlde up to the firste hevene
Corrumpeth, whanne that folke hys name nevene?
And as to me, so grisly was hys dede,
That whanne that I this foule story rede,
Myn eyen wexen foule and sore also;
Yet laste the venyme of so longe ago,
That enfecteth hym that wolde beholde
The story of Tereus, of which I tolde.
Of Trace was he lorde, and kynne to Marte,
The cruelle god that stante with blody darte,
And wedded had he, with blisful chere,
King Pandyones faire doghter dere,
That hyghte Proygne, floure of hire countree;
Though Juno liste not at the feste bee,
Ne Ymeneus, that god of weddyng is.
But at the feste redy ben, ywys,
The furies thre, with al hire mortal brondè.
The owle al nyghte about the balkes wonde,
That prophete ys of woo and of myschaunce.
This revel, ful of songe, and ful of daunce,
Laste a fourtenyghte or lyttel lasse.
But shortly of this story for to passe,
(For I am wery of hym for to telle)
Fyve yere hys wyf and he togeder dwelle;
Til on a day she gan so sore longe
To seen hire suster, that she sawgh not longe,
That for desire she nyste what to seye,
But to hire housbonde gan she for to preye
For Goddys love, that she moste ones goon
Hire suster for to seen, and come anoon.
Or elles but she moste to hire wende,
She preyde hym that he wolde after hire sende.
And thys was day be day al hire prayere,
With al humblesse of wyfhode, worde and chere.
This Tereus let make hys shippes yare,
And into Grece hymselfe ys forthe yfare,
Unto hys fader in lawe, and gan hym preye,
To vouche sauf that for a moneth or tweye,

That Philomene, his wyfes suster, myghte
On Progne hys wyf but ones have a syghte;
'And she shal come to yow agayne anoon,
My selfe with hire, I wil bothe come and goon,
And as myn hertes lyf I wol hire kepe.'
Thys olde Pandeon, thys kynge, gan wepe
For tendernesse of herte for to leve
Hys doghtre goon, and for to yive hire leve;
Of al thys worlde he loved nothinge soo;
But at the laste leve hath she to go.
For Philomene with salte teres eke
Gan of hire fader grace to beseke,
To seen hire sustre that hire longeth soo,
And hym embraceth with hire armes twoo.
And ther alle so yonge and faire was she,
That whanne that Tereus sawgh hire beaute,
And of array that ther nas noon hire lyche,
And yet of bounte was she to so ryche,
He caste hys firy herte upon hire soo,
That he wol have hire how soo that hyt goo,
And with hys wiles kneled and so preyde,
Til at the laste Pandeon thus seyde:—
'Now sone,' quod he, 'that arte to me so dere,
I the betake my yonge doghtre dere,
That bereth the key of al myn hertes lyf.
And grete wel my doghter and thy wyf,
And yeve hire leve sommetyme for to pleye,
That she may seen me oones or I deye.'
And sothely he hath made him ryche feste,
And to hys folke, the moste and eke the leste,
That with him come: and yaf him yeftes grete,
And him conveyeth thurgh the maister strete
Of Athenes, and to the see him broghte,
And turneth home; no malyce he ne thoghte.
The ores pulleth forthe the vessel faste,
And into Trace arryveth at the laste;
And up into a forest he hire ledde,
And into a cave ful prively hym spedde,

And in this derke cave, yif hire leste,
Or leste noghte, he bad hire for to reste;
Of which hire herte agrose, and seyde thus:—
'Where ys my suster, brother Tereus?'
And therewithalle she wepte tenderly,
And quok for fere, palc and pitously,
Ryghte as the lambe that of the wolfe ys byten,
Or as the colver that of thegle ys smyten,
And ys out of his clawes forthe escaped,
Yet hyt ys aferde and awhaped
Lest hit be hent eftesones: so sate she.
But utterly hyt may none other be,
By force hath this traytour done a dede,
That he hathe refte hire hire maydenhede
Maugree hire hede, be strengthe and by his myghte.
Loo, here a dede of men, and that aryghte!
She crieth 'Suster!' with ful longe steven,
And 'Fader dere! helpe me God in hevene!'
Al helpeth not. And yet this fals thefe,
Hath doon thys lady yet a more myschefe,
For ferde lest she sholde hys shame crye,
And done hym openly a vilanye,
And with his swerde hire tonge of kerf he,
And in a castel made hire for to be,
Ful prively in prison evermore,
And kept hire to his usage and to hys store,
So that she ne myght never more asterte.
O sely Philomene, woo ys in thyn herte!
Huge ben thy sorwes, and wonder smerte!
God wreke the, and sende the thy boone!
Now ys hyt tyme I make an ende soone.
This Tereus ys to hys wyf ycome,
And in hise armes hath hys wyf ynome,
And pitously he wepe, and shoke hys hede,
And swore hire that he fonde hire suster dede;
For which the sely Proigne hath suche woo,
That nyghe hire sorwful herte brak atwoo.
And thus in teres lat I Proigne dwelle,
And of hire suster forthe I wol yow telle.

This woful lady ylerned had in yowthe,
So that she werken and embrowden kouthe,
And weven in stole the radevore,[1]
As hyt of wymmen hath be woved yore.
And, shortly for to seyne, she hath hire fille
Of mete and drynke, of clothyng at hire wille,
And kouthe eke rede wel ynough and endyte,
But with a penne she kouthe nat write;
But letteres kan she weve to and froo,
So that by the yere was agoo,
She had woven in a stames[2] large,
How she was broghte from Athenes in a barge,
And in a cave how that she was broghte,
And al the thinge that Tereus hath wroghte,
She wave hyt wel, and wrote the story above,
How she was served for hire suster love.
And to a knave a rynge she yaf anoon,
And prayed hym by signes for to goon
Unto the queene, and beren hire that clothe;
And by sygne swore many an othe,
She shulde hym yeve what she geten myghte.
Thys knave anoon unto the queene hym dyghte,
And toke hit hire, and al the maner tolde.
And whanne that Proigne hath this thing beholde,
No worde she spak for sorwe and eke for rage,
But feyned hire to goon on pilgrymage
To Bachus temple. And in a lytel stounde
Hire dombe suster syttynge hath she founde
Wepynge in the castel hire selfe allone.
Allas, the woo, constreynte, and the mone

---

[1] This word is usually interpreted tapestry, and it is derived, in Urry's glossary from *ras*, cloth, and Vaur or Vore, a town of that name, which Tyrwhitt says is in Languedoc. *Stole* would seem here to mean some kind of stool, or frame, on which the canvas would be stretched.

[2] The printed copies read *flames*, which is nonsense. *Stames*, or *stamys*, as MS. Arch. Seld. reads, means a kind of cloth, the same as *stamel*, or *stamin*, which Halliwell explains, 'A kind of fine worsted.' —See Dict., &c., in voc.

That Proigne upon hire dombe suster maketh!
In armes everych of hem other taketh;
And thus I lat hem in hire sorwe dwelle.
The remnaunt ys no charge for to telle,
For this is al and somme, thus was she served,
That never harme agilte ne deserved
Unto thys cruelle man, that she of wyste.
Ye may bewar of men yif that yow lyste.
For al be that he wol not for the shame
Doon as Tereus, to lese hys name,
Ne serve yow as a morderere or a knave,
Ful lytel while shul ye trewe hym have.
That wol I seyne, al were he nowe my brother,
But hit so be that he may have another.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA PHILOMENE.

INCIPIT LEGENDA PHILLIS.[1]

BY preve, as wel as by auctorite,[2]
That wikked fruite cometh of wikked tree,
That may ye fynde yf that hyt liketh yow.
But for thys ende I speke thys as now,
To telle yow of fals Demophoon.
In love a falser herde I never noon,
But hit were hys fader Theseus;
God for hys grace fro suche oon kepe us!
Thus these wymmen prayen that hit here;
Now to theffect turne I of my matere.
Distroyed is of Troye the citee;
This Demophoon come saylyng in the see
Towarde Athenes to hys paleys large.
With hym come many a shippe, and many a barge
Ful of folke, of whiche full many oon
Ys wounded sore, and seke, and woo begoon,

[1] Ovid, *Heroid.* ii.

[2] Matt. vii. 16

And they han at the sege longe ylayne.
Behynde him come a wynde and eke a rayne,
That shofe so sore, hys sayle myghte not stonde.
Hym were lever than al the world a-londe,
So hunteth hym the tempest to and fro!
So derke hyt was, he kouthe no wher go,
And with a wawe brosten was hys stere.
His shippe was rent so lowe, in suche manere,
That carpenter koude hit not amende.
The see by nyghte as any torche brende
For wode, and posseth hym up and doune;
Til Neptune hath of hym compassyoune,
And Thetis, Chorus, Triton,[1] and they alle,
And maden him upon a londe to falle,
Wherof that Phillis lady was and queene,
Lycurgus[2] doghter, fayrer on to seene,
Thanne is the flouro ageyn the bryghte sonne.
Unneth ys Demophoon to londe ywonne,
Wayke and eke wery, and his folke forpyned
Of werynesse, and also enfamyned,
And to the dethe he was almoste ydreven,
Hys wyse folke conseyle han hym yeven,
To seken helpe and socour of the queene,
And loken what hys grace myghte bene,
And make in that londe somme chevissaunce,
And kepen hym fro woo and fro myschaunce.
For seke he was, and almoste at the dethe;
Unneth myghte he speke, or drawe brethe;
And lyeth in Rhodopeya[3] hym for to reste.
Whanne he may walke, hym thoghte hit was the beste
Unto the countree to seken for socoure.
Men knewe hym wele and dide hym honoure;
For at Athenes duke and lorde was he,
As Theseus hys fader hath ybe,

[1] Triton is omitted in MS. Fairfax 16.
[2] Instead of Lycurgus the Fairfax MS. reads *Bygurgus*, and MS Arch. Seld. B. 24, *Lugurgus*.
[3] Rhodope.

That in hys tyme was grete of renoun,
No man so grete in al hys regioun;
And lyke hys fader of face and of stature,
And fals of love; hyt come hym of nature,
As dothe the fox Renarde, the foxes sone;
Of kynde he koude hys olde fadres wone
Withoute lore, as kan a drake swymme
Whanne hit ys kaught and caried to the brymme.
Thys honourable queene doth him chere,
And lyketh wel hys porte and hys manere.
But I am agroted here beforne,
To write of hem that in love ben forsworne,
And eke to haste me in my legende,
Which to performe, God me grace sende!
Therfore I passe shortly in thys wyse.
Ye have wel herde of Theseus the gyse,
In the betraysyng of faire Adriane,
That of hire pitee kepte hym fro hys bane;
At shorte wordes, ryghte so Demophoon,
The same way, the same path hath goon,
That did his fals fader Theseus.
For unto Phillis hath he sworne thus,
To wedden hire, and hire his trouthe plyghte,
And piked of hire al the good he myghte,
Whanne he was hole and sounde, and had hys reste,
And doth with Phillis what so that him leste,
As wel kouthe I, yf that me leste soo,
Tellen al hys doynge, to and fro.
He sayede to hys countree moste hym sayle,
For ther he wolde hire weddyng apparaylle
As fille to hire honour and hys also,
And openly he toke his leve tho,
And to hire swore he wolde not sojourne,
But in a moneth ageyn he wolde retourne.
And in that londe let make hys ordynaunce,
As verray lorde, and toke the obeisaunce,
Wel and humbly, and his shippes dyghte,
And home he gooth the next wey he myghte.

For unto Phillis yet come he noghte,
And that hath she so harde and sore yboghte,
Allas, as the story doth us recorde,
She was hire owne dethe with a corde,
Whanne that she segh that Demophoon her trayed.
But firste wrote she to hym, and faste hym prayed
He wolde comė and delyver hire of peyne,
As I reherse shal oo worde or tweyne.
Me lyste nat vouche sauf on hym to swynke,
Dispenden on hym a penne ful of ynke,
For fals in love was he ryghte as hys syre;
The Devel set hire soules both on a fire!
But of the letter of Phillis wol I wryte,
A worde or tweyne althogh hit be but lyte.
'Thyn hostesse,' quod she, 'O Demophoon,
Thy Phillis, which that is so woo begon,
Of Rhodopey, upon yow mote compleyne,
Over the terme sette betwix us tweyne,
That ye ne holden forwarde, as ye seyde.
Your anker, which ye in oure haven leyde,
Hyghte us that ye wolde comen out of doute,
Or that the moone ones went aboute;
But tymes foure, the moone hath hid hire face
Syn thilke day ye went fro this place;
And foure tymes lyghte the worlde ageyne.
But for al that, yet I shâl soothly seyne,
Yet hath the streme of Scython[1] nat broght
From Athenes the shippe; yet come hit noght.
And yf that ye the terme rekne wolde,
As I or other trewe loveres sholde,
I pleyne not, God wot! beforne my day.'[2]
But al hire letter writen I ne may
By ordre, for hit were to me a charge;
Hire letter was ryghte longe, and therto large.

---

1 'Nec vehit Actæas Sithonis unda rates.'—*Heroid.* ii. 6.
2 'Non venit ante suum nostra querela diem.'—*Ibid.* 8.

But here and there, in ryme I have hyt layde
There as me thoght that she hath wel sayde.
She seyde, 'The saylles cometh nat ageyn,
Ne to the worde there nys no fey certeyn,
But I wote why ye come not,' quod she;
'For I was of my love to yow so fre.
And of the goddys that ye han forswore,
That hire vengeaunce fal on yow therfore,
Ye be nat suffisaunt to bere the peyne.
To moche trusted I, wel may I seyne,
Upon youre lynage and youre faire tonge,
And on youre teres falsly oute wronge.
How couthe ye wepe so be crafte?' quod she;
'May ther suche teres feynede be?
Now certes yf ye wolde have in memorye,
Hyt oughte be to yow but lyttel glorye,
To have a sely mayde thus betrayed!
To God,' quod she, 'prey I, and ofte have prayed,
That hyt be nowe the gretest prise of alle,
And moste honour that ever yow shal befalle.
And whanne thyn olde auncetres peynted be,
In which men may hire worthinesse se,
Thanne prey I God, thow peynted be also,
That folke may reden, forth by as they go:—
'Lo this is he, that with his flaterye
Betrayed hath, and doon hire vilanye,
That was his trewe love in thoghte and dede.'
'But sothely of oo poynt yet may they rede,
That ye ben lyke youre fader, as in this;
For he begiled Adriane, ywis,
With suche an arte, and suche sobteltee,
As thou thy selven haste begiled me.
As in that poynt, althogh hit be nat feire,
Thou folwest hym certeyn, and art his eyre.
But syn thus synfully ye me begile,
My body mote ye seen, within a while
Ryghte in the havene of Athenes fletynge,
Withouten sepulture and buryinge,

Though ye ben harder than is any stoon.'[1]
And whanne this letter was forthe sent anoon,
And knyw how brotel and how fals he was,
She for dispeyre fordidde hire selfe, allas!
Suche sorowe hath she for he beset hire so!
Bewar ye wymmen of youre sotile fo!
Syns yet this day men may ensample se,
And as in love trusteth no man but me.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA PHILLIS.

INCIPIT LEGENDA YPERMYSTRE.[2]

IN Grece whilom weren brethren twoo
Of which that oon was called Danoo,
That many a sone hath of hys body wonne,
As suche fals loveres ofte konne.
Amonge hys sones alle there was oon,
That aldermoste he loved of everychoon.
And whanne this childe was borne, this Danoo
Shope hym a name, and called hym Lyno.
That other brother called was Egiste,
That was in love as fals as ever hym lyste.
And many a doughtre gate he in hys lyf;
Of which he gate upon his ryghte wif
A doughter dere, and did hire for to calle,
Ypermystra, yongest of hem alle.
The whiche childe, of hire natyvite,
To alle goode thewes borne was she,
As lyked to the goddes or she was borne,
That of the shefe she shulde be the corne.
The wirdes that we clepen destanye,
Hath shapen hire, that she moste nedes be

---

[1] This is a very faithful translation of the Epistle from *Phyllis to Demophoon.*

[2] Ovid, *Heroid.* xiv.

Pitouse, sad, wise, trewe as stele.
And to this woman hyt acordeth wele;
For though that Venus yaf hire grete beaute;
With Jubiter compouned so was she,
That conscience, trouthe, and drede of shame,
And of hire wyfhode for to kepe hire name,
This thoghte hire was felicite as here.
And rede Mars, was that tyme of the yere
So feble, that his malice ys him rafte;
Repressed hath Venus hys cruelle crafte.
And what with Venus, and other oppressyoun
Of houses,[1] Mars hys venyme ys adoun,
That Ypermystre dar not handel a knyf
In malyce, thogh she shulde lese hire lyf.
But natheles, as heven gan thoo turne,
To badde aspectes hath she of Saturne,[2]
That made hire to dye in prisoun.
And I shal after make mencioun,
Of Danoo and Egistis also.
And thogh so be that they were brethren twoo,
For thilke tyme nas spared no lynage,
Hyt lyketh hem to maken mariage
Betwix Ypermestra and hym Lyno,
And casten suche a day hyt shal be so,
And fulle acorded was hit witterly.
The aray ys wroghte, the tyme ys faste by,
And thus Lyno hath of his fadres brother
The doughter wedded, and eche of hem hath other.
The torches brennen, and the lampes bryghte,
The sacrifices ben ful redy dyghte,
Thencence out of the fire reketh sote,
The floure, the lefe, ys rent up by the rote,
To maken garlandes and corounes hye;
Ful ys the place of sounde of mynstralcye,

---

[1] For the meaning of this astrological term, see vol. v. p. 79, note 1.
[2] Saturn describes the effect of his influences in vol. i. p. 168.

Of songes amourouse of mariage,
As thilke tyme was the pleyne usage.[1]
And this was in the paleys of Egiste,
That in his house was lorde, as hym lyste.
And thus that day they driven to an ende;
The frendes taken leve, and home they wende;
The nyghte ys comen, the bride shal go to bed.
Egiste to hys chambre fast hym sped,
And prively he let his doghter calle,
Whanne that the house voyded was of alle.
He loked on hys doghter with glad chere,
And to hire spak as ye shal after here.
'My ryghte doghter, tresoure of myn herte,
Syn firste day that shapen was my sherte,[2]
Or by the fatale sustren hadde my dome,
So nye myn herte never thinge me come
As thou, Ypermystra, doughter dere!
Take hede what thy fader seythe the here,
And werke after thy wiser ever moo.
For alderfirste, doghter, I love the soo,
That al the worlde to me nys halfe so lefe,
Ne nolde rede the to thy myschefe,
For al the good under the colde moone,
And what I meene, hyt shal be seyde ryghte soone,
With protestacioun, as seyne these wyse,
That but thou do as I shal the devyse,
Thou shalt be ded, by hym that al hath wroughte!
At shorte wordes thou ne schapest noughte
Out of my paleyse or that thou be dede,
But thou consente and werke after my rede;
Take this to the for ful conclusioun.'
This Ypermystra caste hire eyen doun,
And quok as dooth the leefe of aspe grene;
Ded wex hire hewe, and lyke as ashe to sene;

---

[1] The allusion is to the epithalamia of the Greeks.
[2] For this expression see vol. i. p. 138, note 2.

And seyde, 'Lorde and fader, al youre wille,
After my myghte, God wote I shal fulfille,
So hit be to me no confusioun.'
'I nil,' quod he, 'have noon excepcioun.'
And out he kaughte a knyf as rasour kene.
'Hyde this,' quod he, 'that hyt be not ysene;
And whanne thyn housbonde ys to bedde gob,
While that he slepeth kut hys throte atwoo;
For in my dremes hyt is warned me,
How that my nevywe shal my bane be,
But which I not; wherfore I wol be siker.
Yf thou say nay, we two shal make a byker,
As I have seyde, by him that I have sworne!'
This Ypermystra hath nygh hire wytte forlorne,
And, for to passen harmelesse of that place,
She graunted hym; ther was noon other grace.
And therwithalle a costrel taketh he
And seyde, 'Hereof a draught, or two, or three
Yife hym to drynke whanne he gooth to reste,
And he shal slepe as longe as ever the leste,
The narcotikes and opies ben so stronge.
And goo thy way, lest that hym thynke to longe.'
Oute cometh the bride, and with ful sobre chere,
As ys of maidenes ofte the manere,
To chambre broghte with revel and with songe.
And shortly, leste this tale be to longe,
This Lyno and she beth broghte to bedde,
And every wight out at the doore hym spedde.
The nyghte ys wasted and he fel aslepe;
Ful tenderly begynneth she to wepe;
She riste hire up, and dredefully she quaketh,
As dothe the braunche that Zepherus shaketh,
And husht were alle in Argone that citee.
As colde as eny froste now wexeth shee,
For pite by the herte streyneth hire soo,
And drede of dethe doth hire so moche woo;
That thries doune she fil in swiche a were,
She riste hire up and stakereth here and there,

And on hire handes faste loketh she.
'Allas, shal myn handes blody be?
I am a mayde, and as by my nature,
And be my semblaunt, and by my vesture,
Myn handes ben nat shapen for a knyf,
As for to reve no man fro hys lyf!
What devel have I with the knyfe to doo?
And shal I have my throte korve a twoo?
Thanne shal I blede, allas, and be shende!
And nedes coste thys thing mot have an ende;
Or he or I mote nedes lese oure lyf.
Now certes,' quod she, 'syn I am hys wyf,
And hathe my feythe, yet is hyt bet for me
For to be dede in wyfly honeste,
Thanne be a traytour lyvyng in my shame.
Be as be may, for erneste or for game,
He shal awake and ryse and go hys way
Out at this goter, or that hyt be day.'
And wepte ful tenderly upon his face,
And in hire armes gan hym to embrace,
And hym she jeggeth and awaketh softe,
And at the wyndow lepe he fro the lofte,
Whanne she hath warned hym and doone hym bote.
This Lyno swyft was and lyghte of fote,
And from hire ranne a ful goode pace.
This sely womman ys so wayke, allace,
And helples, so that er she ferre wente,
Her crewel fader did hire for to hente.
Allas, Lyno, why art thou so unkynde?
Why ne hast thou remembred in thy mynde,
And taken hire, and ledde hire forthe with the?
For whanne she saw that goon away was he,
And that she myghte not so faste go,
Ne folowen hym, she sate hire doune ryghte thoo
Til she was kaughte and fettred in prisoun.
This tale ys sayde for this conclusioun.

HERE ENDETH THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN.

MINOR POEMS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following short pieces include all the remaining poems which can be traced with any certainty to Chaucer; and, considered as the trifles which a great genius throws off in the intervals of more sustained labour, they are neither unworthy of their author, nor destitute of intrinsic interest.

The Complèynte of the Dethe of Pite is in the style of the allegories, fashionable among the French in Chaucer's time, of which *The Romaunt of the Rose* is the example best known. This style has been imitated by Chaucer in many of his minor poems, but especially in *The Court of Love*, in which the *Dethe of Pite* forms an episode.—See vol. iv. p. 156. MSS. of *The Compleynte* are preserved in the University Library at Cambridge, in the volume marked Fairfax 16 in the Bodleian, and in the Harl. Collection 78 in the British Museum. The present text is taken from the last.

The *Ballade de Vilage sauns peynture* is, apparently, a translation from the French. The title bears no relation whatever to the subject, which, under the form of a dialogue between Fortune and a Plaintiff, seems to be a petition from Chaucer to the Council, to promote him to some higher office than he then held at Court. It is found in MS. in the volume marked Fairfax 16, and in MS. Bodl. 638. The present text is taken from the former.

The *Goodly Ballade of Chaucer* is addressed to a lady, whose name, from the allusion to the daisy, may be inferred to have been Margaret; and from the tone of mingled gal-

lantry and deference which pervades it, this lady may possibly have been Margaret, Countess of Pembroke, the foundress of the Margaret Professorship of Divinity in the University of Oxford.—See vol. iv. p. 250, note 2. The text of the printed editions seems very corrupt, and no MS. copy has been discovered in the researches made for the present edition; which is the more to be regretted, as this little poem is marked by great elegance and sweetness.

The *Ballade sent to King Richard, The Compleynte of Chaucer to his Purse*, and the lines entitled *Good Counseil of Chaucer*, are taken from a volume of MSS. numbered 7333 in the Harleian collection, collated with copies in that marked Fairfax 16 in the Bodleian library. From the latter volume are also derived the texts of the *Envoyes* to *Scogan* and *Bukton*.

The ballad beginning, 'The firste fadir and fyndor,' &c., the present text of which, varying slightly from that of Speght, has been taken from the Harl. MS. 7333, is attributed to Chaucer by Henry Scogan, in a poem published by Speght in his edition of Chaucer's collected works—1604. It is entitled, *A moral balade to the Prince, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Glocester, the Kinges sonnes, by Henry Scogan, at a supper among the Marchants, in the Vintry at London, in the house of Louis John.* Scogan, after bewailing the follies of his youth, warns these noblemen that virtue is the truest nobility, and quotes Chaucer's sentiments on the subject from *The Wyf of Bathes Tale*. He then proceeds as follows:—'And of this thinge, herke how my maister [*scil.*, Chaucer, whom he had just before called, 'my maister Chaucer'] seide:—

The first stock-father, &c.'

Scogan appears to have been attached to the Courts both of Edward III. and Richard II. His name occurs among those to whom the latter granted letters of protection before his expedition to Ireland in 1399. We here find him described

as *Henricus Scogan, Armiger.* It is evident that he enjoyed a traditional character for wit long after his death; for in the reign of Henry VIII. a collection of stories was published by Dr. Andrew Borde, under the title of *Scogan's Jests*, in which he is said to have been a graduate of Oxford, and the King's jester. Shakspeare introduces him in no very dignified capacity in 2 *Henry IV.* act iii.:—

Shall. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the Court-gate when he was a crack not thus high.

He appears again in Ben Jonson's *Masque of the Fortunate Isles*:—

Mere-fool. Skogan? What was he?
Sophiel. O, a fine gentleman, and Master of Arts
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises
For the King's sons, and writ in ballad-royal,
Daintily well.
Mere-fool. But wrote he like a gentleman?
Sophiel. In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme, and flowand verse.

The high moral tone of the poem published as his by Speght is entirely inconsistent with the notion that he was a mere Court-fool or jester.

A volume of MSS. numbered 7578 in the Harleian collection, has supplied the text of the *Proverbes of Chaucer*, collated with copies in MS. Fairfax 16. Both MSS. contain two additional stanzas, in somewhat the same strain, without any indication that they are by another hand. These stanzas are now printed for the first time in the present edition.

The song entitled a *Roundel* is given as published by Percy in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.* In his prefatory notice Percy informs his readers that 'this little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian Library, that contains many other poems of its valuable author. The versification is of that species which the French call Rondeau, very naturally Englished by our

honest countrymen Round O.' He then proceeds to compare it with the 'wings' and 'axes' of the Greeks. To these, however, it bears not the slightest resemblance, inasmuch as they derived their names from being written in long and short lines, so disposed as to make the poem, on paper, look like an axe or a wing; whereas the Rondeau, Round, or Roundel, is so called because each verse ends with a *refrain* formed of the same phrase as that with which it began, thus making the singer seem as if he were still beginning, never ending, or as if he were singing in a circle. This song so completely answers to the *Roundel*, by which name Chaucer himself, in *The Legende of Goode Women*, describes some of his poems, that the title is here adopted in preference to that of Percy, who styles it *An Original Ballad*. It will be observed that the third division of the poem is a burlesque, intended as a piece of ridicule upon the two former. The whole is conceived somewhat in the spirit of the *Envoy to Bukton*, and is the reverse of Metastasio's celebrated Ode and Palinode addressed to Nice.

The text of the *Virelai*, of the *Prophecy*, and of *Chauceres Wordes to his own Scrivener*, are those of the printed editions, adopted in the absence of MSS.

To the courtesy of the Editor of *Notes and Queries* is due an acknowledgment for having directed attention to the poem entitled, *Oratio Gelfredi Chaucer*, now first included in an edition of Chaucer's works. The authenticity of this piece rests on the fact that it is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, in a MS. *System of Theology*, of the date of 1490, written by John de Irlandia, who attributes it to Chaucer in the following passage: 'And sene [since] I have spokin samekle [sa meckle, sae mickle, so much] of this noble and haly virgin, I will, on the end of this buk, writ ane orisoune, that Galfryde Chauceir maid and prayit to this lady.' Upon this testimony it was printed in 1801, in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, by Leyden, who considered its authenticity sufficiently established by the antiquity of the authority.

The internal evidence is, upon the whole, favourable to this conclusion, although not very strong in itself. The sentiments, and even the phraseology, when divested of its Scottish orthography, will remind the reader of Chaucer's *A. B. C.*, which it more nearly resembles in manner than any of his poems. The present text is taken from that printed in *Notes and Queries*, which was collated with the original MS. Some slight, but necessary, changes, however, have been ventured upon in matters of form: the contractions of the MS., adopted in *Notes and Queries*, are here given in full; v is substituted for u, where the latter was used as a consonant; and words and syllables which, as usual in MSS., were improperly joined or separated, are placed in their true connexion.

As nothing illustrative of Chaucer's habits and disposition should be lost, it may be well to reproduce a *jeu d'esprit* given by Speght in his Glossary, to illustrate the expression, *Yee knowe what I mene.* He observes, 'This is an aposiopesis often used by Chaucer; as that which he is said to have written with his diamond sometime on glasse windowes, expounded by his man, Wat; which was thus:—

> A married man, and yet—quod Chaucer.
> A merry man, quod Wat.
> He is a knave that wrote me that, quod Chaucer.'

In searching in the Bodleian Library for MSS. for this edition a curious fact was discovered, which, though possibly known to Tyrwhitt, has not been mentioned by him or any subsequent editor. In the volume marked Fairfax 16 are contained, in addition to *The Compleynte of Mars and Venus*, and other poems, by Geoffrey Chaucer, some short pieces by one Thomas Chaucer. This person was probably the poet's eldest son (see *Life*, vol. i. p. 37), or a kinsman, who, according to a tradition prevalent in Speght's time, was educated by his more celebrated relative. To this Thomas Chaucer, therefore, might very probably be traced many of those short pieces published by Speght, but properly rejected from later editions of the works of Geoffrey Chaucer.

THE COMPLEYNTE OF THE DETHE OF PITE.[1]

HOW PITE IS DEDE AND BURIED IN A GENTLE HERTE.

PITYE, whiche that I have sought so yore
With herte sore, ful of besy peyne,
That in this worlde nas ther no wight woer
Without the dethe; and if I shal not feyne,
My pourpose was of Pitee for to pleyne,
And eke upon the crewlty and tirannye
Of Love, that for my trouthe doethe me to dye.

And whanne that I by lengthe of certain yeres
Had, ever in oon, tyme sought to speke,
To Pitee I ran, al bespreynt with teres,
To prayen hir on Crewelte me wreke;
But or I might with any words oute breke,
Or tellen any of alle my peynes smerte,
I fonde Pitee dede and buryed in an herte.[2]

And downe I felle whan I sogh the herse
Dede as stoone whiles that the swoughe last;
But up I roos with coloure wel dyverse,
And pytously on hir myn eyghen I cast,
And nerre the corse I came to pressen fast,
And for the soule I shoope me for to preye;
Me thought me lorne, ther was noon other weye.

Thus am I slayne sith that Pitee is dede;
Ellas, the day that ever hit sholde falle!
What maner man dar nowe heve up his hede?
To whame shalle any sorowful herte calle?
Nowe Cruwelte hathe cast to sleen us alle

[1] In the MS. Harl. 78, this poem is thus headed:—'And now here folowing begynnethe a complaint of pitee made by Geffrey Chaucer, the aureate poete, that ever was fonde in oure vulgare tofore hes dayes.'

[2] See vol. iv. p. 156.

In ydelle hope we lyve redelesse of peyne;
Sith she is dede, to whame shoulde we us pleyne?

But yit encresith me this wonder newe,
That no wight wot her dede oonly but I,
So many a man that in hir tyme her knewe;
And yit she dyede nought so sodaynly;
For I have soughte hir ful besely,
Sith first I hadde witte or mannes mynde;
But she was dede er that I couthe hir fynde.

Aboute hir heerse there stooden loustily
Withouten making dool, as thoughte me,
Bountee, parfyte weel arrayed and rychely,
And fresshe Beaute, Loust and Jolyte,
Assured-Maner, Thoughte, and Honestee,
Wisdam, Estate, Drede, and Gouvernance
Confedred boothe by hande and assurance.

A compleynt hade I wryten in myn honde,
For to have putte to Pitee, as a bille,
But whane I al this companye ther fonde,
That rather wolden al my cause spille
Thane do me helpe, I heeld my compleynt stille;
For to thoo folke, withouten any faille,
Withouten Pitee ne may no bille avaylle.

Thanne leve I alle thees vertues, saf Pitee,
Keping the heerse as ye have herde me seyne,
Confedred alle by bonde of Cruweltie,
And been assented that I shal be sleyne.
So I thanne putte my compleynt up ageyne,
For to my foomen my bille I durst not shewe;
Theffect of the matere was this wordes fewe.

THE COMPLEYNTE IN THE BILLE—

'Humbleste of hert, hygheste of reverence,
Benigne floure, corone of vertues alle!
Shewethe unto your souvereyne excellence

Your servaunt, if I dourst myself so calle,
His mortel harme, which he is inne falle,
And nought al oonly for his yvel fare,
But for your renome, as I shal declare.

'Hit stondethe thus:—your contraire Cruweltie
Alyed is ayenst your ryaltye
Under the colour of womanly beautee,
(For men shoulde not, loo! know her tyranny)
With Bountee, Gentillesse, and Courteysye,
And hath deprived yow nowe of your place
That heyghte beautie, appourtenaunt to your grace.

'For kindely, by youre heritage and right
Ye beothe annexed ever to Bountie,
And verrayly ye oughten do your myght
To helpe Trouthe in his adversite;
Yee beothe also the corone of beautee;
And certes, if yee want in thise tweye
The worlde is lorne, ther is no more to seye.

'Eke what availethe manere or gentilesse
Withoute yow, benigne and feyre creature?
Shal Cruweltie be now oure gouverneresse?
Ellas, what herte may that longe endure?
Wherfore but yee the rather taken cure
To breke of, yea, parforce, allyaunce,
Ye sleene hem that been of your obeyssaunce.

'And furtherover, if yee suffre this,
Youre renome is fordone; than in a throw[1]
There shal no wight wite what pite is.
Ellas, that youre renome shoulde be so lowe!
Ye been thanne fromc your heritage ythrowe
By Cruweltee, that occupiethe youre place,
And we dispayred that seechen to youre grace.

[1] In a throw means in a short time.

'Have mercy on me, yee vertuouse[1] qweene,
That you have sought so trwely and so yore,
Let the streme of youre light on me be seene,
That love the and drede the ay lenger more;
The soothe to seye, I bere the hevy sore,[2]
And though I bee not konning for to pleyne,
For Goddes love have mercy on my peyne.

'My peyne is this, that what so I desyre,
That have I nought, ne nought that lythe therto;
And ever setteth Desyre myn hert on fyre
Eke on that other syde, where so I go.
What maner thing that may encresse woo,
That have I redy, unsought, every where;
Me lackethe but my deth, and thanne my beere.

'What needethe it shewe parcelles of my peyne,
Sith every woo, that herte may bethenke,
I souffre; and yit I dar nought to you pleyne,
For weel I wot, although I wake or wynke,
Ye recchen nought whether I flete or synke.
Yit neverthelesse my trouth I shal susteene
Unto my dethe, and that shal wele be seene.

'This is to seye, I wol be youres ever;
Thoughe yee me slee by Cruweltee, your foo,
Algates my spiryt shal never dissever
Frome youre servyse, for any peyne or woo.
Nowe Pitee that I have sought so yoore agoo!
Thus for youre dethe I may weel weepe and pleyne
With herte sore, al ful of besy peyne.

EXPLICIT.

[1] Instead of *yee vertuouse*, the printed copies read *thou Herenus*.

[2] In the MS. *sore* is scratched out, and *peyne* written in the margin; but the rhyme demands the restoration of sore. The meaning is, 'I suffer a sore affliction.'

BALLADE DE VILAGE SAUNS PEYNTURE.

THIS wrecched worldes transmutacion,
As wele and woo, now poverte, and now honour
Withouten ordre or wise discrecion,
Governed ys by Fortunes erroure;
But natheles the lakke of hir favoure
Ne may not doo me synge, though that I dye,
J'ay tout perdue, mon temps et mon laboure,[1]
For fynally Fortune I diffye.

Yet ys me lefte the sighte of my resoun,
To knowen frend fro foo in thy meroure,[2]
So moche hath yet thy turning up and doun
Ytaughte me to knowen in an houre;
But trewely no force of thy reddoure[3]
To him that over himselfe hath the maistrye,
My suffisaunce shal be my socoure,
For fynally Fortune I dyffye.

O Socrates, thou stedfast champion,
She mighte never be thy turmentoure,
Thow never dreddest hir oppression,
Ne in hir chere fonde thou noo savoure;
Thow knewe wel the deceyt of hir coloure,
And that hir mooste worshippe is to lye;
I knowe hir eke a fals dissimuloure,
For fynally Fortune I diffye.

LA RESPONS DU FORTUNE AU PLEINTIF.

No man is wrechched but himselfe yt wene,
And he that hath himselfe hath suffisaunce.
Why seyst thow than I am to the so kene,
That havest thy selfe out of my governaunce?

---

[1] This line is quoted by the Persone in his tale as 'a newe Frensche song.'—See vol. iv. p. 25.

[2] See also *The Romaunt of the Rose*, vol. vii. p. 185, note 3.

[3] That is, 'Thy violence (*redeur*) is not to be accounted of by one who has the mastery over himself.'

Sey thus:—'Graunt mercy of thyn habundaunce
That thow havest lent or this;' thou shalt not strive.
What wooste thou yet how I thee wol avaunce?
And eke thou havest thy best frend alyve.

I have the taught divisioun betwene
Frend of effect, and frend of countenaunce.[1]
The nedeth not the galle of noon hiene,[2]
That cureth even derke fro her penaunce;
Now seest thow clere that were in ignoraunce.
Yet halt thine ankre,[3] and yet thow maist arrive
There bounty bereth the keye of my substaunce,
And eke thow havest thy best frend alyve.

How many have I refused to sustene,
Sith I have the fostred in thy plesaunce!
Wolt thow than maken a statute on thy quene,
That I shal ben aye at thin ordinaunce?
Thou borne art in my regne of variaunce,
Aboute the whele with other maist thow drive;
My loor ys bet, than wikke is thy grevaunce,[4]
And eke thow havest thy beste frend alyve.

LE PLEINTIF ENCOUNTRE FORTUNE.

Thy loor I dampne! hit is adversite!
My frend maist thow nat reve, blynde goddesse!
That I thy frende[5] knowe, I thanke yt thee;
Take hem ageyn! let hem goo lie a-presse!

---

[1] That is, 'Friend in reality and friend in appearance only.' This idea is taken from Boethius, and occurs before in the *Rom. of the Rose*. —See vol. vii. p. 185, note 3.

[2] It appears that the gall of a hyena was a cure for sore eyes.

[3] 'Your anchor still holdeth.' The poet here compares the 'best friend,' to whom frequent allusion is made, to an anchor.

[4] That is, 'The wholesome lesson which I teach is sufficient to counterbalance the affliction you suffer.'

[5] That is, 'The friends whose friendship depends on the favours of Fortune to its object.'

The negardes in kepinge hir richesse,
Pronostike ys thow wolt hire toure assayle;
Wikke appetite cometh ay before sekenesse,[1]
In general this rule may nat fayle.

FORTUNE ENCOUNTRE LE PLEINTIF.

Thou pynchest at my mutabilite,
For I thee lent a drope of my rychesse;
And now me liketh to withdrawe me,
Why shuldest thou my royaltee oppresse?
The see may ebbe and flowe more and lesse;
The welkene hath myghte to shine, reyn, and hayle;
Right so mote I kythe my brotelnesse,
In general this rule may nat fayle.

Loo, thexecucion of the Mageste
That alle purveyth of hys ryghtwisnesse,
That same thing Fortune clepen ye,
Ye blynde beestes ful of lewdenesse!
The hevene hath property of sikernesse;
This world hath ever restelesse travayle;
The last day ys ende of myne interesse,[2]
In general this rule may nat fayle.

LENVOYE DU FORTUNE.

Princes! I pray yow of your gentilesse
Lat not thys man on me thus crie and pleyne,
And I shal quyte yow this besynesse.
And but yow liste releve him of his peyne,
Prayeth ye his best frende of his noblesse,
That to some better estate he may atteyne.[3]

---

[1] That is, 'Their niggardliness [negardes] in not imparting their riches to the poet is a prognostic that Fortune is about to become their enemy, just as an unnaturally greedy appetite is an omen of approaching sickness.'

[2] *Interesse* appears to be a noun formed from the Lat. *interesse*, to have a part in a business. Fortune says that she will not cease to have a part in the affairs of men till the final day of doom, when all shall be judged by their merits.

[3] Who this best friend may have been it is impossible to determine:

A GOODLY BALLADE OF CHAUCER.

MOTHER of norture, best beloved of alle,
And freshe floure, to whom good thrift God sende!
Your child, if it luste you me so to calle,
Al be I unable my selfe so to pretende,
To your discrecion I recommende
Mine herte and al, with every circumstance,
Al holly to be under your governaunce.

Most desire I, and have and ever shal,
Thing which might your hertes ese amende;
Have me excused, my power is but smal;
Nathelesse, of right, ye oughte to commende
My goode wille, which faine wolde entende
To do you service; for al my suffisaunce
Is holy to be under your governaunce.

Mieulx un in herte which never shal appalle,[1]
Aye freshe and new, and right glad to dispende
My time in your service, what so befalle,
Beseching your excellence to defende
My simplenesse, if ignoraunce offende
In any wise; sith that mine affiaunce,
Is holy to been under your governaunce.

Daisye of light, very ground of comfort,[2]
The Sunnes doughter ye highte, as I rede;
For whan he westreth, farwel your disport!
By your nature anone, right for pure drede

---

it may have been John of Gaunt, Edward III., Richard II., or Henry IV.' The poem is evidently a delicate form of petition to him, whoever he may be, and to the Council, for promotion or pecuniary assistance.

[1] That is, 'Better one whose love will never pall,' or become changed by fruition.

[2] The lady's name was evidently Margaret, which means in French a daisy, perhaps the Lady Margaret, Countess of Pembroke, the great patroness of learning.—See vol. iv. p. 250, note 2.

Of the rude night that with his boistous wede
Of darkenesse shadoweth our emispere,
Than closen ye, my lives ladie dere!

Dawening the Day to his kinde resort,
And Phebus your father with his stremes rede
Adorneth the morrow, consuming the sort
Of mistie cloudes that wolden overlede
Trewe humble hertes with hir mistyhede,
Nere comfort a-dayes, whan[1] eyen clere
Disclose and sprede my lives ladye dere,

Je vouldray—but grete God disposeth
And maketh casuel, by his providence,
Suche thing as mannes frele witte purposeth,
Al for the best, if that your conscience
Not grucche it, but in humble pacience
It receive: for God scyth, withoute fable,
A feythful[2] herte ever is acceptable.

Cautels who so useth gladly, gloseth;
To eschewe soch it is right high prudence;
What ye sayd ones mine herte opposeth,
That my writing japes in your absence
Plesed you moche better thanne my presence:
Yet can I more; ye be not excusable,
A faithfull herte ever is acceptable.

Quaketh my penne; my spirit supposeth
That in my writing ye fynde wol some offence;
Min herte welkeneth thus; anon it riseth;

[1] If we read *of the daye*, instead of *a dayes*, and *whos* instead of *whan*, this stanza will become intelligible. It will then mean, 'As soon as Day rises into his natural place, and your father Phœbus adorns the morning with his rosy beams, consuming the throng of clouds which, were it not for the comfort of Day, whose clear eyes disclose my lady dear to my sight, would overlade true hearts with their mistiness, I would—' The poet here breaks off by an expressive aposiopesis.

[2] The allusion is to the promises made in the New Testament to the Christian grace of faith.

Now hotte, now colde, and efte in fervence:[1]
That misse is, is caused of negligence,
And not of malice; therefore beth merciable;
A faithfull herte ever is acceptable.

LENVOYE.

Forth compleynt! forth lacking eloquence!
Forth little letter, of enditing lame!
I have besought my ladies sapience
Of thy behalfe, to accept in game
Thine inabilitie; doe thou the same:
Abide! have more yet!—Je serve Joyesse.
Now forth I close thee in holy Venus name!
Thee shall unclose my hertes governeresse.

BALLADE SENT TO KING RICHARD.

SOMETYME this worlde was so stedfast and stable,
That mannis worde was holde obligacioun;[2]
And nowe it is so fals and deseyvable,
That worde and werke, as in conclusioun,
Been noothyng oon; for turnid up so downe
Is all this worlde, thorowe mede and wylfulnesse,[3]
That al is loste for lacke of stedfastnesse.

What make this worlde to be so variable
But luste, that folke have in dissension?
For nowe adayes a man is holde unable,

---

[1] Compare vol. i. p. 137, note 4.

[2] It appears that even in the fourteenth century there were persons who lamented the degeneracy of modern days, and sighed for a return of the 'good old times.'

[3] That is, 'Through the prevalence of bribery and wilfulness.'

But yf he can, by some collusion,
Do his neyghboure wronge or oppression.
What causithe this but wilful wrecchednesse,
That al is loste for lack of stedfastnesse?

Trowthe is put downe, resoun is holden fable;
Vertu hathe nowe no dominacion;
Pite exiled, no wight is merciable;
Thorowe covetyse is blente discrecion;
The worlde hathe made permutacion
From right to wronge, from trowthe to fekylnesse,
That al is lost for lacke of stedfastnesse.

LENVOYE.

O Prince desire to be honourable;
Cherishe thy folke, and hate extorcioun;
Suffre noothing that may be reprovable
To thyn estate, done in thy regyoun;[1]
Shewe forthe the sworde of castigacioun;
Drede God, do lawe, love thorow worthinesse,
And wedde thi folke[2] ageyne to stedfastnesse.

EXPLICIT.

THE COMPLEYNTE OF CHAUCER TO HIS PURSE.[3]

TO yow my purse and to noon other wighte
Complayne I, for ye be my lady dere!
I am so sory now that ye been lyghte,

[1] That is, 'Suffer not anything prejudicial to thine estate to be done,' &c.

[2] The Harl. MS., 7333, reads, *drive thi pple;* the reading in the text, which is much better, is from Fairfax MS. 16.

[3] In the Harl. MS. 7333, this little poem is called *A Supplicacion to King Richard, by Chaucer*, but the *Envoy* manifestly applies to Henry IV. If, therefore, it be really Chaucer's, it must have been written in the last year of his life, just after the accession of his patron's son, when we know he was in difficulties.—See *Life*, vol. i. p. 30.

For, certes yf ye make me hevy chere,
Me were as leef be layde upon my bere.
For whiche unto your mercy thus I crye,
Beeth hevy ageyne, or elles mote I die!

Now voucheth sauf this day, or hyt be nyghte,
That I of yow the blissful soune may here,
Or see your colour lyke the sunne bryghte,
That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
Ye be my lyf! ye be myn hertys stere!
Quene of comfort and good companye!
Beth hevy ayeyne, or elles moote I dye!

Now, purse! that ben to me my lyves lyghte,
And saveour as doune in this worlde here,
Oute of this toune helpe me thurgh your myghte,
Syn that you wole not bene my tresorere;
For I am shave as nye as is a frere.[1]
But I pray unto your curtesye,
Bethe hevy ayeyne, or elles moote I dye!

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER.

O conquerour of Brutes Albyon,[2]
Whiche that by lygne and free election,
Been verray Kynge,[3] this song to yow I sende,
And ye that mowen alle myn harme amende,
Have mynde upon my supplicacion.

---

[1] That is, 'I am as bare of money as the tonsure of a friar is of hair,'—a very ludicrous simile.

[2] In Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, which professes to be translated from an ancient British original, the British are said to be descended from the fugitive Trojans, who, under a chief of the name of Brutus, took refuge in this island. From this Brutus the line of British kings is traced to Cadwallader, who flourished in the seventh century after Christ. The Poet here calls England *Brutes Albyon*, or Brutus' Albion, as being its most ancient and honourable title.

[3] In Henry IV.'s proclamation to the people of England he founds his title on conquest, hereditary right, and election; and from this inconsistent and absurd document Chaucer no doubt took his cue.

GOOD COUNSEIL OF CHAUCER.[1]

FLEE fro the pres, and duelle with sothfastnesse;
Suffice the[2] thy good though hit be smale;
For horde[3] hath hate, and clymbyng tikelnesse,
Pres hath envye, and wele is blent over alle.[4]
Savoure no more then the behove shalle;[5]
Rede wel thy self that other folke canst rede,
And trouthe the shal delyver, hit ys no drede.

Peyne the not eche croked to redresse
In trust of hire that turneth as a balle,[6]
Grete rest stant in lytil besynesse;[7]
Bewar also to spurne ayeine an nalle,[8]
Stryve not as doth a croke with a walle;[9]
Daunt thy selfe that dauntest otheres dede,[10]
And trouthe the shal delyver, hit is no drede.

---

[1] This interesting little poem is found in the Cottonian collection, marked Otho, A. xviii., where it is said to have been made by Chaucer, 'upon his death-bed, lying in his anguish.'

[2] The printed editions read, 'Suffice unto thy good,' which is nonsense. 'Suffice the thy good' means 'Let thy fortune be sufficient for thee,' *i.e.* 'Be content.'

[3] *Horde* means treasure; but it is certainly not true that riches make men hated.

[4] 'Wealth or prosperity is liable above all things to blind people to their real situation.' This sentiment has occurred before in *The Romaunt of the Rose* and the *Ballade de Vilaye sauns Peynture*.

[5] *Savoure*, like the old French *savourer*, means to taste. The passage then will signify, 'Be not greedy to taste more pleasure than behoves thee.'

[6] *Scil.* Fortune.

[7] This is one form of the proverb, 'Of little meddling cometh great ease.'

[8] 'Take care not to kick against a nail.' This was an old proverb at the time of St. Paul's conversion; for it is applied in Acts ix. to his attempt to oppose himself to the Church of Christ. Here we have an example of the manner in which the *n* of the indefinite article is sometimes transferred to the succeeding word, as an initial *n* is also often transferred to the indefinite article. An alle (an awl) becomes a nalle or a nail, or *vice versâ*.

[9] This is one form of Æsop's fable of the brazen and earthen pots.

[10] The printed editions read *deme* and *demest*, meaning judge and judgest; but *daunt*, meaning control (French *dompter*) is perhaps better.

That the ys sent receyve in buxomnesse,
The wrasteling of this world asketh a falle;[1]
Her is no homè, her is but wyldyrnesse.
Forth pilgrime! forth best out of thy stalle!
Loke up on hye, and thonke God of alle;
Weyve thy lust, and let thy goste the lede,[2]
And trouthe shal thee delyver, hit is no drede.

A BALLADE.

THE firste fadir and fyndr of gentilnesse,[3]
What man desirith gentil for to be,
Most followe his trace, and alle his wittes dresse,
Vertue to shew, and vices for to flee;
For unto vertu longeth dignitee,
And nought the revers, savely dar I deme,
Al were he miter, corone or diademe.

This first stoke was ful of rightwisnesse,
Trewe of his worde, sober, pitous and free,
Clene of his gooste and lovid besynesse,
Ageynste the vice of slowthe in honeste;
And but his heire love vertu as did he,
He nis not gentil though him riche seme,
Al were he miter, corone or diademe.

Vice may welle be heyre to olde richesse,
But there may no man, as ye may wel see,
Byquethe his sone his vertuous noblesse;

[1] The poet says that inasmuch as this life is confessedly a contest or wrestling-match, you must expect to receive a fall, or reverse.

[2] That is, 'Let thy spirit (goste), not thy appetite, lead thee.'

[3] By 'the firste fadir and fyndr of gentilnesse' the poet seems to mean Christ. Compare *Wyf of Bathes Tale*, vol. ii. p. 82, 'Crist wol we clayme of him oure gentilesse.' Instead of *The firste fadir and fynder*, Speght, in the poem by Scogan, in which this piece is introduced, reads, *The first stock-father*.—See *ante*, p. 127.

That is approperid to no degree,
But to the firste Fader in Magestee, [queme,
Whiche maketh His heires hem that doone Him
Al were he miter, corone or diademe.

EXPLICIT

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER A SCOGAN.[1]

TO-BROKEN been the statutes hye in hevene,
That creat weren eternally to dure,
Syth that I see the bryghte goddis sevene
Mowe wepe[2] and wayle, and passion endure,
As may in erthe a mortale creature:
Allas! fro whennes may thys thinge procede?
Of whiche errour I deye almost for drede.

By word eterne whilome was yshape,
That fro the fyfte sercle in no manere,
Ne myght a drope of teeres doune eschape;

---

[1] For some account of Scogan see *ante*, p. 127.

[2] The poet here supposes that the great rain which fell in the year 1348, and which was supposed to have produced the pestilence that devastated Europe at this period, was caused by the tears of the planets. The rain is thus described by Fabian:—'And in this xxiii. yere [*scil.*, of Edward III.] fell great continuall rayne, from Mydsomer to Christmas, whereof ensued exceedinge floodes. By reason whereof the grounde was sore corrupted, so that dyvers inconveniences ensued upon the same, as sykenesse and other, as in the yeres followinge shall appear. . . . And aboute the ende of August the mortalitie began in dyvers places of Englande, and specially at London, and so continued to the saide month of August next ensuing.'—FABIAN, *Chronicle*, Anno 1348. There seems to be here some confusion of dates; for the rain is said to have fallen in the twenty-third year of Edward III., that is, in 1350, whereas it is recorded under the year 1348. This arises probably from the uncertainty attached to the time of Edward III.'s accession consequent upon the mysterious murder of his father. The pestilence of 1348, which extended over Europe, was supposed at the time to have been occasioned by an extraordinary conjunction of Saturn with the other planets, a phenomenon which occurs scarcely once in a thousand years, and to which the poet refers in saying that 'the statutes hye in hevene' are 'to-broken.'

But now so wepeth Venus in hir spere,
That with hir teres she wol drenche us here.
Allas! Scogan this is for thyn offence!
Thou causest this deluge of pestilence.

Havest thow not seyd in blaspheme of this goddis,
Thurgh pride, or thurgh thy grete rekelnesse,
Swich thing as in the lawe of love forbode is,
That for thy lady sawgh nat thy distresse,
Therfore thow yave hir up at Mighelmesse?
Allas, Scogan! of olde folke ne yonge,
Was never erst Scogan blamed for his tonge.[1]

Than drowe in skorne Cupide eke to recorde
Of thilke rebel worde that thow hast spoken,
For which he wol no lenger be thy lorde;
And, Scogan, though his bowe be nat broken,
He wol nat with his arwes been ywroken
On thee ne me, ne noon of youre figure;
We shul of him have neyther hurte nor cure,

Now certes, frend, I drede of thyn unhappe,
Lest for thy gilte the wreche of love procede
On alle hem that ben hoor and rounde of shappe,
That ben so lykely folke to spede,
Than shal we for oure laboure have noo mede;
But wel I wot thow wolt answere and saye,
'Loo, olde Grisel lyste to rynne and pley!'[2]

Nay, Scogan, say not soo, for I mexcuse,
God helpe me so, in no ryme douteles;
Ne thynke I never of slepe to wake my muse,

[1] An allusion, probably, to Scogan's wit.

[2] The poet, in this stanza, seems to say that he is afraid lest the vengeance of the God of Love for Scogan's blasphemy may fall on himself and all, who, like Scogan, are corpulent and hoary. The host in *The Canterbury Tales* twits the poet with his stoutness; but, if the date of this poem be 1348, Chaucer could have been only 21 when it was written.

That rusteth in my shethe stille in pees;
While I was yonge I put her forth in prees;
But alle shal passe that men prose or rime,
Take every man hys turne as for his time.

Scogan, thou knelest at the stremes hede[1]
Of grace, of alle honour, and of worthynesse.
In th'ende[2] of which streme I am dul as dede,
Forgete in solytary wildernesse;
Yet, Scogan, thenke on Tullius' kyndenesse;[3]
Mynde thy frende there it may fructyfye,
Farewel, and loke thow never eft love dyffie.

EXPLICIT.

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER A BUKTON.[4]

My maister, Bukton, whanne of Christ oure king,
Was asked, what is troth or sothfastnesse?[5]
He not a worde answerde to that asking,
As who seyth, no man is al true, I gesse;
And therfor, though I highte to expresse
The sorrow and wo that is in mariage,
I dar not writen of it no wikkednesse,
Lest I my selfe falle efte in swiche dotage.

---

[1] Opposite to this, in the margin of the Fairfax MS., is written 'i. a Wyndesor.'

[2] Opposite to this word is written 'i. a Greenwich.' The meaning of the passage, therefore, is that Scogan lived at the Court of Windsor, while Chaucer was residing at Greenwich, farther from the source of favour, just as Greenwich is farther than Windsor from the source of the Thames.

[3] The friendship inculcated by Cicero in his *De amicitiâ*.

[4] On these stanzas Tyrwhitt observes:—'From the reference to the Wyf of Bathe, I should suppose it to be one of our author's latter compositions; and I find that there was a Peter de Bukton, the King's escheator for the county of York, in 1397.'—*Pat.* 20 R. II. p. 2, m. 3 *apud* Rymer.

[5] John xviii. 38.

I wol not seye how that it is the cheyne
Of Sathanas, on which he gnaweth ever;
But I dar seyn, were he oute of his peyne,
As by his wille he wolde be bounde nevere.
But thilke doted foole that ofte hath levere
Ycheyned be than out of prison crepe
God lete him never fro his woo dissevere,
Ne no man him bewayle though he wepe!

But yet lest thow do worse, take a wyfe;
Bet yš to wedde than burne in worse wise,[1]
But thow shalt have sorwe on thy flessh thy lyfe,
And ben thy wyfes thral, as seyn these wise.
And yf that hooly writte may not suffyse,
Esperience shal the teche, so may happe,
That the were lever to be take in Frise,
Than eft falle of weddynge in the trappe.

This lytel written proverbes or figure
I sende yow, take kepe of hyt I rede!
Unwise is he that kan noo wele endure.
If thow be siker, put the not in drede.
The wyfe of Bathe I pray yow that ye rede
Of this matere that we have on honde.
God graunte yow your lyfe frely to lede
In fredom, for ful harde is to be bonde.

EXPLICIT.

PROVERBES OF CHAUCER.[2]

WHAT sulde these clothes thus manyfolde,
Loo, this hoote somers day?
After greet hete cometh colde;
No man kaste his pilche[3] away.

[1] 1 Cor. vii. 9.

[2] Only the first two stanzas are given in the printed editions; but in the MSS. which have been consulted for the present text, the rest follow without any distinction.

[3] A *pilche* is a pelisse, or cloak, made or trimmed with fur. It is

Of alle this worlde the large compas
It wil not in myn armes tweyne;
Whoo so mochel wille enbrace,
Litel thereof he shal distreyne.

The worlde so wide, the eyre so remuable,
The sely man so litel of stature;
The grone of grownde[1] and clothinge so mutable,
The feer so hoote and sotel of nature,
The water never in oon—what creature
That made is of these foure thus flittynge,[2]
May stedfast be, as here, in his lyvynge?

The more I goo the ferther I am behynde,
The ferther behinde the nere my werres ende;
The more I seche the werse can I fynde;
The lighter leve, the lother for to wende;[3]
The better I lyve, the more oute of mynde;
Is this fortune not[4] I, or infortune;
Though I goo loos, tyed am I with a loynne.[5]

EXPLICIT.

ROUNDEL.

I.

I

YOURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

---

derived from the Latin *pellis*, a skin, quasi *toga pelliceus*.—See Junius in voc.

The Fairfax MS. reads *The grove and grounde*. Both readings seem equally unintelligible.

[2] It was supposed that man was composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water. This belief is alluded to by Shakspeare in his 44th and 45th Sonnets.—See *Shaks. Poems*, Annot. Ed., p. 174.

[3] That is, 'The more likely to leave this world, the less willing.'

[4] That is, 'I know not.'

[5] The poet probably means that he is married.—See *L'Envoy de Chaucer a Bukton*.

2

And but your words will helen hastely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

3

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene,
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.
Youre two, &c.

II.

1

So hath youre beaute fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n'availeth not to pleyn;
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased;
I sey yow soth, me needeth not to fayn;
So hath your beaute fro your herte chased, &c.

3

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he stewe for the peyn.
So hath youre beaute, &c.

III.

1

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
I nere thinke to ben in his prison tene;
Syn I am fre, I counte him not a bene.

2

He may answere, and sey this and that,
I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene;
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.[1]

3

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
And he is strike out of my bokes clene
For ever mo, ther[2] is non other mene.
Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

VIRELAI.[3]

ALONE walking,
In thought plaining,
And sore sighing,
All desolate,

Me remembring
Of my living,
My death wishing
Both early and late.

Infortunate
Is so my fate
That, wote ye what?
Out of measure

My life I hate:
Thus desperate,
In such poor estate,
Do I endure.

---

[1] The poet often alludes to his corpulence.—See *ante*, p. 146, note 2, and vol. iii. p. 115, note 2. This *embonpoint* was quite contrary to mediæval rules of gallantry.—See vol. iv. p. 148, note 1.

[2] This, MS.

[3] This species of lyric was fashionable in Chaucer's time. We have among Froissart's poetical works virelaies and rondeaus.

Of other cure
Am I not sure;
Thus to endure
Is hard certain;

Such is my ure,
I you ensure;
What creature
May have more pain?

My truth so plain
Is taken in vain,
And great disdain
In remembraunce;

Yet I full fain
Would me complain,
Me to abstain
From this penaunce.

But in substaunce,
None allegeaunce
Of my grevaunce
Can I not find;

Right so my chaunce,
With displesaunce,
Doth me avaunce;
And thus an end.

CHAUCER'S PROPHECY.[1]

QWAN prestis faylin in her sawes,
And Lordis turnin Goddis lawes
Ageynis ryt;

[1] In Sir Harris Nicolas's edition of Chaucer's works the following notice is prefixed to these lines:—'The Lines entitled *Chaucer's Prophecy* were found, with the following Variations, on the fly-leaf of a miscellaneous old MS. containing *The Meditations of St. Anselm*, and other devotional Pieces in Latin. The date at the end of the Volume,

And lecherie is holdin as privy solas,
And robberie as fre purchas,
Bewar than of,ille!

Than schall the Lond of Albion
Turnin to confusion,
As sumtyme it befelle.[1]

Ora pro Anglia Sancta Maria, quod Thomas Cantuaria.

Sweete Jhesu heven-king
Fayr and beste of all thyng
You bring us owt of this morning
To come to the at owre ending.

---

but in a different hand, is M.CCC.LXXXI.' Speght's version, which runs as follows, differs materially :—

'When faith faileth in Prestes sawes,
And lordes hestes are holden for lawes,
And robberie is holden purchace,
And leccherie is holden solace;
Then shall the londe of Albion
Be brought to great confusion.'

This will remind the reader of the prophecy in *Lear*:—

'When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks burned, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.'

Mysterious prophecies, of which the foregoing is a parody, are very common to this day among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland. Sir W. Scott gives many examples in his notes on Thomas the Rhymer. —See *Border Mins.* vol. iv.

CHAUCER'S WORDS UNTO HIS OWN SCRIVENER.

ADAM Scrivener, if ever it thee befalle,
Boece or Troilus for to write new,
Under thy long locks[1] thou maist have the scalle,
But after my making thou write more trew!
So oft a day I mote thy werke renew,
It to correct and eke to rubbe and scrape;
And all is thorow thy negligence and rape.[2]

INCIPIT ORATIO GELFRIDI CHAUNCER.

ORISOUNE TO THE HOLY VIRGIN.

'MODER of God, and virgin undefould,
O blisful quene, our quenis emperice![3]
Preye thou for me that am in syn ymould,
Oneto thi sone, the punysar of vice,
That of his mercy, thoght[4] that I be nyce
And neclegent in keping of his law,
His hie mercy my soule onto him drawe.

'Thou moder of mercy, wey of indulgence,
That of al wertu art superlatif!
Savour of saulis, throw thi benevolence!
O humyll lady, mayde, moder, and wyve!
Causar of pes, strynthar[5] of woe and strive!

---

[1] In Edward the Third's time the hair was parted in the middle, and worn long, and curled over the ears and round the back of the head, as may be seen in brasses of the period.

[2] If the English language was in such an unsettled state that Chaucer's secretary could not write his poetry correctly under the immediate direction of the poet himself, what can we expect of those who were removed from his time by twenty or thirty years?

[3] The orison may possibly have been composed for Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., as Chaucer's *A.B.C.* was for the Duchess of Lancaster. This may explain the allusion in the text.

[4] *Thoght* is for *though*.

[5] *Strynthar* is probably a mistake for *stynter*, or *stinter*, one who stints, or puts a stop to.

My prayer to thi sone that thou present,
Sene of my gilt hooly I me rapent.

'Benyng comfort of us wrecches alle [waye]!
Be at myn ending quhen that I sall deye.
O well of piete, oneto the I call,
Fulfillit of sweitnes, holp me for to weye
Agane the feynd, that with his handis tweye
And al his myght wil pluk at the ballance
To wey us downe, kep us from his mischance.[1]

'And for thou art ensample of chastite,
And of alle vyrtuis, worschip, and honour,
Above all women blisset mot thou be!
Now speik, now prey, unto our Salviour,
That he me send swych grace and favour
That al the heit and byrnyng licherye
He slok in me, blissit madene Marye!

'Most blissit lady, cleir licht of the day!
Tempil of our lord, and woce[2] of all gudnes!
That by thi prayer wipeth clene away
The filth of our soulis wikitnes!
Put furth thi hond; help me in my distres,
And fro temptacioun, lady, deliver me
Of wikit thoght, for thi benignite.

'So that the wille fulfillit be of thi sone,
And that the Holi Gost he me illumyn,
Prey thou for us, as evir hes bene the wone,
Al swich emprice sekerly bene thin;
For swich an advocat may no man devin,
As thou, lady, our grevis to redres;
In thi refuce is all our sekernes.

[1] Probably an allusion to the mediæval pictures of the doom, which used generally to be placed over the chancel-arch. In these the souls of men are represented as weighed in a balance, and the fiends as endeavouring to make them kick the beam by weighing down the opposite scale.

[2] *Woce* is perhaps a mistake for *woone*, dwelling.

'Thou schapin art be Goddis ordinaunce,
To prey for us, flour of humilite!
Quhairfor of thin office have rememberaunce,
Lest that the feynd, throw his subtilite,
That in await lyeth for to cautch me,
Me never overcum with his trechery;
Unto my soule-hele,[1] lady, thou me gy.

'Thou art the way of our redemcioun,
For Crist of the dedenyt[2] for to tak
Both flesch and blood, to this entencioun,
Upone a croce to dyene for our sak:
His precius deth maid the feyndis quaik,
And cristin folk for to rejosene ever;
Help, from his mercy that we noght dissevir!

'Remember eik upone the sorow and peyne,
That thou sufferit in to his passioun,
Quhen watter and blud out of thin ene tweyn,
For sorow of him, ran by thi chekis doune;
And sone thou knowest weil the enchesone
Of his duing was for to saif mankind;
Thou moder of mercy, have that in thi mynd.

'Weil ouchtene we thee worschip and honour,
Palace of Crist, floure of virginite!
Seing that upone the was laid the cure,
To bere the Lord of hevin, of erth, and see,
And of alle thingis that formyt ever myght be;
Of hevynis king thou was predestinat,
To hele our saulis of thyn sic hie estait.

'Thy madynis wambe, in quhich that our Lord lay;
Thy pappis quhit, that gaf him souk also
Unto our sauffing, blissit be thou ay!

---

[1] *Soule-helle* in the MS. *Soule-hele* means health of my soul, *scil.* Christ. 'Lady, guide me to my soul's health.'

[2] We ought, perhaps, to read *dedenyt not*, as in the *Te Deum*, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.'

The birth of Crist our thraldome put us fro;
Joy and honour be now and evir moo
To him and the, that unto liberte
Fra thraldome have us brot; blessit be ye!

'By the, lady, ymaked is the pes
Betwix angellis and man, it is no dout;
Blissit be God, that swich a moder ches,
The passing bounte spredeth all about:
Thoght that our hertis sterne be and stout,
Thou cast to Crist befor us swich a meyne,[1]
That all our gilt forgevin be us clene.

'Paradice yettis[2] alle open bene throu the,
And brokin bene the yettis ek of helle;
By the the waurld restorit is, pardee;
Of al wertu thou art the spring and welle;
By thee, al gudnes, schortlie for to tell,
In hevin and erth be thine ordinaunce
Performet is our saulis sustenaunce.

'Now, sene thou art of swich autorite,
Thou petius lady and virgin vainles,[3]
Pray thi dier sone my gilt forgeve it me,
Of the request I now wil doutles:[4]
Than spare not to put the furth in pres,[5]
To prey for us, Cristis moder so deir!
For thi prayer he will beneyngly heir.

---

[1] *Meyne* appears to signify *mean*, or mediation.

[2] This is spelt *zettis* in *Notes and Queries*; but the modern *y* rather than *z* represents the mediæval letter.

[3] *Vainles* is evidently a mistake for *wemles*, undefiled.

[4] In *Notes and Queries* this line stands thus:—

'Of the request I know wel doutles.'

This is evidently a mistake of the scribe, who appears to have misunderstood the passage in consequence of its inverted construction. The meaning is, 'I now will doubtless request of thee to pray thy dear son to forgive me my guilt.'

[5] 'To put yourself forward in the crowd.' The expression occurs in *The Assembly of Foules*, vol. iv. p. 213, note 1.

'Apostil and frend familiar of Crist,
And virgin, ychose of him, sanct Johne!
Schynyng apostle and evangelist,
And best belovit amangis thame ichone!
With our lady, I pray the, thou be one,
That onto Crist sal for us alle preye;
Do this for us, Cristis darling, I seye!

'Mary and Johnne, O hevynis gemmis tweyne!
O lichtis twoo, schynyng in the presence
Of our Lord God, now doth your lusty peyne,
To wesche away our cloude full of offence,
So that we mycht maken resistance
Agane the feynd, and mak him to bewaile,
That your prayer may us so moche availle.

'Ye bene the twoo, I know weraly,
In quhich the fader God can edefy,
By his Sone only-gottin, specially
To him a hous;[1] quharfor to you I cry,
Beeth leichis of our synfull malady,
Prayeth to God, Lord of misericord,
Our old giltis that he not record.

'Be ye our help and our protectioun,
Sene for mercy of your benignite,
The prevelege of his dilectioun
In you confermyt God upone the tre
Hanging; and to one of you, said he
Richt in this wys, as I rehers now can,
'Behold and see, lo, heir thin sone, woman!'

'And to that other, 'Heir is thi moder too!'[2]
Than pray I you for that great sweitnes
Of the haly luf that God betwix you twoo
With his mouth maid, and of his hie nobles
Commandit hath you, throu his blissitnes,

[1] *Scil.* the church. [2] John xix. 26, 27.

As moder and sone to help us in our neid
And for our synnis mak our hartis bleid.

'Unto you tweyne now I my soule commend,
Mary and Johne, for my salvacioun,
Helpeth me that I my lif may mend,
Helpeth now that the habitacioun
Of the Holy Gost, our recreacioun,[1]
Be in my hart now and evermor;[2]
And of my soule wesch away the sor.[3]

'EXPLICIT ORATIO GALFRIDI CHAUCEIR.'

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[1] The Holy Ghost is called our recreacioun, as being the person of the Holy Trinity by whom Christians are created anew, or regenerated. John iii. 5.

[2] See 1 Cor. vi. 19.

[3] From the orthography of this poem it is obvious that the writer of the MS. was a native of Scotland. Thus *qu* is used instead of *w*—as *quhen, quhich, quhairfor, quhit*, for when, which, wherefor, white; *a* is substituted for *o*—as *wambe, saulis*, for wombe, soules, or sowles; *s* for *sh*, or *sch*—as *sal* for shal, or schal. It will be observed that these are the same peculiarities which distinguish the dialect of the two clerks, Aleyn and Johan, in *The Reeves Tale*. This is an additional reason for believing that the Strother there mentioned as their native place is Strother in Fife, and not Langstrothdale in Yorkshire, as Whittaker supposes. Compare vol. i. p. 223, note 1, with Glossary *in voc. Strother*.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CHAUCER.

INTRODUCTION.

In all the early editions of Chaucer's works is a poem entitled *The Lamentation of Mary Magdalene.* To this title Speght adds the following note, by which he endeavours to identify it with that mentioned in *The Legende of Goode Women*;—'This treatise is taken out of Origen, where Mary Magdalene lamenteth the cruell death of her Saviour Christ.' Upon this Tyrwhitt observes:—'In *The Legende of Goode Women*, verse 427, he [Chaucer] says of himself that

> He made also, gon is a grete while,
> *Origenes upon the Maudeleine*'—

meaning, I suppose, a translation, into prose or verse, of the Homily *de Mariâ Magdalenâ*, which has been commonly, though falsely, attributed to Origen.—Vide *Opera Origenis*, Tom. ii. p. 291, Ed. Paris. 1604. I cannot believe that the poem entitled *The Lamentation of Marie Magdalene*, which is in all the editions of Chaucer, is really a work of his. It can hardly be considered as a translation, or even imitation, of the homily; and the composition, in every respect, is infinitely meaner than the worst of his genuine pieces.'

With Tyrwhitt's judgment on the comparative inferiority of the piece most readers will agree; but there are circumstances which render the internal evidence far from conclusive. In *The Legende of Goode Women* the poem on the subject of Mary Magdalen's sorrows is stated to have been written *gon is a grete while*, and therefore in the poet's youth, when his genius may be supposed to have been immature, and his style uncultivated by practice. This in some degree disposes of the argument against the authenticity of *The Lamentation*,

drawn from the meanness of the style, upon which Tyrwhitt relies, and leaves the circumstantial evidence, from its corresponding to the description in *The Legende of Goode Women*, combined with the unbroken tradition of all the editions, its full weight, which Tyrwhitt's opinion alone is not sufficient to counterbalance. *The Lamentation of Mary Magdalene* is, therefore, included in the present edition; together with another short poem entitled *A Praise of Women*, also rejected by Tyrwhitt on the ground of internal evidence, and the stanzas commencing 'Go forth King,' which are certainly not in Chaucer's manner, and have rather the air of one of Lydgate's solemn commonplaces. These pieces are distinguished from the productions of whose authenticity there exists no reasonable doubt, by being collected here under a separate head, and left to the judgment of the reader.

To these are added three short pieces published by Speght and all the early editors, and placed by them, together with *The Prophecy*, before *The Canterbury Tales*. They are not noticed at all by Tyrwhitt, who may possibly have overlooked them in consequence of their not appearing among the other poems, nor in the indices in Speght's and Urry's editions.

THE LAMENTATION OF MARY MAGDALENE.

PLONGED in the wawe of mortal distresse,
Alas, for wo! to whom shall I complaine?
Or who shall devoide this great heavinesse
Fro me woful Mary, woful Magdaleine?
My Lord is gon; alas! who wrought this trein?
This sodain chaunce perseth my hart so depe,
That nothing can I do but waile and wepe.

My Lord is gone that here in grave was laied;
After his great passion and death cruell,
Who hath him thus again betraied?
Or what man here about can me tell
Where he is become, the Prince of Israel,
Jesus of Nazareth, my ghostly succour,
My parfite love and hope of all honour?

What creature hath him hence caried?
Or how might this so sodainly befall?
I would I had here with him taried,
And so should I have had my purpose all.
I bought ointments full precious and royal,
Wherewith I hoped his corps to han anointed,
But he thus gone, my mind is dispoincted.

While I therefore advertise and behold
This pitous chaunce here in my presence,
Full little marvaile though my hart be cold,
Considring, lo, my Lordes absence.
Alas! that I so full of negligence
Should be found! bicause I come so late,
All men may say I am infortunate.

Cause of my sorow you may understand,
Quia tulerunt dominum meum.
An other is, that I ne may fonde,
I wote nere, *Ubi posuerunt eum.*
Thus I must bewayle *dolorem meum,*
With hartie weping, I can no better deserve,
Till death approch my hart for to kerve.

My hart opprest with sodaine aventure,
By fervent anguish is be-wrapped so,
That long this lyfe I may not endure,
Soch is my paine, soch is my mortal wo;
Neverthelesse to what party shall I go,
In hope to find myne owne Turtill true,
My lives joy, my soverain Lorde Jesu?

Sith all my joy that I call his presence
Is thus removed, now I am full of mone;
Alas! the while I made no providence,
For this mishap; wherefore I sigh and grone.
Succour to find to what place might I gon?
Fain I would to some man my hart breake,
I not to whom I may complaine or speake.

Alone here I stand full sory and full sad,
Which hoped to have seene my Lord and King,
Small cause have I to be merie or glad,
Remembryng this bitterfull departing.
In this world is no creature living,
That was to me so good and gracious,
His love also than gold more precious.

Full sore I sigh without comfort again,
There is no cure to my salvacion,
His brennyng love my hart so doth constrain;
Alas! here is a wofull permutacion,
Whereof I find no joy nor consolacion;
Therefore my payne all onely to confesse,
With death I feare woll end my heavinesse.

This wo and anguish is intollerable,
If I bide here life can I not sustaine,
If I go hence my paines be uncurable,
Where him to find, I know no place certaine;
And thus I not of these things twaine,
Which I may take and which I may refuse,
My heart is wounded hereon to think or muse.

Awhile I shall stand in this mournyng,
In hope if any vision would appere,
That of my love might tell some good tidyng,
Which into joy might chaunge my wepyng chere;
I trust in his grace and his mercy dere,
But at the least though I therewith me kill,
I shall not spare to waile and wepe my fill.

And if that I die in soch aventure,
I can no more but welcome as my chaunce,
My bones shall rest here in this sepulture,
My lyfe, my death, is at his ordinaunce;
It shal be told in everlastyng remembraunce,
Thus to departe is to me no shame,
And also thereof I am nothyng to blame.

Hope against me hath her course itake,
There is no more, but thus shall I die,
I see right well my Lorde hath me forsake,
But in my conceipt, cause know I none why.
Though he be farre hence and nothyng nie,
Yet my wofull hart after hym doth seeke,
And causeth teares to ren doun my cheeke.

Thinkyng, alas! I have lost his presence,
Which in this world was all my sustenance,
I cry and call with harty diligence;
But there is no wight giveth attendance,
Me to certifie of myne enquitance;
Wherefore I will to all this world bewray,
How that my Lord is slaine and borne away.

Though I mourne it is no great wonder,
Sithe he is all my joy in speciall,
And, now I thinke, we be so farre asonder,
That him to see I feare never I shall;
It helpeth no more after him to call,
Ne after him to enquire in any coste;
Alas! how is he thus gone and loste?

The Jewes, I thinke, full of misery,
Set in malice, by their busie cure,
With force and might with gilefull trechery,
Hath entermined my Lordes sepulture,
And borne away that precious figure,
Leaving of it nothing; if they have doen so,
Marred I am; alas! what shall I do?

With their vengeaunce insaciable,
Now have they him entreated so,
That to reporte it is to lamentable;
They beate his body from toppe to the toe,
Never man was borne that felt soch woe!
They wounded him, alas! with all grevaunce,
The blood doun reiled in most habundaunce.

The bloody rowes stremed doune over all,
They him assayled so maliciously,
With their scourges and strokes beastial,
They spared not but smote incessantlie,
To satisfie their malice they were full busie;
They spit in his face, they smote here and there,
He groned full sore, and sweate many a tere.

They crouned him with thornes sharp and kene,
The vaines rent, the blood ran doun apace,
With blood overcome were both his iyen,
And bolne with strokes was his blessed face;
They him entreated as men without grace,
They kneeled to him, and made many a scorne,
Like helhounds they have him all to-torne.

Upon a mighty crosse in length and brede,
These turmentours shewed their cursednesse,
They nailed him without pitie or drede,
His precious blood brast out in largenesse,
They strained him along as men mercilesse,
The very jointes all, to mine apparence,
Rived a sonder for their great violence.

Al this I beholding with mine iyen twain,
Stode there beside with ruful attendaunce,
And ever me thought he, being in that pain,
Loked on me with deadly countenaunce,
As he had said in his special remembraunce,
Farwel, Magdalen! depart must I needs hens,
My hart is *tanquam cera liquescens.*

Which ruful sight when I gan behold,
Out of my witte I almost destraught,
Tare my heere, my hands wrang and fold,
And of that sight my hart dranke soch a draught
That many a swouning there I caught;
I brused my body falling on the ground,
Whereof I fele many a grevous wound.

Then these wretches ful of al frowardnesse,
Gave him to drinke eisel tempred with gall;
Alas, that poison full of bitternesse
My loves chere caused then to appall;
And yet thereof might he not drinke at all,
But spake these wordes as him thought best,
Father of heaven, *consummatum est.*

Then kneeled I doune in paines outrage,
Clipping the crosse within mine armes twain,
His blood distilled doune on my visage,
My clothes eke the droppes did distain,
To have died for him I would full fain,
But what should it avayle if I did so,
Sith he is *suspensus in patibulo?*

Thus my Lord full dere was all disguised
With blood, pain, and wounds many one,
His veines brast, his joynts all to-rived,
Partyng a sonder the flesh fro the bone;
But I saw he hing not there alone,
For *cum iniquis deputatus est,*
Not like a man but lyke a leprus beest.

A blind knight men called Longias,
With a speare aproched unto my soverain,
Launsing his side full pitously, alas!
That his precious hart he clave in twain,
The purple blood eke fro the harts vain,
Doune railed right fast in most ruful wise,
With christal water brought out of Paradise.

When I beheld this woful passion,
I wote not how by sodain aventure,
My hart was peersed with very compassion,
That in me remayned no life of nature,
Strokes of death I felt without measure,
My deaths wound I caught with wo opprest,
And brought to point as my hart shuld brest.

The wound, hart, and blood of my darling,
Shal never slide fro my memoriall,
The bitter paines also of tourmenting,
Within my soule be graven principal;
The speare, alas! that was so sharpe withal,
So thrilled my heart as to my felyng,
That body and soule were at departyng.

As soone as I might I releved up againe,
My breth I coude not very well restore,
Felyng my selfe drowned in so great paine,
Both body and soule me thought wer all to-tore,
Violent falles greeved me right sore,
I wept, I bledde, and with my selfe I fared
As one that for his life nothing had cared.

I, lokyng up to that ruful roode,
Saw first the visage pale of that figure,
But so pitous a sight spotted with bloode,
Saw never yet no livyng creature,
So it exceeded the bounds of measure,
That mans mind with all his wits five,
Is nothing able that paine for to discrive.

Then gan I there min armes to unbrace,
Up liftyng my handes full mourningly,
I sighed and sore sobbed in that place,
Both heven and earth might have herd me crie,
Weping, and said, 'Alas!' incessauntly;
Ah my sweet hart, my ghostly paramour,
Alas, I may nat thy body socour!

O blessed Lord, how fierse and how cruell,
These cursed wights now hath thee slaine,
Kerving, alas! thy body everidell,
Wound within wound, full bitter is thy paine;
Now wold that I might to thee attaine,
To nayle my body fast unto thy tree,
So that of this payne thou might go free.

I can not report ne make no rehersaile,
Of my demening with the circumstaunce,
But well I wote the speare with every naile
Thirled my soule by inward resemblaunce,
Which never shall out of my remembraunce;
During my lyfe it wol cause me to waile,
As oft as I remembre that bataile.

Ah! ye Jewes, worse than dogges rabiate,
What moved you thus cruelly him to aray?
He never displeased you nor caused debate,
Your love and true harts he covcyted aye,
He preched, he teched, he shewed the right way;
Wherfore ye, like tyrants wood and wayward,
Now have him thus slaine for his reward.

Ye ought to have remembred one thing special,
His favour, his grace, and his magnificence,
He was your prince borne and Lord over all,
How be it ye toke him in small reverence;
He was ful meke in suffring your offence,
Nevertheles ye devoured him with one assent,
As hungry wolves doth the lambe innocent.

Where was your pite, O people mercilesse,
Arming your selfe with falsheed and treason?
On my lord ye have shewed your woodnesse,
Like no men, but beestes without reason,
Your malice he suffred al for the season,
Your payne wol come, thinke it not to slacke,
Man without mercy of mercie shall lacke.

O ye traitours and maintainers of madnesse,
Unto your foly I ascribe all my paine!
Ye have me deprived of joy and gladnesse,
So dealing with my Lord and soveraine;
Nothing shuld I need thus to complaine,
If he had lived in peace and tranquillite,
Whom ye have slaine through your iniquite.

Farewel, your noblenesse that somtime did rain!
Farewel, your worship, glory, and fame!
Hereafter to live in hate and disdaine,
Marvaile ye not for your trespace and blame;
Unto shame is tourned all your good name,
Upon you now woll wonder every nation,
As people of most vile reputation.

These wicked wretches, these hounds of hell,
As I have told playne here in this sentence,
Were not content my dere love thus to quell,
But yet they must embesile his presence,
As I perceyve by covert violence,
They have him conveyed to my displeasure,
For here is lafte but naked sepulture.

Wherfore of trouth and rightful judgement,
That their malice againe may be acquited,
After my verdite and avisement,
Of false murdre they shall be endited,
Of theft also which shall not be respited;
And in al hast they shal be hanged and draw,
I wol my selfe plede this cause in the law.

Alas! if I with trewe attendaunce,
Had still abidden with my Lordes corse,
And kept it still with trewe perseveraunce,
Than had not befal this wofull devorse;
But as for my paine, welcome and no force,
This shal be my songe where so ever I go,
Departing is ground of all my wo.

I see right well now in my paines smart,
There is no wound of so grevous dolour,
As is the wound of my carefull hart,
Sithe I have lost thus my paramour,
Al sweetnesse is tourned in to sour,
Mirth to my heart nothing may convey,
But he that beareth thereof both locke and key.

The joy excellent of blissed paradise,
May me, alas! in no wise comforte,
Song of angel nothing may me suffise,
As in min harte now to make disporte,
Al I refuse but that I might resorte
Unto my love, the well of goodliheed,
For whose longing I trowe I shall be deed.

Of painful labour and tourment corporall,
I make thereof none exception,
Paines of hell I wol passe over all,
My love to find in mine affection,
So great to him is my delectacion,
A thousand times martred would I bee,
His blessed body ones if I might see.

About this world so large in all compasse,
I shal not spare to renne my life during,
My feet also shall not rest in one place,
Til of my love I may heare some tiding,
For whose absence my hands now I wring;
To thinke on him cease shal never my mind,
O gentil Jesu! where shall I thee find?

Jerusalem I wol serch place fro place,
Sion, the vale of Josaphath also,
And if I find him not in al this space,
By mount Olivet to Bethany wol I go;
These wayes wol I wander and many mo,
Nazareth, Bethleem, Mountana Jude,
No travaile shall me paine him for to see.

His blissed face if I might see and finde,
Serch I would every coste and countrey,
The fardest part of Egipt or hote Inde,
Sulde be to me but a little journey;
How is he thus gone or taken away?
If I knew the full trouth and certente,
Yet from this care released might I be.

Into wildernesse I thinke best to go,
Sith I can no more tydings of him here,
There may I my life lede to and fro;
There may I dwel, and to no man apere,
To towne ne village woll I not come nere,
Alone in woods, in rockes, and in caves deepe,
I may at mine own wil both waile and weep.

Mine eyen twaine withouten variaunce,
Shal never cease, I promise faithfully
There to weepe with great aboundaunce
Bitter teares renning incessauntly,
The which teares medled full petously
With the very blood ever shall renne also,
Expressing of mine hart the greevous wo.

Worldly fode and sustenaunce I desire none,
Soch living as I find soch woll I take,
Rootes that growen on the craggy stone
Shall me suffice with water of the lake;
Then thus may I say for my Lords sake,
Fuerunt mihi lachrimæ meæ,
In deserto panes, die ac nocte.

My body to clothe it maketh no force,
A mourning mantel shal be sufficient,
The grevous woundes of his pitous corse
Shal be to me a full royal garnement;
He departed thus; I am best content,
His crosse with nailes and scourges withall,
Shal be my thought and paine speciall.

Thus wol I live as I have here told,
If I may any long tyme endure,
But I fere death is over me so bold,
That of my purpose I can not be sure,
My paynes encrease without measure;
For of long lyfe who can lay any reason?
All thing is mortal and hath but a season.

I sigh ful sore and it is ferre yfet,
Mine herte I feele now bledeth inwardly,
The blody teares I may in no wise let,
Sith of my paine I find no remedie,
I thanke God of all if I now die,
His will perfourmed, I hold me content,
My soule let him have that hath it me lent.

For lenger to endure it is intollerable,
My woful harte inflamed is so huge,
That no sorow to myne is comparable,
Sith of my mind I finde no refuge;
Yet I him require, as rightful juge,
To devoid fro me the inwarde sorow,
Lest I live not to the next morow.

Within mine hart is impressed full sore,
His royal forme, his shape, his semelines,
His porte, his chere, his goodnes evermore,
His noble persone with all gentilnes;
He is the well of all parfitnes,
The very Redemer of all mankind,
Him love I best with hart, soule, and mind.

In his absence my paynes full bitter be,
Right well I may it fele now inwardly,
No wonder is though they hurte or flee me,
They cause me to crie so rufully,
Mine hart oppressed is so wonderfully,
Onely for him which so is bright of blee;
Alas! I trowe I shall him never see.

My joy is translate full farre in exile,
My mirth is chaunged into paynes cold,
My lyfe I thinke endureth but a while,
Anguish and payne is that I behold;
Wherefore my hands thus I wring and fold,
Into this grave I loke, I call, I pray,
Death remaineth, and life is borne away.

Now must I walke and wander here and there,
Got wot to what partes I shall me dresse,
With quaking hart, weepyng many a tere,
To seeke out my love and all my sweetnes;
I wolde he wist what mortal hevines
About mine hart reneweth more and more,
Then wold he nat keepe pite long in store.

Without him I may not long endure,
His love so sore worketh within my brest,
And ever I wepe before this sepulture,
Sighing full sore as mine harte should brest;
During my lyfe I shall obtayne no rest,
But mourne and wepe where that ever I go,
Making complaint of al my mortal wo.

Fast I crie but there is no audience,
My comming hider was him for to please,
My soule opprest is here with his absence;
Alas! he list not to set mine harte in ease;
Wherefore to payne my selfe with all disease
I shal not spare till he take me to grace,
Or els I shall sterve here in this place.

Ones if I might with him speake,
It were al my joy, with parfite pleasaunce;
So that I might to him my herte breake,
I shuld anone devoid al my grevaunce,
For he is the blisse of very recreaunce;
But now, alas! I can nothing do so,
For in steed of joy naught have I but wo.

His noble corse within mine harts rote
Deepe is graved which shall never slake,
Now is he gone to what place I ne wote,
I mourne, I wepe, and al is for his sake,
Sith he is past, here a vowe I make
With hartely promise, and thereto I me bind,
Never to cease till I may him find.

Unto his mother I thinke for to go,
Of her haply some comfort may I take,
But one thing yet me feareth and no mo,
If I any mencion of him make,
Of my wordes she wold trimble and quake;
And who coud her blame she having but one?
The sonne borne away, the mother wol mone.

Sorowes many hath she suffred trewly,
Sith that she first conceived him and bare,
And seven things there be most specially,
That drowneth her hert in sorrow and care;
Yet, lo, in no wise may they compare
With this one now, the which if she knew,
She wold her paines everichone renew.

Great was her sorrow by mennes saying,
Whan in the temple Simeon Justus,
Shewing to her, these words prophesiyng,
Tuam animam pertransibit gladius;
Also whan Herode, that tyrant furious,
Her childe pursued in every place,
For his life went neither mercy ne grace.

She mourned when she knew him gone,
Full long she sought or she him found ayen;
Whan he went to death his crosse him upon,
It was to her sight a rewfull paine;
Whan he hong thereon betweene theves twaine,
And the speare unto his herte thrust right,
She swouned, and to the ground there pight.

Whan deed and bloody in her lappe lay
His blessed body, both hands and fete all tore,
She cried out and said, 'Now wel away!
Thus araide was never man before!'
Whan hast was made his body to be bore
Unto sepulture, here to remaine,
Unnethes for wo she coude her sustaine.

The sorrows seven, like swerds every one,
His mothers herte wounded fro syde to syde,
But if she knew her sonne thus gone,
Out of this world she shuld with death ride;
For care she coude no lenger here abide,
Having no more joy nor consolacioun,
Than I here standing in this stacioun.

Wherefore her to see I dare nat presume,
Fro her presence I wol my selfe refraine,
Yet had I lever to die and consume,
Than his mother should have any more paine;
Nevertheles her sonne I would see full faine,
His presence was very joy and sweetnes,
His absence is but sorrow and heavines.

There is no more, sith I may him nat mete,
Whom I desire above all other thing,
Nede I must take the sour with the swete,
For of his noble corse I here no tiding;
Full oft I cry, and my hands wring,
Myne herte, alas! relenteth all in paine,
Which will brast both senew and vaine.

Alas! how unhappie was this woful hour,
Wherein is thus mispended my service,
For mine intent and eke my true labour,
To none effect may come in any wise.
Alas! I thinke if he doe me despise,
And list not to take my simple observaunce,
There is no more, but death is my finaunce.

I have him called, *sed non respondet mihi,*
Wherfore my mirth is tourned to mourning,
O dere Lord! *Quid mali feci tibi,*
That me to comfort I find no erthly thing?
Alas, have compassion of my crying,
Yf fro me *faciem tuam abscondis,*
There is no more, but *consumere me vis.*

Within myne herte is grounded thy figure,
That all this worlds horrible tourment
May it not aswage, it is so without measure,
It is so brenning, it is so fervent;
Remember, Lord, I have bin diligent,
Ever thee to please onely and no me,
Myne herte is with thee where so ever I go.

Therefore, my dere darling, *trahe me post te,*
And let me not stand thus desolate,
Quia non est, qui consoletur me;
Myne herte for thee is disconsolate,
My paines also nothing me moderate;
Now if it list the to speake with me alive,
Com in hast, for my herte asonder will rive.

To thee I profer, lo, my pore service,
Thee for to please after mine owne entent,
I offer here, as in devout sacrifice,
My boxe replete with pretious oyntment,
Myne eyen twaine, weeping sufficient;
Myne herte with anguish fulfilled is, alas!
My soule eke redy for love about to pas.

Naught els have I thee to please or pay,
For if mine herte were gold or pretious stone,
It should be thine without any delay,
With hertely chere thou shuld have it anone;
Why suffrest thou me then stand alone?
Thou haste, I trow, my weeping in disdaine,
Or els thou knowest nat what is my paine.

If thou withdraw thy noble daliaunce
For ought that ever I displeased thee,
Thou knowst right wel it is but ignoraunce,
And of no knowledge for certainte;
If I have offended, Lord, forgive it me,
Glad I am for to make full repentaunce,
Of all thing that hath bin to thy grievaunce.

Myne herte, alas! swelleth within my brest
So sore opprest with anguish and with paine,
That all to peeces forsooth it woll brest,
But if I see thy blessed corse againe;
For life ne death I can nat me refraine,
If thou make delay thou maist be sure
Mine hart woll leape into this sepulture.

Alas! my Lord, why farest thou thus with me?
My tribulation yet have in mind!
Where is thy mercy? where is thy pite,
Which ever I trusted in thee to find?
Somtime thou were to me both good and kind,
Let it please thee my prayer to accept,
Which with teares I have there bewept.

On me thou oughtest to have very routh,
Sith for thee is all this mourning;
For sith I to thee yplighted first my trouth,
I never varied with discording,
That knowest thou best, my owne darling;
Why constrainest thou me thus to waile?
My wo forsooth can thee nothing availe.

I have endured without variaunce,
Right as thou knowest, thy lover just and trew,
With hert and thought aye at thine ordinaunce;
Like to the saphire alway in one hew,
I never chaunged thee for no new;
Why withdrawest thou thy presence,
Sith all my thought is for thine absence?

With hert intier, sweet Lord, I crie to thee,
Encline thyne eares to my petition,
And come, *Velociter exaudi me*,
Remember mine harts dispositioun;
It may not endure in this conditioun;
Therefore out of these paines *libera me*,
And where thou art, *pone me juxta te*.

Let me behold, O Jesu! thy blissed face,
Thy faire glorious angellike visage;
Bow thine eares to my complaint, alas!
For to convey me out of this rage.
Alas! my Lord, take fro me this dommage,
And to my desire for mercy condiscend,
For none but thou may my grevance amend.

Now yet, good Lord, I thee beseech and pray,
As thou raised my brother Lazarous
From death to life, the fourth day,
Came ayen in body and soule precious:
As great a thing maist thou shew unto us,
Of thy selfe, by power of thy godhead,
As thou did of him, lying in grave dead.

Mine hart is wounded with thy charite,
It brenneth, it flameth incessauntly,
Come, my deare Lord, *ad adjuvandum me,*
Now be not long, my paine to multiplie,
Least in the meane time I depart and die:
In thy grace I put both hope and confidence,
To do as it pleaseth thy high magnificence.

Floods of death and tribulatioun
Into my soule I• feele entred full deepe,
Alas! that here is no consolatioun!
Ever I waile, ever I mourne and weepe,
And sorow hath wounded mine hert ful deepe,
O deare love, no marvaile though I die,
Sagittæ tuæ infixæ sunt mihi.

Wandring in this place as in wildernesse,
No comfort have I, ne yet assuraunce,
Desolate of joy, replete with faintnesse,
No answère receiving of mine enquiraunce,
Mine heart also greved with displeasaunce;
Wherefore I may say, *O Deus, Deus,*
Non est dolor sicut dolor meus.

Mine hart expresseth, *quod dilexi multum,*
I may not endure though I would faine,
For now *solum superest sepulchrum,*
I know it right well by my huge paine;
Thus for love I may not life sustaine,
But O God, I muse what ayleth thee,
Quod sic repente præcipitas me.

Alas, I see it will none otherwise be,
Now must I take my leave for evermore,
This bitter paine hath almost discomfite me,
My loves corse I can in no wise restore;
Alas! to this wo that ever I was bore!
Here at this tombe now must I die and starve,
Death is about my heart for to carve.

My testament I woll begin to make:—
To God the father my soule I commend,
To Jesu my love, that died for my sake,
My heart and all both I give and send,
In whose love my life maketh end;
My body also; to this monument
I here bequeath both boxe and ointment.

Of all my wils, lo, now I make the last,
Right in this place, within this sepulture,
I woll be buried when I am dead and past,
And upon my grave I wol have this scripture:—
Here within resteth a ghostly creature,
Christs true lover, Mary Magdalaine,
Whose hart for love brake in peeces twaine.

Ye vertuous women, tender of nature,
Full of pitie and of compassion,
Resort I pray you unto my sepulture,
To sing my dirige with great devotion;
Shew your charitie in this condition,
Sing with pitie, and let your harts weepe,
Remembring I am dead and layed to sleepe.

Then when ye begin to part me fro,
And ended have your mourning observaunce,
Remember wheresoever that ye go,
Alway to search and make due enqueraunce
After my love, mine harts sustenaunce,
In every towne and in every village,
If ye may here of this noble image.

And if it happe by any grace at last,
That ye my true love find in any cost,
Say that his Magdaleine is dead and past,
For his pure love hath yeelded up the ghost;
Say that of all thing I loved him most,
And that I might not this death eschew,
My paines so sore did ever renew.

And in token of love perpetual,
When I am buried in this place present,
Take out mine hart, the very root and all,
And close it within this boxe of ointment,
To my deare love make thereof a present;
Kneeling downe with words lamentable,
Do your message, speake faire and tretable.

Say that to him my selfe I commend
A thousand times, with hart so free,
This poore token say to him I send,
Pleaseth his goodnesse to take it in gree,
It is his owne of right, it is his fee,
Which he asked, when he said long before,
Give me thy heart, and I desire no more.

Adue, my Lord, my love so faire of face!
Adue, my turtle dove, so fresh of hew!
Adue, my mirth, adue, all my sollace!
Adue, alas, my saviour Lord Jesu!
Adue, the gentillest that ever I knew!
Adue, my most excellent paramour,
Fairer than rose, sweeter than lilly flour!

Adue, my hope of all pleasure eternal,
My life, my wealth, and my prosperitie,
Mine heart of gold, my perle oriental,
Mine adamant of perfite charitie,
My cheefe refuge, and my felicitie,
My comfort, and all my recreatioun,
Farewel, my perpetuall salvatioun!

Farewel, mine Emperour Celestiall,
Most beautiful prince of all mankind!
Adue, my Lord, of heart most liberall!
Farewell, my sweetest, both soule and mind!
So loving a spouse shall I never find.
Adue, my soveraine, and very gentilman!
Farewel, dere hart, as hertely as I can!

Thy words eloquent flowing in sweetnesse,
Shall no more, alas, my mind recomfort;
Wherefore my life must end in bitternesse,
For in this world shall I never resort
To thee, which was mine heavenly disport;
I see, alas, it woll none other be!
Now farewel, the ground of all dignite!

Adue, the fairest that ever was bore!
Alas, I may nat see your blessed face!
Now welaway! that I shall see no more
Thy blessed visage, so replete with grace,
Wherein is printed my perfite sollace!
Adue, mine hearts root and all for ever,
Now farwel, I must from thee discever!

My soule for anguish is now full thursty,
I faint right sore for heavinesse,
My Lord, my spouse, *cur me dereliquisti?*
Sith I for thee suffer all this distresse,
What causeth thee to seeme thus mercilesse?
Sith it thee pleaseth of me to make an end,
In manus tuas my spirit I commend.

A PRAISE OF WOMEN.

ALLE tho that liste of women evil to speke,
And sayn of hem worse than they deserve,
I preye to God that hir nekkes to-breke,
Or on some evil dethe mote tho janglers sterve;
For every man were holden hem to serve,
And do hem worship, honour, and servise,
In every maner that they best coude devise.

For we ought first to thinke on what manere
They bringe us forth, and what peyne they endure
First in our birth, and sith fro yere to yere
How busely they done hir busie cure,
To keepe us fro every misaventure
In our youth, whan we have no might
Our selfe to keepe, neither by day nor night.

Alas! how may we seye on hem but wele,
Of whom we were fostred and ybore,
And ben al our succour, and ever trewe as stele,
And for our sake ful oft they suffer sore?
Without women were all our joye lore;
Wherfore we ought alle women to obeye
In al goodnesse; I can no more seye.

This is wel knowne, and hath ben or this,
That women ben cause of al lightnesse,
Of knighthood, norture, eschuing al mallis,
Encrese of worship, and of al worthinesse;
Thereto curteis and meke, and ground of al good-
Glad and merry, and true in every wise [nesse,
That any gentil herte can think or devise.

And though any wolde trust to your untrouthe,
And to your feyre words wolde aught assente,
In gode feyth me thinketh it wer gret routhe,

That other women shold for hir gilt be shent,
That never knew, ne wist nought of hir entent,
Ne list not to here though feyre words ye write,
Which ye you peyne fro day to day tendite.

But who may beware of your tales untrewe,
That ye so busily peynt and endite?
For ye will swere that ye never knew,
Ne saw the woman, neither much ne lite,
Save only her to whom ye had delite,
As for to serve of al that ever ye sey,
And for her love must ye nedes dey.

Then wille ye swere that ye knew never before
What Love was, ne his dredful observaunce,
But now ye feele that he can wounde sore;
Wherfore ye put you into her governaunce,
Whom Love hath ordeind you to serve and do
plesaunce
With al your might your litel lives space,
Which endeth soone but if she do you grace.

And then to bed wille ye soone draw,
And soone sike ye wille you than feyne,
And swere fast your lady hath you slaw,
And brought you sudeinly so high a peyne
That fro your dethe may no man you restreyne,
With a daungerous looke of her eyen two,
That to your dethe must ye nedes go.

Thus will ye morne, thus will ye sighe sore,
As though your herte anon in two wold breste,
And swere fast that ye may live no more,
'Myn owne lady! that might, if ye lest,
Bringe myn herte somedele into rest,
As if you list mercy on me to have;'
Thus your untrouth will ever mercy crave.

Thus wol ye plain, tho ye nothing smerte,
These innocent creatures for to begile,
And swere to hem, so wounded is your herte
For hir love, that ye may live no while,
Scarsly so long as one might go a mile,
So hieth deth to bring you to an ende,
But if your sovereyn lady list you to amende.

And if for routhe she comfort you in any wise
For pite of your false othes sere,
So that innocent weneth that it be as you devise,
And weneth your herte be as she may here,
Thus for to comforte and somwhat do you chere;
Than wolle these janglers deme of her full ille,
And seyne that ye have her fully at your wille.

Lo, how redy hir tonges ben, and preste
To speke harme of women causelesse!
Alas! why might ye not as well say the best,
As for to deme hem thus guiltlesse?
In your herte, ywis, there is no gentilnesse,
That of your own gilt list thus women fame;
Now, by my trouth, me think ye be to blame.

For of women cometh this worldly wele,
Wherfore we ought to worshippe hem evermore;
And though it mishap one, we ought for to hele,
For it is al thorugh our false lore,
That day and night we peyne us evermore
With many an othe these women to beguile
With false tales, and many a wikked wile.

And if falshede sholde be rekkened and told
In women, ywis ful trouth were,
Not as in men, by a thousand fold;
Fro all vices, ywis they stande clere,
In any thing that I coude of here,
But if enticing of these men it make,
That hem to flatteren connen never slake.

I wolde feyn wete where ever ye coude here,
Without mens tising, what women did amis,
For ther ye may get hem ye lie fro yere to yere,
And many a gabbing ye make to hem, ywis;
For I could never here ne knowen ere this,
Where ever ye coude finde in any place,
That ever women besought you of grace.

There ye you peyne with al your ful might,
With al your herte, and al your businesse,
To plesen hem both by day and night,
Praying hem of hir grace and gentilnesse,
To have pite upon your gret distresse,
And that they wolde on your peyne have routhe,
And slee you not, sens ye mene but trouthe.

Thus may ye see that they ben faultlesse,
And innocent to alle your werkes slie,
And alle your craftes that touche falsenesse,
They know hem not, ne may hem not espie;
So swere ye that ye must nedes die,
But if they wolde, of hir womanhede,
Upon you rew, ere that ye be dede.

And than your 'lady' and your 'hertes queene'
Ye calle hem, and therewith ye sighe sore,
And say, 'My lady, I trow that it be seene
In what plite that I have lived ful yore;
But now I hope that ye wol no more
In these peynes suffere me for to dwelle,
For of goodnesse, ywis, ye be the welle.'

Lo, which a peynted processe can ye make,
These harmlesse creatures for to beguile!
And whan they slepe, ye peyne you to wake,
And to bethinke you on many a wikked wile;
But ye shalle see the day that ye shalle curse the
That ye so busily did your entent [while
Hem to beguile, that falshed never ment.

For this ye know wel, though I wold lie,
In women is al trouth and stedfastnesse;
For in good faith I never of hem sie
But much worshippe, bounte, and gentilnesse,
Right comming, faire, and full of meekenesse,
Goode and glade, and lowly, I you ensure,
Is this goodly angellike creature.

And if it happe a man be in disese,
She doth her businesse and her ful peyne
With al her might, him to comforte and plese
If fro his disese she might him restreyne;
In word ne deede, ywis, she wol not feyne,
But with al her might she doth her businesse
To bringe him out of his heavinesse.

Lo, what gentillesse these women have,
If we coude know it for our rudenesse!
How busie they be us to keepe and save,
Both in hele, and also in sikenesse!
And alway right sorrie for our distresse,
In every manner; thus shew thy routhe,
That in hem is al goodnesse and trouthe.

And sith we find in hem gentilnesse and trouthe,
Worshippe, bounte, and kindnesse evermore,
Let never this gentillesse thurogh your slouthe
In hir kind trouthe be aught forlore
That in women is, and hath ben ful yore,
For in reverence of the hevenes Queene,
We ought to worship alle women that beene.

For of alle creatures that ever wer get and borne,
This wote ye wel, a woman was the best;
By her was recovered the blisse that we had lorne,
And thurogh the woman shalle we come to rest,
And ben ysaved, if that our selfe lest;
Wherefore, me thinketh, if that we had grace,
We oughten honour women in every place.

Therefore I rede that, to our lives end,
Fro this time forth, while that we have space,
That we have trespaced, pursue to amende,
Preying our Ladie, welle of alle grace,
To bringe us unto that blisful place,
There as she and alle good women shall be infere
In heven above, among the angels clere.

EXPLICIT.

GO forth king, rule thee by sapience;
Bishop, be able to minister doctrine;
Lorde, to true counsaile yeve audience;
Womanhode, to chastity ever encline;
Knight, let thy deedes worship determine;
Be righteous, judge, in saving thy name;
Riche do almose, lest thou lese bliss with shame.

People, obey your king and the law;
Age be ruled by good religion;
True servaunt, be dredful and kepe thee under aw,
And, thou poore, fie on presumpcion!
Inobedience to youth is utter destruction;
Remember you how God hath set you, lo,
And doe your part as ye be ordeined to.

EIGHT GOODLY QUESTIONS, WITH THEIR ANSWERS.[1]

SOMETIME in Greece, that noble region,
There were eight clerkes of full great science,
Philosophers of notable discretion,
Of whom was asked, to prove their prudence,
Eight questions of derke intelligence:

[1] Ausonius, a Latin poet of Bordeaux, and preceptor to the Emperor Gratian, has left, among his other works, a poem, entitled *Ludus*

To which they answerd after their entent,
As here doth appeare plaine and evident.

The first question was, What earthly thing
Is best, and to God most commendable?
The first clerke answerd without tarying,
A mans soule, ever ferme and stable
In right, from the trouth not variable.
But now, alas! full sore may we weepe,
For covetise hath brought trouth asleepe.

The second, What thing is most odious?
A double man, saied the Philosopher,
With a virgine face, and a taile venomous:
With a faire view, and a false profer:
A corrupt carien in a golden tree.
It is a monster in natures linage,
One man to have a double visage.

The third, What is the best dower
That may be to a wife appropriate?
A cleane life, was the clerkes answer,
Without sinne, all chast, and inviolate
From all deceits and speeches inornate,
Or countenaunce which shall be to dispise.
No fire make, and then no smoke woll arise.

The fourth question, What maiden may
Be called cleane in chastitie?
The fourth clerke answered, Which alway

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septem Sapientum, in which all the answers here attributed to eight philosophers, are ascribed to Bias in the following verses, which appear to have been the source from whence this poem is derived:—

Quænam summa boni? Mens quæ sibi conscia recti.
Pernicies homini quæ maxima? Solus homo alter.
Quis dives? qui nil cupiat. Quis pauper? avarus.
Quæ dos matronæ pulcherrima? Vita pudica.
Quæ casta est? de quâ mentiri fama veretur.
Quid prudentis opus? quum possit nolle nocere.
Quid stulti proprium? non posse et velle nocere.

Every creature is ashamde on to lie,
Of whom men reporten great honestie.
Good maidens, keepe your chastitie forth,
And remember, that good name is gold worth.

Who is a poore man ever full of wo?
A covetous man, which is a nigon:
He that in his heart can never say ho!
The more good, the lesse distribution,
The richer, the worse of condition.
Men in this coast clepen him a niggard;
Sir Guy the bribour is his steward.

Which is a rich man, without fraud?
He that can to his good suffise:
Whatsoever he hath, he yeveth God the laud,
And keepeth him cleane from all covetise:
He desires nothing in ungodly wise:
His body is here, his mind is above:
He is a rich man, for God doth him love.

Who is a foole? is the seventh demaund;
He that would hurt, and hath no powere:
Might he mikell, much would he command:
His mallice great, his might nought were:
He thretteth full fast, full little may he dere:
He thinketh not how men have saied beforne,
God sendeth a shrewd cow a short horne.

Who is a wise man? is the eight question;
He that might noye, and doth no annoiaunce:
Might punish, and leaveth punission:
A man merciful, without vengeaunce.
A wise man putteth in remembraunce,
Saying, Had I venged all mine harme,
My cloke had not be furred halfe so warme.

EXPLICIT.

TO THE KINGS MOST NOBLE GRACE, AND TO THE LORDS AND KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

TO you, welle of honour and worthinesse,
Our Christen king, the heire and successour
Unto Justinians devout tendernesse,
In the faith of Jesu, our redemptour:
And to your lords of the Garter, floure
Of chevalrie, as men you clepe and call,
The Lord of vertue and of grace authour
Graunt the fruit of your lose never appall.

O liege lord, that have the likenesse
Of Constantine! thensample and mirrour
To princes all! in humble buxomenesse,
To holy church O veray sustainour
And piller of our faith, and werriour,
Againe of heresies the bitter gall!
Doe forth! doe forth! continue your succour,
Hold up Christs banner, let it not fall.

This Isle or this had been but heathenesse,
Nad be of your faith the force and vigour;
And yet this day the fiends crabbednesse
Weneth fully to catch a time and houre,
To have on us your lieges a sharpe shoure,
And to his servitude us knitte and thrall:
But aye we trust in you our protectour,
On your constaunce we awaiten all.

Commandeth that no wight have hardinesse,
O worthy king, our Christen Emperour,
Of the faith to disputen more or lesse
Openly emong people: her errour
Springeth all day, and engendreth rumour.
Maketh such law, and for ought may befall,
Observe it wele, thereto be ye doctour;
Doeth so, and God in glorie shall you stall.

Ye Lords eke, shining in noble fame,
To which appropred is the maintenaunce
Of Christs cause, in honour of his name,
Shove on, and put his foes to uttraunce;
God would so, so would eke your legiaunce,
To tho two aye pricketh you your dutie:
Who so nat keepeth this double observaunce,
Of merite and honour naked is he.

Your stile saieth ye be foes to shame:
Now kith of your faith the perseveraunce,
In which an heape of us be halt and lame:
Our Christen King of England and of France,
And ye, my lords, with your alliaunce,
And other faithfull people that there be,
Trust I to God, shal quench al this noisance,
And this land set in high prosperitie.

Conquest of high prowesse is for to tame
The wild woodnesse of all these miscreaunce,
Right to the rote daily repe ye that same;
Slepeth nat thus, but for Gods pleasaunce
And his mother, and in signifiaunce,
That ye been of saint Georges livere,
Doeth him service and knightly obeisaunce,
For Christs cause is his well knowne ye.

Stiffe stand in that, and ye shall greeve and grame
The foe to peace, the norice of distaunce;
That now is earnest, turne it into game;
Now kithe of your beleeve the constaunce.
Lord liege, and lords have in remembraunce,
Lord of all is the blisfull Trinitie,
Of whose vertue the mightie habundaunce
You heart and strength in faithfull unitie.

EXPLICIT.

IT falleth for a gentleman
To say the best that he can
Alwaies in mannes absence,
And the sooth in his presence.

It commeth by kind of gentil blood
To cast away all heavinesse,
And gader togither words good,
The werk of wisdome beareth witnesse.

GLOSSARY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE full and scientific Glossary of Tyrwhitt would have saved the Editor of the present edition of Chaucer's works all labour except that of abridgment, had he been content to adopt the text of the poems to which that Glossary was adapted. But the various readings and the important differences in orthography which the collation of MSS. for this edition has brought out, have rendered indispensable the preparation of an entirely new Glossary with special reference to the improved text.

The following brief explanation will, it is hoped, enable the reader to consult it with ease and advantage.

The initials A. S. and A. N. indicate derivations either from the Anglo-Saxon or the Anglo-Norman, from which two languages almost all English words, though many of them are traceable ultimately to Latin and Greek, are proximately derived. The term *Anglo-Norman* has been adopted in preference to *French*, because it is from the peculiar dialect spoken by the Norman settlers in England—a dialect possessing an extensive literature, and exhibiting a distinct development of its own—that our language has derived one of the two elements of which it is composed. As a general rule, therefore, to have distinguished the words of Norman origin as *French* would have conveyed an inaccurate impression to the reader's mind. In some cases, especially in his translation of the *Roman de la Rose*, there seems good reason to believe that Chaucer imported words directly from the French; but these cases are too few and too doubtful to create any necessity for a departure from the general rule here laid down.

It is not by any means easy, however, to determine in all cases to which class, whether to the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman, certain words ought properly to be referred, because

Anglo-Norman words, when incorporated into the English language, almost always assume the Anglo-Saxon inflections, or become combined with Anglo-Saxon words or particles. For instance, the Anglo-Norman word *abate*, when transferred into medieval English, assumes the inflexions of the strong verbs in the Anglo-Saxon, and makes *abote* in the past tense. In like manner, the Anglo-Norman word *solempne*, when it assumes the adverbial form, takes the Anglo-Saxon adverbial affix, *liche*, or *ly*, and becomes *solempneliche*, or *solempnely*, not *solennellement*. And thus is English composed not only of Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon words, but of words which in themselves are often formed by a combination of both these languages.

Verbs are given in the Glossary in the form of the infinitive mood, which is most generally used in Chaucer, viz., that ending in *e*. It is true that the older form *en*, the first change from the Anglo-Saxon *an*, is often found; but the reader will experience no difficulty in resolving such words as, for instance, *wenden* and *seken* into the simple forms *wende* and *seke*. In a few instances, however, the verb will be found in the text deficient of the final *e;* but these must be considered as hasty omissions of the copyist, adopted from the MS., which in all cases, has been strictly followed in the present edition. The reader must remember that no infinitive mood can ever properly end otherwise than in *en* or *e*.

The verbs called by grammarians *weak*, or those which make their past tense and participle in *ed*, are given only in the infinitive mood. Thus, if the reader wishes to know the meaning of the words *wonned* or *mevyng*, he must look for the verbs *wonne* or *meve*. But the past tense and participle of the *strong* verbs, or those which form their past tense and participle by a change of the radical letters, are given in their alphabetical order, whenever they differ from the modern forms, and referred to the verbs to which they belong. Thus, the reader will find *crope*, *cropen*, *straughte*, and *streighte*, in their alphabetical order, because the verbs *creep* and *stretch*, in modern English, form their past tenses and participles, like the weak verbs, in *crept* and *stretched*, and the reader might, therefore, be at a loss to trace the older inflected forms to their proper infinitive moods. In many cases, however, the past tense and participle of the strong verbs, besides appearing in their alphabetical order, are given after the

explanation of the infinitive verb, with a view to illustrate more clearly the rules by which the strong verbs form their oblique tenses.

The substantives are given only in the singular number, unless when the plural form differs from that now in use.

It is perhaps necessary also to observe that *e*, *i*, and *y*, *c* and *k*, *u* and *w*, *sh* and *sch*, *o* and *oo*, were respectively convertible, and used indifferently. Thus, *artyn*, *turnith*, *feynyd*, *servauntis*, *ymaginacioun* will be found to be used indifferently with *arten*, *turneth*, *feyned*, *servauntes*, *imaginacioun*; *karole* with *carole*; *kamelyne* with *cameline*; *ouche* with *owche*; *thow* with *thou*; *shal* with *schal*; *tipton* with *tiptoon*, &c. To have assigned to all words which differed from the modern forms, and from each other, in such minute particulars as these a separate place in their alphabetical order, would have swelled the Glossary to an inordinate size, without increasing its utility in a corresponding ratio; for it is not to be supposed that a reader of Chaucer, having these remarks before him, would find any difficulty in their application.

Other variations in the orthography may be referred, for the most part, to the scribe. The text of the several poems in this edition has been taken from MSS. written by different hands, at different periods, and probably in different dialects; and while all the copyists agree in the main points of orthography affecting the grammatical construction, each appears to have followed a different system in minor and less important particulars. Thus we find the same word spelt in a variety of ways. For example: the word through is spelt by one scrivener *thurgh*, by another *thorugh*, by a third *thorow*; *abreyde* is sometimes changed into *abrayde*; the word much appears in no less than seven shapes, *moche*, *mochel*, *mokel*, *muchel*, *myche*, *michel*, *mychel*; and the past tense of the verb to see is rendered into at least ten different forms, *sauh*, *sawh*, *saugh*, *sey*, *say*, *sie*, *sihe*, *sigh*, *seigh*, *scygh*. Some of these differ from each other only in being spelt with letters which have the same sound, and are convertible; while others may evidently be traced to a distinct formation, and to the various dialects of the Teutonic and Scandinavian tribes which colonized England during the fifth and succeeding centuries, but which have all been included under the generic term of Anglo-Saxon.

All these several forms of the same word are given in the Glossary not only in their alphabetical order, when their dif-

ferences are sufficiently important to require it, but they are also collected together, and bracketted with their explanations annexed. This plan has been adopted for the convenience of reference and comparison, and to enable the reader to see at a glance the nature and extent of the variations in the MSS. Having thus obtained a general knowledge of these variations by consulting the Glossary in half-a-dozen instances, he will probably afterwards be able to dispense with it altogether, except in those cases where not only the manner of spelling, but the words themselves have become obsolete.

There is a peculiarity in the construction of some verbs in Chaucer which, involving as it does a curious question of ethnology, may be usefully adverted to in this place. Professor Raske, in the preface to his *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, observes that 'the old poetical dialect [*scil.* of the Scandinavian] has moreover numerous peculiarities of structure; *e.g.* the composition of the pronoun with the verbs.' After giving several examples he adds, 'of all which not the faintest trace exists among the Anglo-Saxons, though many are to be found among the inhabitants of Caucasus.' It so happens that this mode of compounding a verb with its pronoun, as an affix, is of common occurrence in Chaucer; as for instance, shalt thou becomes *shaltow*; art thou *artow*, sayest thou *siestow*, so thee ich *so theech*, or *so theek*. Either, therefore, Professor Raske must be in error in asserting that there is no trace to be found in the Anglo-Saxon of this kind of composition; or these words must have been imported into medieval English from the Scandinavian or Danish. The latter supposition is in some degree supported by historical circumstances. Considering the vast extent and influence of the Scandinavian immigration, shown in the imposition of a Danish dynasty on the Anglo-Saxons, it is highly probable that not only this singular compound, but many other peculiarities of the English language, may be referred to a Scandinavian origin.

In the Glossary the Editor has had an opportunity of noticing some things which escaped him in the Notes, and of correcting a few mistakes. For instance, in Vol. ii. p. 109, the word *fermerere* is supposed to mean a superintendent of a farm; but in the Glossary it is correctly derived from *infirmarius*, the officer who had charge of the infirmary in a religious house. In the same volume, p. 220, note 2, *poynt devys* is also erroneously interpreted; but the correct interpretation will be found in the Glossary.

GLOSSARY.

A.

A, *prep.* before a *gerund* is a corruption of *on*. *To go a begging*, means to go on begging. The preposition is often expressed at length; as, *on hontyng be they riden*. Before a noun it is a corruption of *on*, *in*, or *at*; as, *a nyghtes*, on nights; *a Goddes name*, in God's name; *awerke*, at work. Sometimes it is written in full; as, *on bedde*, *on nyghtes*.

A in composition, in words of A.S. origin, is an abbreviation of *af*, *of*, *at*, *on*, *in*; and often only a corruption of the prepositive particle *ge* or *y*. In words of A.N. origin it is generally to be deduced from the Latin *ab*, *ad*, and sometimes *ex*.

A, *interj.* Ah!

Abak, **Abake**, *adv.* A.S. backwards.

Abaischt, *part. pa.* A.N. abashed.

Abate, *v.* A.N. to beat down.

Abawed, *part. pa.* of abawe, *v.* A.N. astonished.

Abegge, **Abeye**, **Abye**, **Abie**, *v.* A.S. to suffer for.

Abettyng, *n.* A.S. help.

Abyde, *v.* A.S. to abide, to stay; abyden, *part. pa.*; abyt, or abit, *third pers. sin. pres. tense*, apparently a contracted form of abideth.

Able, *adj.* A.N. fit, proper.

Abil, *adj.* A.N. skilful, convenient.

Abote, *part. pa.* of abate.

Abought, or aboght, *part. pa.* of abegge.

Abouten, *prep.* A.S. about.

Abrede, *adv.* A.S. abroad.

Abrayde, **Abraide**, **Abreyde**, **Abreide**, *v.* A.S. to awake, to start; *pa. t.* abreyde.

Abrege, **Abregge**, **Abrigge**, *v.* A.N. to abridge, to shorten.

Abroche, *v.* A.N. to tap, to set a vessel of liquor abroach; metaphorically, to make a beginning.

Abrode, *adv.* A.S. abroad.

Abusioun, *n.* A.N. abuse, impropriety.

Acate, **Achate**, *n.* A.N. a purchase.

Accesse, *n.* A.N. properly, the approach of a fever; a fever, or ague.

Accidie, *n.* A.N. Gr. ακηδια, the theological term for sloth, one of the seven deadly sins; negligence, arising from discontent or melancholy.

Accuse, *v.* A.N. to discover.

Achate, *n. pr.* Achates.

Achatour, *n.* A.N. a purchaser.

Acheve, *v.* A.N. to accomplish.

Acloye, *v.* to cloy, to embarrass with superfluity.

Acoye, **Accoye**, **Acoie**, *v.* to make quiet, to tame.

Acomberd, *part. pa.* of acombere, *v.* A.N. encumbered.

Acord, **Accorde**, *n.* A.N. agreement.

Acorde, *v.* A.N. to agree.

Acordeden, *pa. t. pl.* of last.

Acordant, or accordant, **Acording**, or according, *pres. part.*

Acroke, *adj.* A.N. crooked, awkward.

Adawe, *v.* A.S. to rise, to awake.

Ado, *v.* A.S. to do, to have to do with. It is used to express the A.N. *à faire*; as, *to have ado*, to have to do. *And done al that they han ado*, et faisent ce qu'ils doivent faire.

Adon, corruption of of-don, *part. pa.* A.S. done away.

Adon, *n. pr.* Adonis.

Adoun, *adv.* A.S. downward, below.

Adrad, **Adradde**, **Adrede** } *part. pa.* of adrede, *v.* A.S. to be afraid.

Adriane, *n. pr.* for Ariadne

Advertens, *n.* A.N. attention.

Advocaries, *n. pl.* A.N. law-suits. In the printed copies this word is *advocacies*, which is perhaps right.

Advocas, *n. pl.* A.N. advocates, lawyers.

Advoutrie, *n.* A.N. adultery.

Afered, **Aferd**, **Aferde** } *part. pa.* of afere, *v.* A.S. afraid, frightened.

Affeccioun, *n.* A.N. affection, desire.

Affect, affectes, *n.* Lat. affection.

Affermed, *part. pa.* of afferme, *v.* A.N. confirmed.

Affye, **Affie** } *v.* A.N. to trust.

Affraye, *v.* A.N. to affright.

Affray, *n.* A.N. disturbance, fear.

Affrikan, *n. pr.* the elder Scipio Africanus.

Affyle, *v.* A.N. to file, polish.

Aforen, **Aforne**, **Afore** } *adv.* and *prep.* A.S. before.

Aftir, *adv.* and *prep.* after.

Agains, **Ageins**, **Agen** } *prep.* A.S. against, toward.

Agaste, *v.* A.S. to terrify; agast *part. pa.* terrified.

Agathon, *n. pr.* an unknown writer.

Ageins, same as agains.

Agen, same as agains.

Agilt, or agilte, *v.* A.S. to offend, to sin against; agilte, *past tense* sinned.

Ago, **Agoo**, **Agon**, **Agoon** } for ygo, *part pa.* A.S. gone, past.

Agree, **Agre** } A.N. *à gré*, in good part.

Agrefe, in grief.

Agrege, *v.* A.N. to aggravate.

Agreved, *part. pa.* A.N. aggrieved.

Agrise, *v. neut.* A.S. to shudder.

Agrise, *v. ac.* A.S. to make to shudder.

Agroos, **Agrose** } *past tense* shuddered.

Agroted, *part. pa.* cloyed, surfeited.

Aguler, *n.* A.N. *aiguiller*, a needle-case.

Aisschen, *n. pl.* A.S. ashes.

Ajuste, *v.* A.N. to apply.

Akehorne, *n. pl.* A.S. acorns.

Akole, *v.* A.S. to cool.

Aknowe, *v.* A.S. to acknowledge; *to ben aknowe*, to confess. *I am aknowe*, I acknowledge.

Al, *adj. sing.*; alle, *pl.* A.S. all.

Al, **Alle** } *adv.* A.S. quite, entirely; as, *al holly*, entirely. Sometimes used for although; as, *Al be ye not of o complexioun*, although you be not of the same complexion.

Alain, *n. pr.* Alanus de Insulis, a poet and divine of the twelfth century.

Aller, **Alder**, **Alther**, **Althir**, **Althur** } *adj. gen. case, pl.* of all. It is frequently joined in composition with adjectives of the superlative degree, as in German; thus, *alderfirst*, first of all; *alderlevest*, dearest of all; *our althur cok*, the cock of us all.

Alarged, *part. pa.* A.N. given largely.

Alauns, *n. pl.* A.N. wolf-dogs, or greyhounds. Gualv. de la Flamma, apud *Muratori*, Antiq. Med. Ætat., commends the Governors of Milan—'quod canes Alanos altæ staturæ et mirabilis fortitudinis, nutrire studuerunt.'

Alaye, *n.* A.N. allay, alloy.

Albificacioun, *n.* Lat. a chemical term for making white.
Alcaly, *n.* Arab. alkali.
Alchymistre, *n.* A.N. an alchemist.
Aldryan, *n. pr.* a star in the neck of the lion.
Alege, *v.* A.N. to alleviate.
Alegeaunce, *n.* A.N. alleviation.
Aleis, *n.* A.N. the lote-tree.
Alembikes, *n. pl.* A.N. vessels for distilling.
Ale-stake, *n.* A.S. a stake set up before an ale-house for a sign.
Aleye, *n.* A.N. an alley.
Algate, **Algates** } *adv.* A.S. always, although, notwithstanding.
Algesir, *n. pr.* a city in Spain.
Alighte, *v.* A.S. to descend.
Alight, *past tense* alighted.
Allege, *v.* A.N. to alleviate.
Allege, *v.* A.N. to allege.
Almagest, *n. pr.* the Μεγαλη Συνταξις of Ptolemy.
Almandres, *n. pl.* almond trees.
Almesse, **Almose** { *n.* A.S. from the Lat. Gr. eleemosyna, alms; almesses, *pl.*
Almath, *n. pr.* the first star in the horns of Aries, whence the first mansion of the moon takes its name.
Alonde, *adv.* A.S on land.
Along, *prep.* A.S. in consequence of, or owing to; as *whereon it was along*, what it was owing to; *On me is nought alonge thyn evil fare*; Thy evil fare is not owing to me.
Aloone, **Alloon** } *adv.* A.S. alone.
Aloue, **Alowe** } *v.* A.N. to allow, to approve.
Alowe, *adv.* A.S. low.
Alpes, *n. pl.* A.N. bullfinches.
Als, *conj.* A.S. also, as.
Alwey, *adv.* A.S. always.
Amalgaming, *pres. part.* amalgamating.
Amate, *adj.* A.N. cast down.
Ambassatrye, *n.* A.N. embassy.
Ambes aas, A.N. both aces, at dice.
Amende, *v.* A.N. to amend.
Amenuse, *v.* A.N. to diminish.
Ameved, **Amevyd** } *part. pa.* of ameve, *v.* A.N. to move.
Amiddes, **Amyddes** } *prep.* A.S. at, or in, the middle.
Amis, **Amisse**, **Amys**, **Amysse** } *adv.* A.S. amiss, ill, badly.
Amoneste, *v.* A.N. to admonish, advise.
Among, *adv.* A.S. at intervals.
Amonges, *prep.* A.S. among.
Amorette, **Amourette** } *n.* A.N. a wanton girl.
Amortised, *part. pa.* A.N. killed.
Amorwe, *adv.* A.S. on morrow.
Amphibologies, *n. pl.* Gr. through the Fr. ambiguous expressions.
An, for on, *prep.*
Ancelle, *n.* Lat. a handmaiden.
And, *conj.* A.S. if.
Anelas, *n.* A.N. a dagger or wood-knife.
Ane, *numeral adj.* A.S. one.
Anes, for ones, *adv.* A.S. once.
Anhange, *v.* A.S. to hang up.
Anientissed, *part. pa.* A.N. annihilated, reduced to nothing.
Anyghte, *adv.* A.S. by night.
Anker, *n.* A.N. an anchor.
Anker, **Ankre** } *n.* Gr. an anachorite or hermit.
Annueller, *n.* Lat. a chantry-priest, one endowed to sing mass annually for the founders of the chantry.
Annunciat, *part. pa.* Lat. foretold.
Anoy, **Annoye** } *n.* A.N. annoyance, hurt.
Anoie, **Annoye**, **Annye** } *v.* A.N. to annoy, hurt.
Anoiful, *adj.* A.N. annoying, hurtful.
Anticlaudian, *n. pr.* a Latin poem by Alanus de Insulis.
Antem, *n.* A.N. anthem.
Antiphonere, *n.* A N. the service-book containing the antiphons, or anthems for the ecclesiastical seasons.

Antylegyus, *n. pr.* Antilochus.
Anvelt, *n.* A.S. an anvil.
Apayde, or apaide, *part. pa.* A.N. paid, satisfied.
Ape, *n.* A.S. metaphorically a fool. *To put in his hood an ape* means to make a fool of him. *Wyn of ape*, so much wine as to make a man act like an ape.
Apeyre, *v.* A.N. to impair.
Apert, *adj.* A.N. open. *Prive and apert*, in public and private.
Apies, for opies, *n. pl.* A.N. opiates.
Appalled, *part. pa.* A.N. made pale.
Apparaile, *v.* A.N. to prepare.
Apparence, *n.* A.N. appearance.
Apperceyve, Apparceive } *v.* A.N. to perceive.
Apparceyvynges, *n. pl.* A.N. perceptions.
Appetite, *v.* A.N. to desire.
Appose, *v.* A.N. to oppose, object to, question.
Appourtenaunt, *adj.* A.N, appurtenant, appertaining.
Apprentys, *part. pa.* apprenticed.
Approvour, Apprower } *n.* A.N. approver, informer.
Appropered, *part. pa.* of appropere, *v.* A.N. appropriated.
Aqueyntable, *adj.* A.N. easy to be acquainted with, affable.
Aquite, *v.* A.N. to pay for.
Arace, *v.* A.N. to tear, to draw away by force.
Aray, Araye, Arraye } *n.* A.N. array, order, situation, equipage.
Araye, Arraye } *v.* A.N. to array, dress, dispose.
Arblasteres, *n. pl.* A.N. cross-bows, engines of war made on the principle of cross-bows.
Archangel, *n.* A.N. the bird called titmouse.
Archedekne, *n.* Gr. an archdeacon.
Archediacre, *n.* A.N. an archdeacon.
Archewyves, *n. pl.* Gr. and A.S. wives who aspire to govern their husbands.
Ardure, *n.* A.N. burning, ardour.
Arede, *v.* A.S. to interpret, advise.
Arerage, *n.* A.N. arrear.
Areise, Areyse } *v.* A.S. to raise.
Aresone, *v.* A.N. to reason with.
Areste, Arreste } *n.* A.N. arrest, constraint, delay.
Areste, *v.* A.N. to arrest, stop.
Arette, *v.* A.S. *gerehtan*, to impute.
Argoil, *n.* A.N. potter's clay.
Ariete, *n.* Lat. Aries, the ram, one of the signs of the Zodiac.
Arive, *n.* A.N. landing, or disembarcation of troops.
Arke, *n.* Lat. an arc of a circle.
Armie, *n.* A.N. arm; metaphorically, defence.
Armles, *adj.* A.S. without an arm.
Arm-gret, *adj.* A.S. as thick as a man's arm.
Armipotent, *adj.* Lat. mighty in arms.
Armure, *n.* A.N. armour.
Arn, *pl. pres. indic.* of to be, *v.* A.S. are.
Aroos, *past tense* of arise, *v.* A.S. arose.
Aroume, *adv.* A.S. at large, roaming about.
Arowe, *adv.* A.N. in a row.
Arryvage, *n.* A.N. arrival, disembarcation.
Arsmetrike, *n.* Lat. (*ars metrica*) arithmetic.
Arte, *v.* Lat. (*arcere*) to constrain.
Artelries, *n.* A.N. artillery.
Artow, *v.* art thou.
Arwe, *n.* A.S. arrow.
Aryvayle, *n.* A.N. landing, disembarcation.
Ascaunce, Ascauns } *adv.* as though, as much as to say.
Asschen, *n. pl.* A.S. ashes.
Aslake, aslaken, *v.* A.S. to slake, slacken, or abate.
Asleke, *v.* A.S. to slack, satisfy hunger.
Aspe, *n.* A.S. the aspen, or black poplar.
Aspen, *adj.* A.S. of, or belonging to an asp.
Aspie, or aspye, *v.* A.N. to espie.

Aspik, *n.* A.N. an asp.
Aspre, *adj.* A.N. rough, sharp.
Asprenesse, *n.* A.N. sharpness.
Assaut, *n.* A.N. assault.
Assege, *n.* A.N. siege.
Asseth, *adv.* A.N. sufficient.
Assise, *n.* A.N. situation.
Assoile, **Assoyle** } *v.* A.N. to absolve, to explain a doubtful question. Assoileth, *imp. mood, second pers. plu.*
Assomoned, *part. pa.* A.N. summoned.
Assure, *v.* A.N. to confide.
Asterte, *v.* A.S. to escape, to release. Asterte, for asterteth.
Astonyed, **Astoned** } *part. pa.* A.N. astonished, confounded.
Astrylabe, *n.* Gr. the astrolabe, an astronomical instrument.
Astrologien, *n.* A.N. an astronomer.
Asweved, *part. pa.* A.S stupified, as in a dream.
Aswoune, *adj.* A.S. in a swoon.
At, *prep.* A.S. *at after souper*, at the time when supper was ended; *at oon*, at one, agreed.
Atake, *v.* to overtake; atake, *part. pa.* overtaken.
Athre, *adv.* in three parts.
Attamed, atamyd, *part. pa.* A.N. (*entamé*) opened, begun; tasted, felt; disgraced.
Atte, *prep.* A.S. at the.
Attempre, *adj.* A.N. temperate.
Attemprely, *adv.* A.N. temperately.
Attour, *n.* A.N. head-dress.
Attry, **Atterly** } *adj.* A.S. poisonous, pernicious.
Atwinne, **Atwo**, **Atwoo** } *adv.* A.S. in two.
Atyzar, *adj.* a technical word of the old astronomy, applied to the planet Mars, and meaning, perhaps, inflamed, or angry. — See note, in voc.
Availe, *v. neut.* A.N. to fall.
Avale, *v. ac.* A.N. to vail, lower.
Avaunce, *v.* A.N. to advance, profit.
Avaunt, *n.* A.N. a vaunt, boast.
Avaunt, *adv.* A.N. forward.
Avauntage, *n.* A.N. advantage.
Avaunte, *v.* A.N. to vaunt, boast.
Avauntour, *n.* A.N. a vaunter, braggart.
Auctorite, **Auctoritee** } *n.* A.N. an authority, a text from Scripture, or from some respectable author
Auctour, *n.* A.N. a writer of credit.
Avenaunt, *adj.* A.N. becoming.
Aventayle, *n.* A.N. the visor of a helmet; that part which is raised *à ventaille*, to give the wearer air.
Aventure, *n.* A.N. adventure, chance.
Averrois, *n. pr.* Ebn Roschid, an Arabian physician of the twelfth century.
Aught, *n.* A.S. anything.
Aught, **Ought**, **Ought** } *adv.* by any means, or by any chance.
Aught-where, **Ought-where** } *adv.* anywhere.
Aught, **Ought**, **Ought** } *past tense* of owe, *v.* A.S. owed.
Augrym, a corruption of algorithm, numeration; augrym-stones, counters, or calculi, for facilitating calculations.
Avicen, *n. pr.* Ebn Sina, an Arabian physician of the tenth century.
Avis, **Avys** } *n.* A.N. advice, opinion.
Avisunde, *pres. part.* A N. observing.
Avise, **Avyse** } *v.* A.N. to observe, look to.
Avisioun, *n.* A.N. a vision.
Aumble, *n.* A.N. an ambling pace.
Auntre, *v.* A.N. a corruption of aventure, to adventure, or venture.
Auntrous, *adj.* A.N. adventurous.
Avouterer, **Avoutrer** } *n.* A.N. an adulterer.
Avoutrie, *n.* adultery.
Avow, *n.* A.N. a vow.
Aurora, *n. pr.* the title of a Latin metrical version of the Bible, by Petrus de Riga, a canon of Rheims in the twelfth century.
Auter, *n.* Lat. altar.

Awayte, *n.* A.N. watch.
Awaytand, *part. pr.* watching.
Awapyd, Awhaped { *part. pa.* of awape or awhape, A.S. confounded, stupified.
Awayward, *adv.* A.S. away.
Awmener, *n.* A.N. *aumôniere*, a purse for holding money to be given in alms.
Awmere, *n.* A.N. apparently a contraction for awmener.
Awreke, *v.* A.S. to revenge.
Axe, *v.* A.S. to ask.
Axyng, *n.* A.S. request.
Ay, *n.* A.S. an egg.
Ay, Aye } *adv.* ever.
Ayel, *n.* A.N. grandfather.
Ayen, Ayenes } *adv.* and *prep.* A.S. again, against, toward.
Ayenst, *adv.* until.
Ayenward, *adv.* A.S. back.

B.

Ba, *v.* seems to be formed from *basse*, *v.* A.N. to kiss.
Baar, *past tense* of bere, *v.* A.S. bare, bore.
Bacheler, *n.* A.N. an unmarried man; a knight.—See vol. vii. p. 197, note 1; a bachelor of arts.
Bachelerie, *n.* A.N. knighthood; *the bachelerie*, the knights.
Bade, *past tense* of bede, *v.* A.S.
Badder, *adj.* A.S. *compar. degree* of bad; worse.
Bagge, *v.* to swell, disdain; rather, perhaps, to squint, or look askance, and hence, metaphorically, to despise.
Baggyngly, *adv.* in a squinting manner.
Baillie, *n.* A.N. bailiwick, the jurisdiction of a sheriff, custody.
Baite, Bayte } *v.* A.S. to feed, to stop to feed.
Bak, Bakke } *n.* A.S. the back.
Balaunce, *n.* A.N. doubt, suspense, jeopardy.
Bale, *n.* A.S. loss, mischief, sorrow.
Bales, *n.* A.N. *balais*, the bastard ruby.
Balkes, *n. pl.* A.S. the beams of the roof.
Ballyd, Balled } *adj.* smooth as a ball, bald.
Barbe, *n.* A.N. a hood, or muffler, which covered the lower part of the face and shoulders.
Baren, *past tense pl.* of bore, *v.* A.S. bore.
Bargeyn, *n.* A.N. contention.
Bargaret, *n.* A.N. a pastoral song.
Barme, *n.* A.S. the lap.
Barme-cloth, *n.* an apron, or petticoat.
Barre, *n.* A.N. a bar of a door, a stripe.
Barreigne, *adj.* A.S. barren.
Basilcok, *n.* a basilisk.
Basse, *n.* A.N. a kiss.
Bastynge, *part. pres.* of baste, *v.* A.S. to sew slightly.
Batayled, *part. pa.* A.N. embattled.
Bathe, for bothe.
Bathe, *v.* A.S. to bathe, or bask, applied to a hen basking in the sun, and covering herself with dust.
Baude, *adj.* A.N. joyous.
Baudrye, Baudrie } *n.* A.N. pimping, keeping a bawdy-house.
Baudy, *adj.* A.N. dirty.
Baundon, *n.* A.N. disposal.
Bayard, *n.* A.N. a bay horse; applied to any horse.
Bayely, *n.* A.N. a bailiff, steward.
Be, *prep.* A.S. by.
Be, *part. pa.* of to be, *v.* A.S. been.
Beau-Semblant, *n. pr.* A.N. Fair-Appearance.
Beau-sire, *n.* A.N. fair sir.
Bebledde, *part. pa.* A.S. covered with blood.
Beclappe, *v.* A.S. to catch.
Bedaffed, *part. pa.* A.S. made a fool of.
Bede, *v.* to desire, bid, pray, invite, offer. *To bede his nekke*, to offer his neck for execution.
Bede, *n.* A.S. a prayer, a bead on which prayers were counted; *a peire of bedes*, a set of beads for counting prayers on; a rosary.

Bedote, *v.* A.S. to cause to doat.
Bedred, *part. pa.* bed-ridden.
Bedreint, *part. pa.* of bedrenche, *v.* A.S. drenched, drowned.
Been, *n. pl.* bees.
Beete / **Bete** } *v.* A.S. to prepare, make ready; *to beete fyres*, to kindle fires; to mend, heal; to ornament.
Befil, *past tense* of befalle, *v.* A.S. befel.
Beforen / **Beforne** } *adv.* and *prep.* A.S. before.
Begiled, *part. pa.* beguiled.
Bego / **Begon** / **Bigoo** / **Bigoon** / **Bygoon** } *part. pa.* of bego, *v.* A.S. gone. *Wel begon*, in a good way; *wo begon*, in a bad way; *wors bigon*, in a worse way; *with gold bygoon*, covered over with gold.
Begonne, *part. pa.* of beginne, *v.* A.S. begun.
Behalve, *n.* A.S. behalf.
Beheste, *n.* A.S. promise.
Behete, *v.* A.S. to promise.
Behewe, *part. pa.* A.S. coloured, hued.
Behighte, *part. pa.* of behete, *v.* A.S. promised.
Behighten, *past tense pl.* promised.
Behove, *n.* A.S. behoof, advantage.
Bejaped, *part. pa.* of bejape, *v.* A.S. tricked, laughed at.
Bekke, *v.* A.N. to nod.
Beknowe / **Byknowe** } *v.* A.S. to acknowledge, confess.
Belamy, A.N. good friend.
Bele-chose, *n.* A.N. *pudenda muliebris.*
Beleve, *n* A.S. belief, creed.
Belle, *v.* A.S. to bellow.
Belle, *adj.* A.N. fair.
Belle-cheer, *n.* A.N. good cheer.
Belmarie, *n. pr.* Benamaryn, one of the Moorish States in Africa
Belowe, *v.* A.S. to bellow.
Belys / **Bely** } *n.* A.S. bellows.
Bemes, *n. pl.* A.S. trumpets.
Ben, *inf. mood* of *v.* A.S. to be.
Ben, *pres. tense pl.* are.
Ben, *part. pa.* been.
Benched, *part. pa.* A.N. furnished with benches.
Bend, *n.* A.N. a band, stripe
Bending, *n.* striping, making of bands.
Bene, *n.* A.S. a bean.
Benedicite! Lat. an exclamation like Bless us! pronounced Bencite.
Beneyngly, *adv.* A.N. benignly.
Benigne, *adj.* A.N. benign, kind.
Benime, *v.* A.S. to take away.
Benisoun, *n.* A.N. benediction, blessing.
Benyng, *adj.* A.N. benign.
Bent, *n.* A.S. the bending or declivity of a hill; the coarse grass which grows on a moor.
Beoth / **Beothe** } *second pers. pl. pres. tense* of be, *v.* A.S.
Bereyned, *part. pa.* of bereyne, *v.* A.S. rained upon.
Berde, *n.* A.S. the beard; *to make one's berde*, to impose upon him.
Bere, *n.* A.S. a bear.
Bere, *v.* A.S. to bear, carry. *To bere on hand*, to accuse falsely, to persuade falsely. *To bere the belle*, to carry off the prize.
Bere, *n.* A.S. a bier.
Bere *n.* A.S. a case, or covering; pilwe-bere, a pillow-case.
Beriede, *part. pa.* of berye, *v.* A.S. buried.
Bering, *n.* A.S. bearing, or behaviour.
Berme, *n.* A.S. barm, or yeast.
Bernard, *n. pr.* a physician of Montpellier in the thirteenth century.
Bernard, *n. pr.* St. Bernard, the last of the Fathers of the Church, and Abbot of Clairvaux, in the twelfth century.
Berne, *n.* A.S. a barn.
Besaunt, *n.* a gold coin of Byzantium.
Beseke, *v.* A.S. to beseech.
Besette, *v.* A.S. to serve.
Beset / **Besette** } *part. pa.* of besette, *v.* A.S. served, placed, employed.
Beseye, or **besey**, *part. pa.* of besee;

v. A.S. beseen; *evil besey*, ill-beseen, of a mean appearance; *richely besey*, well dressed, of a rich appearance.

Beshet, Beshette } *part. pa.* A.S. shut up.

Beshrewe, *v.* A.S. to curse.

Besmotred, *part. pa.* A.S. smutted, stained.

Bespet, *part. pa.* A.S. spit upon.

Bespreynt, *part. pa.* of besprenge, *v.* A.S. besprinkled.

Bestedde, Bestad } *part. pa.* of bestede, *v.* A.S. situated.

Best, Beste } *n.* A.N. a beast.

Beste, *adj. sup. degree*, A.S. best.

Besy, Bisy, Bysy } *adj.* A.S. busy.

Bet, Bette } *adv. comp. degree*, A.S. better.

Betake, *v.* A.S. to give, to recommend.

Betaught, *past tense* of last, recommended.

Bete, *v.* A.S. See Beete.

Bete, *v.* A.N. to beat.

Beteche, *v.* A.S. Same as betake.

Beth, Beeth } *imp. mood second pers. pl.* of to be, *v.* A.S. be ye.

Boted, Betid, Betidde, Betyd, Betydde } *past tense* and *part.* of *v.* A.S. betide, happened.

Betoke, *past tense* of betake, recommended.

Betraised, Betraysed, Betrasshed, Betrasshyd } *past part.* of betrayse, *v.* A.N. betrayed.

Betwix, Betwixe, Betwixen } *prep.* A.S. between.

Betyt, for betidith, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of betide.

Bewepe, *v.* A.S. to weep over.

Bewope, *past tense and part.* of last.

Bewrey, Bewreye, Bewrye } *v.* A.S. to discover, to uncover.

Beye, *v.* A.S. to buy. See abeye.

Beyete, *part. pa* A.S. begotten.

Bi, *prep.* A.S. by, beside.

Bialacoil, *n. pr.* A.N. *Bel-Accueil*; afterwards translated by Chaucer Faire-Welcoming.

Bibbed, *part. pa.* Lat. drunk.

Bible, *n.* A.N. a book; the bible, the book, *par excellence.*

Bibled, *adj.* covered with blood.

Bibiotte, *v.* A.S. to blot.

Bicchel-bones, or bicched-bones, *n.* dice.

Bidde, *v.* A.S. same as bede, to desire, pray, invite.

Bie, or bye, *v.* A.S. to suffer. See abeye.

Bifille, *past. tense pl.* of befalle, *v.* A.S. befel.

Biforen, Beforen } *adv.* and *prep.* A.S. before.

Bigoo, Bigoon } See Bego.

Bilder, *n.* A.S. a builder, an epithet applied to the oak, as being used in building.

Bille, *n.* A.N. a letter, a petition.

Bimene, Bymene } *v.* A.S. to bemoan.

Bint, Bynt } for bindeth, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of binde, *v.* A.S.

Birde, Byrde } *n.* A.S. a bride.

Bischop, *n.* A.S. Gr. a bishop.

Bissemarre, *n.* abusive speech.

Bistadde, *part. pa.* bestead, in evil plight.

Bit, Byt } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of bidde, *v.* A.S. biddeth.

Bitrent, *part. pa.* of bitrende, *v.* A.S. surrounded.

Biwopen, *part. pa.* drowned in tears.

Blaumanger, *n.* A.N. a dish composed of fowl, &c.

Blandise, *v.* A.N. to blandish, flatter.

Blanche fevere, *n.* A.N. *fièvres blanches*, the green sickness.

Ble, *n.* A.S. colour.

Blee, *n. pr.* a forest in Kent.

Bleyne, *n.* A.S. a blain, boil, or pimple.

Blende, *v.* A.S. to blind, deceive.
Blent, *past tense* and *part.* of last.
Blent, *past tense* of blenche, *v.* A.S. shrunk, started aside.
Blered, *part. pa.* A.S. literally used to describe sore eyes, metaphorically applied to a person who is deceived, or imposed upon.
Bleve, or bleven, *v.* A.S. to stay.
Blin, Blinne, Blynne, Bylynne } *v.* A.S. to cease.
Blisse, Blysse } *v.* A.S. to bless.
Blive, Belyve } *adv.* A.S. quickly.
Blod, *n.* A.S. blood.
Blosme, *n.* A.S. blossom.
Blosme, *v.* to blossom.
Blosmy, *adj.* full of blossoms.
Blynne, as blinne.
Bobaunce, *n.* A.N. boasting.
Boche, *n.* A.N. a botch or boil.
Bode, boden, *part. pa.* of bede, *v.* A.S. bidden.
Bode, *past tense* of bide, *v.* A.S. remained.
Bode, *n.* A.S. delay.
Bode, *n.* A.S. an omen.
Boece, Boesse } *n. pr.* Boethius.
Boydekyn, *n.* A.S. a bodkin, or dagger.
Boiste, *n.* A.N. a box.
Boistous, *adj.* A.S. boisterous.
Boistously, *adv.* boisterously.
Bokeler, *n.* A.N. a buckler.
Bokelyng, *part. pre.* buckling.
Boket, *n.* A.S. a bucket.
Bolas, *n.* the bullace plum.
Bole Armoniac, *n.* a drug called Armenian earth.
Bolle, *part. pa.* of bolge, *v.* A.S. swollen, bulged.
Bolt, *n.* A.S. an arrow.
Bolt-upright, *adv.* lying on the back as straight as an arrow.
Bonnirete, for débonairetè, *n.* A.N courtesy.
Boones, *n. pl.* A.S. bones.
Boon, Boone, Bone } *n.* A.S. a boon, petition. *He bad hem alle a boone,* asked them all a petition.
Boras, *n.* A.N. borax.
Boord, Borde } *n.* A.N. a border; a table.
Bordel, *n.* A.N. a brothel. *Bordel-women,* whores.
Bordillers, *n. pl.* A.N. keepers of brothels.
Borel, *n.* A.N. coarse cloth of a brown colour.
Borel, *adj.* A.N. made of coarse cloth; hence, metaphorically, unlearned, or laymen.
Borned, *part. pa.* burnished. *Gold-bornyd,* burnished with gold.
Borwe, *n.* A.S. a pledge. *Hath laid to borwe,* hath pledged. *Have here my feythe to borwe,* have here my faith for a pledge. *Seynt Johan to borwe,* St. John being my security.
Bosarde, *n.* A.N. a buzzard; a species of hawk unfit for falconry.
Bos, Bosse } *n.* A.N. a protuberance.
Boost, *n.* A.S. pride, boasting.
Boost, *adv.* A.S. aloud.
Boote, Bote } *n.* A.S. remedy, help, profit.
Boote, *past tense* of bite, *v.* A.S.
Boteles, *adj.* A.S. bootless, remediless.
Botel, Botelle } *n* A.N. a bottle.
Boterflie, *n.* a butterfly.
Bothe, *adj.* A.S. in the genitive case, two together. *Oure bothe labor, nostrûm amborum labor,* the labour of us two together. Sometimes *bother,* of both, like *aller,* of all.
Bothum, Botheum } *n.* A.N. a bud, particularly of a rose
Bougeron, *n.* A.N. a Sodomite.
Boughton-under-Blee, *n. pr.* a town in Kent.
Bouke, *n.* A.S. bulk, the body.
Boulte, *v.* A.S. to bolt, or sift meal.

Boun, Bowne } *adj.* A.S. ready.

Bounte, Bountee } *n.* A.N. goodness.

Bourde, *n.* A.N. a jest.

Bourdé, *v.* A.N. to jest.

Bourdon, *n.* A.N. a staff.

Boure, *n.* A.S. a house, a chamber.

Bowe, *n.* A.S. a bow.

Box, *n.* A.S. a blow.

Bracer, *n.* A.N. armour for the arm.

Bradwardyn, *n. pr.* Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1349, wrote a book, *De causâ Dei.*

Braide, Brayde, Breyde } *n.* A.S. a start.

Bnaide, Bnayde, Breyde } same as abrayde, *v.* A.S. to start, to take up, or off, suddenly.

Bragat, *n.* Welsh, bragod, a sweet drink made of sweetwort, honey, and spice.

Brasil, *n.* a wood used as a red dye. Its being mentioned by Chaucer is a proof that it is not named after the country Brazil.

Bratt, *n.* A.S. a coarse mantle, a rag.

Brech, *n.* A.S. breeches.

Brede, *n.* A.S. breadth. *In brede*, abroad.

Breme, *adj. and adv.* A.S. furious, furiously.

Brenne, *v.* A.S. to burn.

Brent, *past tense* and *part.* of brenne, burnt.

Brenningly, *adv.* A.S. hotly.

Breres, *n. pl.* A.N. briars.

Breste, *v.* A.S. to burst.

Bret-ful, *adj.* brim-full.

Bribe, *n.* A.N. what is given to a beggar, extortioner, or cheat.

Briben, *v.* A.N. to beg, to steal.

Briboures, *n. pl.* A.N. thieves.

Bridale, *n.* A.S. a bridal, marriage-feast.

Brid, Bryd } *n.* A.S. a bird

Briddes, Bryddes } *pl.* of last, birds.

Brige, *n.* A.N. contention.

Brik, *n.* A.S. breach, ruin.

Brimme, *adj.* same as breme.

Brocage, *n.* A.N. a treaty by a broker, or agent.

Broch, Brooke } *n.* A.N. properly a spit, a brooch or pin.

Broided, *part. pa.* A.N. braided, woven.

Brokking, *part. pr.* throbbing, quavering.

Bromholme, *n. pr.* a priory in Norfolk.

Bronde, *n.* A.N. a torch.

Brosten, *part. pa.* of breste, burst.

Brotel, *adj.* A.S. brittle.

Brotelnesse, *n.* A.S. brittleness.

Brotherhed, Brotherhede } *n.* A.S. brotherhood, fraternal affection, a religious community.

Brouded, Browded } *part. pa.* A.N. embroidered.

Brouken, *v.* A.S. to brook, enjoy, use.

Brutil, *adj.* A.S. brittle.

Brutilnesse, *n.* A.S. brittleness.

Buissh, *n.* A.N. a bush.

Bukkes-horne, *n.* a buck's horn. *To blowe the bukkes horne*, to employ oneself in any useless amusement.

Bugle-horn, *n.* A.S. a bull's horn, from bowgle or bougle, a bull. Anything made of a bull's horn, such as a drinking cup.

Bulte, *v.* A.S. to bolt, sift.

Bumble, *v.* A.S. to make a humming noise, as the bittern.

Burdoun, *n.* A.N. the bass in music.

Burel, as borel.

Buriels, *n. pl.* A.S. burying-places.

Burned, Borned } *part. pa.* burnished.

Brunette, Burnette } *n.* A.N. a fine cloth of a brown colour.

Buske, *n.* A.N. a bush.

But, Butte } *adv. conj.* and *prep.* A.S. but, unless, only; without.

Buxome, *adj.* A.S. obedient, civil.

Buxomly, *adv.* A.S. obediently, civilly.

Buye, *v.* A.S. to suffer. A contracted form of abegge, or abeye.
By, *prep.* A.S. sometimes means in, as *By the morwe*, in the morning. *By and by* sometimes means *hard by*, sometimes one by one, *sigillatim*.
Byclappe, *v.* as beclappe.
Bydaffed, *part. pa.* made a fool of.
Bydde, as bede.
Byforn, *adv.* and *prep.* A.S. before.
Bygyled, *part. pa.* beguiled.
Bygynne, *v.* A.S. to begin.
Bygyns, *n. pl.* A.N. *Béguines*, an order of quasi-religious women, not bound by vows.
Byheste, *n.* A.S. behest, promise.
Byhighte, *v.* A.S. to promise.
Byhote, *v.* A.S. to promise.
Byjaped, *part. pa.* tricked, laughed at.
Byker, *n.* S.A. a quarrel.
Byknowe, *v.* A.S. to acknowledge.
Byleeve, *n.* A.S. belief, creed.
Bylove, *v.* A.S. to stay.
Bylynne, as blinne, or blynne, *v.* A.S. to delay.
Bynyme, *v.* A.S. to take away. Same as benime; bynomen, *part. pa.* taken away.
Byreyned, *part. pa.* A.S. rained upon.
Byrnft, *past tense* and *part.* of byreve, *v.* A.S. bereft.
Byshruwe, *v.* A.S. to curse.
Byrde, *n.* A.S. a bride.
Byset, *past tense* and *part.* of bysetten, *v.* A.S., served, placed, employed.
Byseye, *part. pa.* of besie, *v.* A.S. besceen. *Vide* beseye.
Bysinesse, *n.* A.S. business.
Bysily, *adv.* A.S. busily.
Bysmoterud, *part. pa.* A.S. smutted.
Bystnd, *part. pa.* A.S. situated.
Byt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of byddo, or biddo, *v.* A.S. bids.
Bytake, as betake.
Bytid, *part. pa.* A.S. happened.
Bytoke, as betoke.
Bytoure, *n.* A.S. a bittern.
Bytrnised, as betrnised.
Bytrashed, as betrashed.
Bytrent, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of bytrende, or bitrende, surroundeth.
Bytwixe, as betwixe.
Bywreye, as bewreye.

C.

Cans, *n.* A.N. a case, a quiver.
Cacche, *v.* to catch.
Cadence, *n.* a species of blank verse.
Caf, *n.* A.S. chaff.
Cairrud, *n. pr.* a city in Bretagne.
Calcinacioun, *n.* A.N. the chemical process of calcining.
Calculed, *past tense* A.N. calculated.
Caleweis, *n.* A.N. a kind of pear.
Calipsa, for Calypso, *n. pr.*
Calle, *n.* A.N. a caul or cap.
Cameline, *n.* A.N. a stuff made of camel's hair. See Kamelyne.
Camois } *adj.* A.N. flatnosed.
Camoys }
Campioun, *n.* A.N. a champion.
Canance, *adj.* Canaanite.
Cane, *n. pr.* Cana in Galilee.
Candelle, *n.* A.N. a candle.
Canne, *v.* A.S. to know.
Canel, *n.* A.N. channel.
Canelle, *n.* A.N. cinnamon.
Canevas, *n.* A.N. canvas.
Canon, *n. pr.* the title of Avicenne's great work.
Cantel, *n.* A.S. a piece or part cut off.
Capel } *n.* A.N. a horse.
Capul }
Capitaine, *n.* A.N. a captain.
Capitolie, *n.* Lat. the Capitol.
Cappe, *n.* A.N. a cap or hood. *To set a man's cap*, to make a fool of him.
Captif } *adj.* A.N. captive.
Captyf }
Carayn, *n.* A.N. carrion.
Cardiacle, *n.* A.N. Gr. a pain about the heart.
Carf } *past tense* of kerve, *v.* A.S.
Kerf } carved, cut.
Carl, *n.* A.S. a churl, a hardy country-fellow.

Carmes, *n. pl.* A.N. Carmelite friars.

Carol, Karol } *n.* A.N. a dance accompanied with singing.

Carole, Karole } *v.* A.N. to dance and sing.

Carpe, *v.* to talk.

Caroigne, *n.* A.N. a carrion.

Carrik, *n.* A.N. a large ship.

Carte, *n.* A.N. a chariot.

Carter, *n.* A.N. a charioteer.

Cas, *n.* A.N. chance; *upon cas*, by chance.

Cassiodore, *n. pr.* Cassiodorus, a law writer, several of whose works are extant.

Cast, *n.* A.S. a contrivance.

Caste, *v.* A.S. to throw, to contrive.

Casteloigne, *n. pr.* Catalonia in Spain.

Casuel, *adj.* A.N. accidental.

Catapuce, *n.* A.N. a species of spurge.

Catel, *n.* A.N. goods, chattels.

Caterwrawed, *to gon a caterwrawed* seems to mean the same thing as to go a caterwauling.

Cavillacioun, *n.* A.N. cavil.

Caton, *n. pr.* the author of the *Distichs*, a book of proverbs popular in the middle ages.

Cise } *v.* for seize, or seise, A.N.

Cese } to seize.

Celerer, *n.* Lat. the officer in a monastery who had the care of the provisions.

Celle, *n.* Lat. a cell, properly an English branch of a foreign monastery, but applied generally to any religious house. Applied also to the head, as the cell of the brain.

Celsitude, *n.* A.N. highness.

Celured, *part. pa.* A.N. ceiled, or canopied.

Censing, *part. pres.* A.N. fumigating with incense.

Centaurce, *n. pr.* an herb so called.

Cercle, *v.* A.N. to encircle or surround; cercleth, *third pers. sing. pres. tense.*

Cercles, *n. pl.* A.N. circles.

Cerial, *adj.* A.N. belonging to the species of oak called *cerrus*.

Certain, Certyn, Certeyne } *adj.* A.N. is sometimes used as a substantive to mean a certain quantity; as, *of unces a certain*, a certain number of ounces.

Certaine, Certeyne, Certes } *adv.* A.N. certainly.

Ceruse *n.* A.N. white lead.

Cesed, *part. pa.* for seised, used in the legal sense of seized, to be in possession of.

Cesse, *v.* A.N. to cease.

Chaffare, *n.* A.S. merchandise.

Chaffare, *v.* A.S. to trade, chaffer.

Chalouns, *n.* A.N. blankets.

Chamayle, *n.* A.N. a camel.

Chambrere, *n.* A.N. a chamber-maid.

Champartye, *n.* A.N. a legal term for a conspiracy to deprive an owner of possession by law.

Chantepleure, *n.* A.N. a sort of proverbial expression for singing and weeping successively.

Chapitre, *n.* A.N. the chapter of a religious order.

Chaunterie, *n.* A.N. an endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass agreeably to the appointment of the founder.

Chapman, *n.* A.S. a merchant, trader.

Chapmanhede, *n.* A.S. the condition of a merchant or trader.

Chare, *n.* A.N. a chariot.

Charge, *n.* A.N. a load, burthen, business of weight. *It nere no charge*, it were no harm. *Of that no charge*, no matter for that.

Charge, *v.* A.N. to weigh, to incline on account of weight. *Which chargeth not to say*, which it is useless to mention.

Chargeant, *part. pres.* A.N. burthensome.

Charmeresse, *n.* A.N. an enchantress.

Chastelaine, *n.* A.N. the wife of a chastelain, or governor of a castle.

Chastye, *v.* A.N. to chastise.
Chayer, *n.* A.N. a chair, a professor's chair.
Chekkere, *n.* A.N. a chess-board.
Chees } *past tense* of chese, *v.* A.S.
Ches } to choose.
Cheflis, *n.* we should read *cheses*.
Chek, cheek, the technical term in chess, to signify that the king is in danger.
Chekelatoun, *n.* A.N. a kind of rich cloth.
Chek mate, the term used at chess to denote that the king is taken prisoner.
Chelaundre, *v.* A.N. a kind of lark, perhaps the wood-lark.
Chepe, *n.* A.S. a market; *good chepe*, A.N. *bon-marché*, cheap.
Chepe, *v.* A.S. to buy, or, as is vulgarly said, to market.
Chepe, *n. pr.* A.S. the market in London, now called Cheap-side.
Cherche, *n.* A.S. a church.
Chere, *n.* A.N. countenance, appearance; entertainment, good cheer.
Cherice } *v.* A.N. to cherish.
Cherise }
Cherisaunce, *n.* A.N. comfort.
Cherl, *n.* A.S. a serf or copyholder; a man of mean birth and condition.
Cherlish, *adj.* A.S. illiberal.
Ches } *n.* the game of chess
Chesse }
Chese, *v.* A.S. to choose.
Chese, *third pers. sing. pres. indic.* for cheseth.
Cheste, *n.* Lat. a coffin.
Cheste, *n.* debate.
Chesteyn, *n.* A.N. the chestnut.
Chevalerous, *adj.* A.N. chivalrous.
Cheve, *v.* A.N. to achieve, to come to a conclusion. *Yet mote he cheve*, ill may he end!
Chevered, *past tense* of chever, *v.* A.S. to shiver.
Chevesaile, *n.* A.N. a collar, or necklace.
Chevouten } *n.* A.N. a chieftain.
Chivoten }
Chevisaunce, *n.* A.N. an agreement for borrowing money.
Chiche, *adj.* A.N. niggardly, sparing.
Chichevache, *n.* A.N. literally, a lean cow; a lean cow supposed to feed upon obedient wives.—See vol. ii. p. 159, note 2.
Chideresse } *n.* A.S. a female scold.
Chidester }
Chierote, *n.* A.N. tenderness, affection.
Chike, *n.* A.S. a chick or chicken.
Chimbe, *v.* to chime bells.
Chinche, as chiche.
Churchereve, *n.* A.S. a church-warden.
Chirchehawe, *n.* A.S. a churchyard.
Chirke, *v.* A.S. to chirp as a sparrow.
Chirkynges, *n.* from *part. pres.* of last, chirpings.
Chit, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of chide, *v.* A.S. chideth.
Chivachie } *n.* A.N. a military ex-
Chivache } pedition, a feat of horsemanship.
Chymbe, *n.* A.S. the prominent part of the staves beyond the head of a barrel.
Chynche.—See Chinche.
Chyncherie, *n.* A.N. penuriousness.
Chyvalry } *n.* A.N. chivalry.
Chivalrye }
Cierges, *n. pl.* A.N. wax-tapers.
Cite } *n.* A.N. city.
Citee }
Citole, *n.* A.N. a stringed instrument mentioned by William Guiart (1248):

'Que le roi de France à celle orée
Enveloppa si de paroilles
Plus douces que son de citoles.'

Barbazan supposes it to be the same as the cithara; Sir John Hawkins believes it to be a kind of dulcimer, and that the name is a corruption of the Latin *cistella*.
Citrinatioun, *n.* A.N. a chemical term.

Clamben, *past tense pl.* of climbe; *v.* A.S. climbed.
Claperes, *n. pl.* A.N. rabbit-burrows.
Clappe, *v.* A.S. to knock repeatedly; to talk incessantly and loud.
Clappynge, *n.* A.S. noisy and incessant talking,
Clapsud, *part pa.* clasped.
Clarre, *n.* A.N. wine mixed with honey and spices, and clarified. It was otherwise called piment. The following is the receipt for making it:—'Claretum bonum sive pigmentum. Accipe nucem moschatam, cariofilos, gingebas, macis, cinnamomum, galangam; quæ omnia in pulverem redacta distempera cum bono vino cum tertiâ parte mellis; post cola per sacculum, et da ad bibendum. Et nota, quod illud idem potest fieri de cerevisiâ.'—*Medulla Cirurgiæ Rolandi.* MS. Bodl. 761, fol. 86.
Clatereden, *past tense pl.* of clatere; *v.* A.S. to clatter.
Clause, *n.* A.N. an end or conclusion.
Clawe, *v.* A.S. to stroke. *He clawed him on the bak*, he stroked him on the back to encourage him. *To clawe on the galle*, to rub on a sore place.
Cledde, *past tense* of clede, *v.* A.S. clad.
Cleneness, *n.* A.S. cleanness, purity.
Clepe, *v.* A.S. to call; yclepte, *part. pa.*
Clergial, *adj.* A.N. learned.
Clergie, *n.* A.N. the clerical profession.
Clergeoun, *n.* A.N. a young clerk.
Clerk, *n.* A.N. a person in holy orders; a man of learning; a student at the university.
Clifte, *n.* A.S. a cleft.
Cliket, *n.* A.N. a latch-key.
Clinke, *v.* a. A.S. to ring.
Clinke, *v. neut.* to tinkle.
Clippe, *v.* A.S. to clip; to embrace.
Clipsi, *adj.* eclipsed.
Clobbed, *adj.* A.S. clubbed, like a club.
Clomben, *past tense pl.* of climbe *v.* A.S.
Closer, *n.* A.N. an enclosure.
Clote-lefe, a leaf of the burdock, or clote-bur.
Clothred, *past pa.* A.S. clotted.
Clove-gilofre } *n.* A.N. clove.
Clowe-gelofre }
Cloutes, *n.* A.S. small pieces, rags, patches.
Clum, *interj.* speak low; from A.S. *clumian*, to mutter.
Clumben, *past tense pl.* of climbe.
Clyffe, *n.* A.S. a cliff.
Clyves, *n. pl.* of clyffe, or cliffe.
Clywe, *v.* A.S. to turn or twist round.
Coagulat, *part. pa.* curdled.
Cockes Bones, a corruption of God's Bones.
Cod, *n.* A.S. a bag.
Cofre, *n.* A.N. a coffer, or chest.
Cogge, *n.* A.S. a cock-boat.
Coilons, *n.* A.N. testicles.
Coke, *n.* Lat. a cook.
Cokenay, *n.* a puny contemptible fellow; an inhabitant of the land of Cokaigne, a Londoner.
Cokewold, *n.* a cuckold.
Col, Colle } A.S. a prefix signifying false, as *col-prophet*, false prophet; *col-fox*, treacherous fox; *colle-tregetour*, false trickster.
Colde, *v.* A.S. to grow cold.
Coler, *n.* A.N. a collar.
Colera, *n.* Lat. bile.
Colerd, *part. pa.* collared, wearing collars.
Collacioun, *n.* A.N. a conference.
Collinges, *n. pl.* A.N. embraces round the neck.
Coltisech, *adj.* A.S. playful as a colt.
Colver, *n.* A.S. the culver, or wild pigeon.
Columbine, *adj.* Lat. dovelike.
Combre-world, *n.* an encumbrance to the world.
Combust, *adj.* Lat. a term in astronomy, applied to a planet when

it is not more than 8° 30′ distant from the sun.

Come, *third pers. sing. pres. tense of* come, *v.* A.S.; cometh.

Commensal, *n.* A.N. a mess-mate.

Commune, A.N. commonalty; communes, commoners.

Compaignable, *adj.* A.N. sociable, companionable.

Companne, *n.* A.N. by poetic licence for compagne.

Compas, *n.* A.S. a compass, circle. The *trine compas*, the Trinity, an appellation borrowed from a common emblem of that mystery, a circle circumscribing a triangle. Also, a contrivance.

Compassemente, Compassynge } *n.* contrivance.

Compasse, *v.* to contrive.

Compenable, *as* compaignable.

Compere, *n.* A.N. a near friend, a gossip.

Complin, Compline, Complyng } Lat. *completorium*, the last of the Hours in the Breviary, said, in religious houses, just before bedtime, and ludicrously applied in *The Canterbury Tales* to the snoring of the miller and his family.

Compounned, *part. pa.* A.N. compounded.

Compte, *n.* A.N. account.

Concete, *n.* A.N. conception.

Condescende, *n.* A.N. to yield.

Condise, *n. pl.* A.N. conduits.

Confecture, *n.* A.N. confection, composition.

Confuse, *adj.* A.N. confounded, confused.

Conjecte, *v.* A.N. to project, to contrive.

Conisaunce, *n.* A.N. knowledge.

Conne, *v.* A.S. to know, to know how, to be able, to learn by heart. *To conne him thank*, to be obliged to him, *lui savoir gré*. *To conne him maugre*, to be displeased with him, *lui savoir mal gré*.

Conseil, *n.* A.N. counsel.

Consentant, *part. pres.* A.N. consenting.

Conserve, *v.* A.N. to preserve.

Consistory, *n.* A.N. a court of justice, usually applied to an ecclesiastical court.

Conestablere, *n.* A.N. a ward of a castle under the command of a *conestable*, or constable.

Conplying, *see* Compline.

Contek, *n.* A.S. contention.

Contenaunce, *n.* A.N. appearance, pretence.

Contract, *part. pa.* Lat. contracted.

Contrariauntes, *part. pr.* is used in the *pl.* as in A.N., opposing, contradicting.

Contrarie, *v.* A.N. to contradict.

Contrarious, *adj.* A.N. opposite, perverse.

Contrary, *n.* A.N. an adversary.

Contrefete, *v.* A.N. to counterfeit.

Controve, *v.* A.N. to compose songs.

Contubernial, *n.* Lat. dwelling in the same tent, familiar.

Contune, *v.* A.N. to continue.

Cope, *n.* A.N. a cloak, the ecclesiastical vestment called a cope.

Cop, Coppe } *n.* A.S. the top of anything, the head.

Corage, *n.* A.N. heart, inclination, spirit, courage.

Corbetz, *n. pl.* A.N. in architecture, the capitals from which the arches spring.

Cordid, for accorded, the *past tense subj. mood* of accorde, would agree.

Cordewane, *n.* A.N. Spanish leather, so called from *Cordova*, where it was manufactured.

Cordileres, *n.* A.N. *cordeliers*, Franciscan friars, so called because wearing a girdle of rope.

Corinne, *n. pr.* a Greek poetess, the contemporary of Pindar.

Corniculere, *n.* Lat. *corniculārius*, in the Roman army, a lieutenant or assistant of a superior officer; in the civil service, a secretary or assistant of the magistrate.

Cornemuse, *n.* A.N. a bagpipe.

Cornewaile, *n. pr.* Cornouaille in Brittany.

Corny, *adj.* A.S. applied to ale, strong of the corn or malt.

Corone, Coroune, Corowne } *n.* A.N. a crown or garland.

Corps, *n.* A.N. the body.

Corpus, *n.* Lat. body. *Corpus Domini*, the Lord's body. *Corpus Madrian*, the body of St. Madrianus.

Correccioun, *n.* A.N. correction.

Corrige, *v.* A.N. to correct.

Corumpable, *adj.* A.N. corruptible.

Corumpe, *v.* A.N. to corrupt.

Corupt, *part. pa.* of last, corrupted.

Cors, *n.* A.S. a curse.

Corse, *v.* A.S. to curse.

Corseint, Corseynt } *n.* A.N. a holy body, relic.

Corven, *part. pa.* of kerve, *v.* A.S. cut.

Cosyn, *n.* A.N. cousin; sometimes used adjectively, allied.

Cosinage, *n.* A.N. kindred.

Costage, *n.* A.N. cost, expense.

Costeye, *v.* A.N. to coast, to go by the coast.

Costlewe, *adj.* costly.

Costrel, *n.* a drinking vessel.

Cote, *n.* A.N. a cot, cottage.

Cote, *n.* A.N. a coat. *Cote-armure*, coat-armour, a coat worn over the armour, on which the armorial bearings of the wearer were painted.

Cotidien, *adj.* A.N. quotidian, daily; used as a *substantive* for a quotidian ague.

Couche, *v.* A.N. to lay; *couched with perles*, laid, or trimmed with pearls.

Coud, Coude, Cowde } *past tense* and *part.* of conne, *v.* A.S. knew, was able; known.

Coveite, *v.* A.N. to covet; coveiten, *pl. pres. tense.*

Covenable, *adj.* A.N. convenient, suitable.

Covercle, *n.* A.N. the cover, or lid of a pot.

Covert, *adj.* A.N. secret, covert.

Covine, Covyne } *n.* A.N. cunning, contrivance.

Coulpe, *n.* A.N. a fault.

Countrepese, *v.* A.N. to counterpoise, to make up for.

Countreplete, *v.* A.N. to plead against.

Counterwayte, *v.* A.N. to watch against.

Countour, *n.* A.N. a counting-house; an accountant; the *abacus*, or instrument used for making calculations.

Countretaille, *n.* A.N. a tally answering exactly to another. Hence Echo is said to answer *at the countretaille.*

Coure, *v.* A.N. to cower, crouch.

Courfew-tyme, *n.* A.N. the time at which persons were obliged by law to put out their fires. Tyrwhitt says it probably varied with the seasons of the year. Walsingham speaking of an event on the 2nd Sept. 1311, mentions 9 o'clock as the *hora ignitegii.*

Courtepy, *n.* A.N. a short cloak.

Court-man, *n.* a courtier.

Couth, Couthe } *past tense* and *part.* of conne, to know.

Cowardise, Cowardyse } *n.* A.N. cowardice.

Coye, *v.* A.N. to quiet, make tame.

Coye, Coie } *adj.* A.N. tame, quiet.

Coyne, *n.* a quince.

Coynt, *adj.* A.S. quaint, neat, trim.

Cracchyng, *n.* A.S. *scratching.*

Craftys-man, *n.* A.S. a craftsman, tradesman.

Crake, Crakel } *v.* A.S. to sing hoarsely and tremulously.

Crakke, *v.* A.S. to crack.

Crampishe, *v. a.* A.N. to contract violently, as the cramp contracts the limbs.

Crased, *part. pa.* A.N. *ecrasé*, broken.

Creaunce, *n.* A.N. faith, belief.

Create, *part. pa.* Lat. created.

Crepul, *n.* A.S. a cripple, one who creeps.
Crevace, *n.* A.N. a crevice, or chink.
Criande, *part. pres.* of crye, *v.* A.N. crying.
Crips, *adj.* Lat. crisp, or curled.
Crisippus, *n. pr.* the writer of an encomium on John the Baptist. See Montfaucon, *Bib. Bibl.* p. 513.
Crispe, *adj.* Lat. curled.
Croce, *n.* Lat. a cross, a bishop's pastoral staff.
Crois, *n.* A.N. a cross.
Cromes, *n. pl.* A.S. crumbs.
Crone, *n.* A.S. properly an old ewe, in which sense it is still used in Norfolk; applied, secondarily, to an old woman.
Crope, Cropen } *part. pa.* and *past tense* of crepe, *v.* A.S. crept.
Crop, Croppe } *n.* A.S. the top of anything; the young and uppermost shoots of vegetables. *Croppe and rote*, root and branch.
Crosselet, *n.* A.N. a crucible.
Crouche, *v.* A.S. to sign with the cross.
Croude, Crowde } *v.* A.S. to push, to shove together. Still applied to pushing a wheelbarrow, in Norfolk.
Crouke, *n.* A.S. a crock, or earthen pitcher.
Croun, *n.* A.N. the crown of the head.
Croupe, *n.* A.N. the back, or crupper.
Crowned, *part. past*, sovereign; *crowned malice*, sovereign malice.
Crul, *adj.* A.S. curled.
Crynkled, *adj.* A.S. formed in a circle.
Cucurbite, *n.* Lat. a gourd; a vessel shaped like a gourd used in distillation.
Cuirbouly, *n.* A.N. leather prepared by boiling, used for defensive armour, &c.
Cuisshyn, *n.* A.N. a cushion.
Culpon, Culpoun } *n.* A.N. a bundle of anything, as a lock of hair, or a fagot of wood.
Culver, Colver } *n.* A.S. the wild pigeon.
Cuppe, *n.* A.N. a cup.
Curacioun, *n.* A.N. cure, healing.
Cure, *n.* A.N. care. *I do no cure*, I take no care.
Curious, *adj.* A.N. careful.
Curteis, Curteys } *adj.* A.N. courteous.
Custommere, *adj.* A.N. customary, accustomed.
Cut, Cutte } *n.* A.S. a lot; a straw cut into short and long lengths, to draw lots with.
Cytryne, *adj.* A.N. of a pale yellow or citron colour.

D.

Daf, *n.* A.S. a fool.
Dagge, *n.* A.S. a shred, or patch.
Dagged, *part. pa.* cut into dagges.
Dagging, *part. pres.* slitting.
Dagoun, *n.* a slip, or piece.
Dampne, *v.* A.N. to condemn.
Damascene, *n. pr.* the country about Damascus.
Damascen, *n. pr.* Joannes Mesue Damascenus, an Arabian physician in the eighth and ninth century.
Dan, Daun, Dawn, Dom } *n.* from A.N. *Dom*, Lat. *Dominus*, a title given to dignified personages generally, but especially to the Benedictines.
Danger, Daunger, Daungier } *n.* A.N. jurisdiction; hence the allegorical name given in the *Courts of Love*, and the poetry which sprung from them, to the husband, as being the person who has legal jurisdiction over the wife. Also, a dangerous situation.
Dangerous, Daungerous } *adj.* A.N. difficult of access, imperious, sparing.

Dare, *v.* A.S. to stare.
Dares, *n. pr.* the historian of the Trojan War.
Darreyne, *v.* A.N. to contest.
Dasen, *pres. tense pl.* of Dase, to grow dimsighted, to stare as one does whose sight is dim.
Daunte, *v.* A.N. to overcome.
Daunte, *n. pr.* the Florentine poet, Dante.
Dawe, *v.* A.S. to dawn.
Dawening, *n.* A.S. daybreak.
Dawes, *n. pl.* A.S. days. The A.S. *g* is often expressed by *w* as well as *y*.
Daye, *n.* A.S. dæg. Also, time generally. *At my day*, at the time appointed for me. *To graunte him dayes of the remenaunt*, to give him time to pay the remainder by instalments.
Daynte, *adj.* A.N. dainty, nice.
Deaurat, *part. pa.* Lat. gilded.
Debate, *v.* A.N. to fight.
Debonaire / Deboneyre } *adj.* A.N. courteous, gentle.
Decoped, *part. pa.* A.N. cut down; applied to shoes cut in patterns.
Dede / Deede } *n.* A.S. death.
Dede, *adj.* A.S. dead.
Dede, *v. neut.* A.S. to become dead.
Dedly, *adj.* A.S. devoted to death, fatal.
Deduit, *n.* A.N. pleasure.
Dedyn, *third pers. pl. past tense* of do, *v.* A.S. did.
Deel / Deelle / Del / Delle } *n.* A.S. a portion. This word enters into the composition of many others, as *somdeel*, or *somdelle halvendelle*, &c.
Dees, as deys.
Defame, *n.* A.N. infamy.
Defaute, *n.* A.N. want, defect.
Defende, *v.* A.N. to forbid.
Defence, *n.* A.N. prohibition.
Defet, *part. pa.* A.N. cast down.
Definishe, *v.* A.N. to define.
Degre, or degree, *n.* A.N. a step, or flight of stairs; rank in life.
Deiden / Deyden / Deyde } *past tense pl.* of deye, *v.* A.S. died.
Deine / Deyne } for deyen, to die.
Deinous, *adj.* A.N. disdainful.
Del / Delle } *n.* A.S. same as deel, a portion. *Never a del*, not a bit; *every del*, every part.
Dele, *v.* A.S. to divide, to deal.
Delibere / Deliberyn } *v.* A.N. to deliberate.
Delices, *n. pl.* A.N. delights.
Delie, *adj.* A.N. thin, slender.
Delit / Delyt } *n.* A.N. delight.
Delitable, *adj.* A.N. delectable.
Deliver / Delyver } *adj.* A.N. nimble.
Deliverly, *adv.* A.N. nimbly, quickly.
Delivernesse, *n.* A.N. agility.
Delve, *v.* A.S. to dig, bury; *part. pa.* dolven, dug, buried.
Deluvy, *n.* A.N. the deluge.
Demeyne, *v.* A.N. to manage, govern.
Demeyne / Demaine } *n.* A.N. management.
Deme, *v.* A.S. to judge.
Denwere, *n.* A.S. doubt.
De par Dieu jeo assente, in God's name I agree.
Departe, *v.* to divide, distribute.
Depeint, *part. pa.* A.N. painted.
Dequace, *v.* A.N. to shake down.
Dere, *v.* A.N. to hurt.
Dere, *adj.* A.S. dear.
Dereling / Derlyng } *n.* A.S. darling.
Derere, *adv.* A.N. behind.
Dereworth, *adj.* A.S. precious, valued at a high rate.
Dereyne, *v.* A.N. to contest.
Derne, *adj.* A.S. secret.
Derre, *adj. comp.* of dere, dearer.
Descensorie, *n.* A.N. a vessel used in chemistry for the extraction of oils, *per descensum*.
Descriven, *v.* A.N. to describe.
Desirous, *adj.* A.N. eager.
Despitous, *adj.* A.N. spiteful.
Despitously, spitefully.

Despoile, *v.* A.N. to undress.

Destreyne, Destreine } *v.* A.N. to strain or squeeze, to distress.

Destrer, *n.* A.N. a war-horse.

Destruye, Destrye } *v.* A.N. to destroy.

Determinate, *part. pa.* Lat. fixed, determined.

Detteles. *adj.* free from debt.

Deve, *adj.* A.S. deaf.

Devis, Devys, Devise, Devyse } *n.* A.N. direction.

Devise, Devyse } *v.* A.N. to direct, to order; to relate.

Devise, Devys { *at point devys,* [Fr. *point de vice,*] without fault, faultlessly.

Devoir, *n.* A.N. duty.

Devynyng, *n.* A.N. divination.

Dey, *n.* perhaps a keeper of poultry or eggs, *quasi* d'ey.

Deye, *v.* A.S. to die.

Deyer, *n.* A.S. a dier.

Deynous, *adj.* A.N. disdainful.

Deynte, *adj.* A.N. as daynte.

Deynte, *n.* A.N. value, a valuable thing. *Hath deynte,* values highly.

Deyntevous, *adj.* A.N. dainty.

Deys, Dees { *n.* A.N. the platform on which stood the high table; the high table itself.

Diapred, *part. pa.* diapered, worked like cloth of *Ypres.*

Dicche, *v.* A.S. to dig, to surround with a ditch.

Dide, for deyde, *past tense* of deyen, *v.* A.S.

Dide, diden, *past tense* of do, *v.* A.S.

Diffame, *n.* A.N. bad reputation.

Dighte, *v.* A.S. to dispose, to dress.

Digne, *adj.* A.N. worthy; proud, disdainful.

Dilatacioun, *n.* A.N. enlargement.

Dioscorides, *n. pr.* a Greek writer on plants, whose work is extant.

Dissaray, *n.* A.N. disorder.

Disavaunce, *v.* A.N. to injure.

Disaventure, *n.* A.N. misfortune.

Disblame, *v.* A.N. to clear from blame.

Dischevele, *part. pa.* with the head uncovered.

Discomfort, *n.* A.N. displeasure.

Discomforten, *v.* A.N. to discourage.

Discoverte, *adj.* A.N. *à descouvert,* at discoverte, uncovered.

Disdeinous, Disdeynous } *adj.* A.N. disdainful.

Disencrese, *n.* A.N. diminution.

Disencrese, *v. neut.* A.N. to decrease.

Disesperaunce, *n.* A.N. despair.

Disfigure, *n.* A.N. deformity.

Disherited, *part. pa.* A.N. disinherited, stripped of possessions.

Disjoint, *n.* A.N. a difficult situation.

Disobeisaunt, *part. pa.* disobedient.

Disordeined, *part. pa.* A.N. disorderly.

Disordinate, *adj.* Lat. inordinate.

Disordynaunce, *n.* A.N. irregularity.

Disparage, *n.* A.N. disparagement.

Dispence, *n.* A.N. expense.

Dispitous, *adj.* A.N. spiteful.

Displesaunce, *n.* A.N. displeasure.

Dispone, *v.* Lat. to dispose.

Disport, *n.* A.N. diversion.

Disporte, *v. a.* A.N. to divert.

Dispreising, *part. pres.* A.N. undervaluing.

Disputisoun, *n.* A.N. dispute.

Disrewlilye, *adv.* irregularly.

Dissimule, *v.* A.N. to dissemble.

Dissimilynges, *n. pl.* A.N. dissemblings.

Dissimuloure, *n.* A.N. a dissembler.

Distoned, *part. pa.* A.N. dissonant.

Disteyne, *v.* A N. to take away the colour; metaphorically, to make anything look ill by excelling it.

Distincte, *v.* Lat. to distinguish.

Distingued, *part. pa.* A.N. distinguished.

Distourbled, *past tense,* of distourble, *v.* A.N. disturbed.

Distreyne, *v.* A.N. to compress, constrain.

Distrouble, Distourble } *v.* A.N. to disturb.

Disturne, *v.* A.N. to turn away.

Dite, called in *The House of Fame*, Tytus, Dictys Cretensis.

Dite, *v.* A.N. to endite.

Divers, Dyverse } *adj.* A.N. different.

Diverse, *v.* A.N. to diversify.

Do, *v.* A.S. to cause; *to do make*, to cause to be made.

Do *part. pa.* of do.

Doande, *part. pres.* of do; doing.

Dogerel, *adj.* paltry. Rime-dogerel, *rhime de chien*, paltry rhyme.

Doghter, Doghtre } *n.* A.S. a daughter; *pl.* doghtren.

Doke, *n.* A.S. a duck.

Dolven, *part. pa.* of delve, *v.* N.S. buried.

Dombe, *adj.* A.S. dumb.

Dome, *n.* A.S. doom, judgment.

Domesman, *n.* A.S. a judge.

Donet, *n.* a grammar, the elements of any art, from Ælius Donatus, the author of a Latin grammar in common use.

Donne, *adj.* A.S. of a dun colour.

Doole, Dole } *n.* A.S. same as deel, del, or delle, a portion. *Halfen-doole*, the half portion.

Doole, *n.* A.N. *deuil*, mourning, grief.

Doon, *third pers. pl. pres. tense* of do.

Dormant, *adj.* A.N. primarily, sleeping; metaphorically fixed. *A table dormant*, a table fixed, like a sideboard, and not on trestles, as the tables at which people dined usually were in the middle ages.

Dortour, *n.* A.N. a dormitory.

Doseyn, *n.* A.N. a dozen.

Dosser, *n.* A.N. a basket to carry on the back.

Dote, *v.* A.S. to doat.

Doth, *second pers. pl. imp. mood* of do, *v.* A.S. do ye.

Doucet, *n.* A.N. a musical instrument, perhaps, the dulcimer.

Doughter, Doughtre } *n.* A.S. daughter; *pl.* doughtren.

Doutaunce, *n.* A.N. doubt.

Doute, *v.* A.N. to fear.

Douteles, *adv.* without doubt.

Doutous, *adj.* A.N. doubtful.

D'outre mere, De owter mere } A. N. *d'outremer*, of beyond sea, foreign.

Dowayre, *n.* A.N. dower.

Drad, Dradde } *past tense* and *part.* of dredde, *v.* A.S. dreaded.

Draf, *n.* A.S. draffe, refuse, as inferior corn, not fit for the use of man.

Draf-sack, *n.* A.S. a sack full of draffe.

Drafty, *adj.* A.S. of no more value than draffe.

Dragges, *n.* A.N. drugs.

Drecche, *v.* A.S. to oppress, vex, trouble.

Drecched, *part. pa.* oppressed, vexed, troubled.

Drede, *n.* A.S. dread, fear, doubt. *Withouten drede*, without doubt; *Out of dredle*, out of doubt.

Drede, *v.* A.S. to dread, fear; *past tense*, drad, dred, *pl.* dradde; *part.* ydrad.

Dredeful, *adj.* full of dread, timorous.

Dredeles, *adv.* without doubt.

Drenche, *v. a.* A.S. to drown.

Drenche, *v. neut.* A.S. to drown, or be drowned.

Dreried, for drerihed, *n.* A.S. dreariness.

Drery, *adj.* A.S. dreary, sorrowful.

Dresse, *v.* A.N. to address, apply.

Dreynt, *part. pa.* of drenche, *v.* A.S. drowned.

Drifth, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of drife, *v.* A.S. driveth.

Drie, Drye } *v.* A.S. to endure, suffer.

Drinkeles, *adj.* A.S. without drink.

Dronkelew, *adj.* A.S. drunk, given to drink.

Dronken, *adj.* drunk.

Drough, *past tense* of drawe, drew.

Drqvy, *adj.* A.S. dirty.

Druerie, *n.* A.N. courtship, gallantry; a mistress.

Drugge, *v.* A.S. to drag.

Dryf, for dryfe, *v.* A.S. to drive.

Duete } *n.* duty, what is due to
Dutee } any one.
Dulle, *v. a.* A.S. to make dull.
Dulle, *v. n.* A.S. to grow dull.
Dun, *n. pr.* a nickname given to the horse or ass in the proverb, *As dull as Dun in the mire.*
Duranse, *n.* A.N. a kind of apple.
Dure, *v.* A.N. to endure.
Duresse, *n.* A.N. severity.
Duske, *v.* A.S. to grow dark.
Dute } *n.* A.N. See Duete.
Dutee }
Dwale, *n.* A.S. a sleeping potion.
Dwyned, *part. pa.* A.S. dwindled, wasted. Dwiny is still used in East Anglia.
Dyke, *v.* A.S. to dig.
Dynt, *n.* A.S. a stroke.
Dytees, *n. pl.* A.N. ditties.
Dyvyne, *n.* A.N. divinity.
Dyvynistre, *n.* A.N. a divine, a theologian.

E.

Ebrayk } *adj.* Hebrew.
Ebreik }
Ecclesiast, *n.* an ecclesiastical person; the book of Ecclesiastes.
Eche, *adj.* A.S. each.
Eche } *v.* A.S. to eke out, to add, to
Eke } increase.
Eek }
Eke } *adv.* A.S. also.
Edippe, *n. pr.* Œdipus.
Eem }
Eme } *n.* A.S. an uncle.
Effect, *n.* A.N. substance.
Effecte, *v.* A.N. to infect.
Eft, *adv.* A.S. again.
Eftsone } *adv.* A.S. soon after, pre-
Eftsones } sently.
Egalite, *n.* A.N. equality.
Eger }
Egre } *adj.* A.N. sharp, biting.
Egge, *v.* A.S. to egg on, incite.
Eggement, *n.* A.S. incitement, instigation.
Egging, *n.* same as eggement.
Egremoine, *n.* A.N. agrimony.
Eigh! *interj.* eh! or like the Scottish *hech!*
Eisel, *n.* A.S. vinegar.
Elat, *part. pa.* Lat. elated.
Elde } *n.* A.S. old age.
Eelde }
Eide, *v. a.* A.S. to make old; *v. n.* to grow old.
Elenge, *adj.* mournful, sorrowful, dull.
Elengenesse, *n.* care, trouble.
Elf, *n.* A.S. a fairy.
Elf-queen, *n.* queen of faery.
Elisee, *n. pr.* Elisha.
Elles }
Ellis } *adv.* A.S. else.
Ellys }
Elvish, *adj.* A.S. like a fairy, shy, reserved.
Elye, *n. pr.* Elijah.
Emang } *adv.* and *prep.* among,
Emanges } amongst.
Embatailled, *part. pa.* A.N. embattled.
Embelisshe, *v.* A.N. to embellish.
Emboldе, *v.* A.N. to embolden.
Emboyssement, *n.* A.N. ambuscade.
Embrace, *v.* A.N. to take hold of.
Embrouden } *v.* A.S. to embroider.
Embrowde }
Eme, *n.* A.S. an uncle.
Emforth, *prep.* A.S. a corruption of evenforth, even to the utmost of; as *emforth my might*, even to the utmost of my might.
Emispere, *n.* Gr. hemisphere.
Empaire, *v.* to impair, hurt.
Emperesse }
Emperes } *n.* A.N. an Empress.
Emplastre, *v.* A.N. to plaster over.
Emplie, *v.* to infold, to involve.
Empoisoner, *n.* A.N. a poisoner.
Emprise, *n.* A.N. an enterprise.
Empte, *v.* A.S. to empty.
Enbatteled, *part. pa.* indented like a battlement.
Enbibyng, *part. pres.* imbibing.
Enbosed, *part. pa.* A.N. *embosqué*, sheltered in a wood. Erroneously explained in Urry's *Gloss.*, which has been followed in an explanatory note in *The*

Boke of the Duchesse, to mean, so hard pressed as to hang out the tongue.

Enbosed, *part. pa.* A.N. raised, embossed.

Encense, *n.* A.N. incense.

Encense, *v.* A.N. to burn incense, to offer incense.

Enchaufing, *n.* A.N. heat.

Enchesoun, *n.* A.N. cause, occasion.

Encombrouse, *adj.* A.N. cumbrous.

Encorporing, *part. pres.* A.N. incorporating.

Endelong } *prep.&adv.* A.S. length-
Endelange } ways, side-ways.

Endetted, *part. pa.* A.N. indebted.

Endite } *v.* A.N. to dictate, relate.
Endyte }

Endoute, *v.* A.N. to doubt, fear; *part. pa.* endoutet.

Endrye, *v.* A.S. to endure.

Ence, *n. pr.* Æneas.

Eneydos, *n. pr.* Virgil's Æneid.

Enfamyned, *part. pa.* A.N. hungry.

Enforce, *v.* A.N. to strengthen.

Enfortune, *v.* A.N. to endow with a certain fortune.

Engendrure, *n.* A.N. generation.

Engined, *part. pa.* racked, tortured.

Engregge, *v.* A.N. to aggravate.

Engreve, *v.* A.N. to aggrieve.

Engyn, *n.* Lat. the understanding, genius.

Engyne, *n.* A.N. an engine of war for casting missiles.

Enhaunse, *v.* A.N. to enhance, raise.

Enhorte, *v.* A.N. to exhort.

Enlaced, *part. pa.* A.N. entangled.

Enlangoured, *part. pa.* A.N. faded with languor.

Enleven, *num. adj.* A.S. eleven.

Enlumynd, *part. pa.* of enlumyne, *v.* A.N. illumined, or illuminated.

Enlumyne, *v.* A.N. to illuminate, to ornament with painting.

Enoynt, *part. pa.* A.N. anointed.

Enscled, *part. pa.* A.N. sealed up, kept secret.

Enspire, *v.* A.N. to inspire.

Ensure, *v.* A.N. to assure.

Entayle } *n.* A.N. cut, shape,
Entaile } figure.

Entailed, *part. pa.* A.N. carved.

Entalente, *v.* A.N. to incite.

Entende, *v.* A.N. to attend.

Entendement, *n.* A.N. understanding.

Entente, *n.* A.N. intention.

Ententif, *adj.* A.N. attentive.

Enterchaungeden, *past tense plur.* of enterchaunge, *v.* A.N. interchanged.

Entermelled, *part. pa.* of entermelle, *v.* A.N. intermixed.

Entremet } *v.* A.N. to interpose, to
Entermete } meddle.

Entrepartyn, *v.* A.N. to share.

Enteched, *part. pa.* A.N. literally spotted, metaphorically, marked with either good or bad qualities.

Entewnes, *n.* A.N. tunes, songs.

Entre, *n.* A.N. entrance.

Entremees, *n. pl.* A.N. *entremets*, choice dishes served in between the courses at a feast.

Entrike, *v.* A.N. to entangle.

Entuned, *part. pa.* A.N. tuned.

Envenyme, *v.* A.N. to poison.

Envye, *v.* A.N. to vie, to endeavour to attain through emulation.

Enviroun, *adv.* A.N. around.

Envoluped, *part. pa.* A.N. wrapt up.

Envyned, *part. pa.* A.N. stored with wine.

Eny, *adj.* A.S. any.

Eorthe, *n.* A.S. earth.

Epistelles, *n. pl.* Lat. epistles.

Equipolences, *n. pl.* A.N. equivalents.

Er, *adv.* A.S. before, before that.

Erande } *n.* A.S. an errand, mes-
Errande } sage.

Erchebisschop, *n.* A.S. an archbishop. *Therchebisschop*, the archbishop.

Ere, *v.* A.S. to plough.

Erke, *adj.* A.S. weary, indisposed; whence irksome.

Erly, *adv.* A.S. early.

Erme, *v.* A.S. to grieve.

Ermeful, *adj.* A.S. pitiful.

Ermin, *adj.* Armenian.

Erneste, *n.* A.S. zeal.
Ernestful, *adj.* serious.
Erratyk, *adj.* A.N. erratic, wandering.
Erraunt, *part. pres.* A.N. strolling, arrant.
Ers, erse, *n.* A.S. the fundament.
Erst, *adv. supert.* of er. First; *at erst*, at first; *long erst or*, long before.
Eryd, *past tense* and *part.* of ere, *v.* A.S. ploughed.
Eschawling / Eschaufing } *n.* A.N. heating.
Eschieu / Eschue } *v.* A.N. to eschew, shun, decline.
Ese, *n.* A.N. pleasure.
Ese, *v.* A.N. to accommodate, ease.
Esement, *n.* relief.
Esperus, *n. pr.* Hesperus, a name of the planet Venus.
Espinile, *n.* A.N. spying, private watching.
Espirituel, *adj.* A.N. spiritual, heavenly.
Essoyne, *n.* A.N. a legal excuse.
Estat / Estant } *n.* A.N. state, condition; administration of government.
Estatlich, *adj.* A.N. stately.
Estres, *n. pl.* A.N. the inmost parts of a building.
Esy, *adj.* A.S. light, gentle. *Esy sikes*, gentle sighs.
Esyly, *adv.* gently.
Eterne, *n.* Lat. eternal.
Ethe / Eythe } *adj.* A.S. easy.
Evangile, *n.* A.N. gospel.
Evelle, *n.* A.S. evil.
Even, *adj.* A.S. equal. *Your even-cristen*, your fellow-christian.
Evenlike, *adj.* A.S. equal.
Evenlike, *adv.* A.S. equally.
Everich / Everyche } *adj.* A.S. every one of many; each of two.
Everichone / Everichon / Everichoon } *n.* A.S. every one, all.
Ew, *n.* A.S. yew.
Exaltat, *part. pa.* Lat. exalted.
Exametron, Gr. a verse of six feet.
Executour, *n.* A.N. executioner.
Executrice, *n.* A.N. a female who executes, or accomplishes.
Exorsisacioums, *n. pl.* A.N. exorcisms.
Expans yeres, a term in the Alphonsine astronomical tables.—See note in voc.
Expectant, *part. pres.* A.N. expecting, waiting.
Expleiten, *v.* A.N. to perform.
Ey / Eye } *n.* A.S. an egg.
Ey / Eygh } *interj.* Eh!
Eyen / Eyghen } *n. pl.* A.S. eyes.
Eyghe / Eye } *n.* A.S. awe, fear.
Eyre / Eyr } *n.* A.N. air.
Eyrisshe / Eyerisshe } *adj.* aërial, belonging to the air.
Eythe, as ethe, *adj.* easy.

F.

Fable, *n.* A.N. idle discourse.
Facond, *n.* A.N. eloquence.
Facond / Facoundo } *adj.* A.N. eloquent.
Fadmen, *n. pl.* A.S. fathoms.
Faerie, *n.* A.N. the realms of fairies, fairy-land; the work of fairies, enchantment.
Fain, *adj.* A.S. glad.
Faine, *adv.* A.S. gladly.
Fairhede, *n.* A.S. beauty.
Faitour, *n.* A.N. a lazy, idle fellow.
Faldyng, *n.* A.S. a kind of coarse cloth.
Fals, *adj.* A.N. false.
Falsen, *v.* A.N. to falsify, deceive.
Falwe, *adj.* A.S. yellow.
Falwes, *n. pl.* A.S. fallow lands.
Famulere, *adj.* Lat. domestic.
Fan, *n.* a vane, or quintaine.—See note in voc.
Fande, *past tense* of finde, *v.* A.S found.
Fane, *n.* a vane, or weathercock.
Fantasie, *n.* A.N. fancy.

Fantom, *n.* A.N. a phantom, false imagination.
Farce, *v.* A.N. *farder*, to paint.
Fardel, *n.* A.N. a burden.
Fare, *v.* A.S. to be, to go; *to fare wel*, to speed, to be happy; *past tensé* ferd, ferde; *part. pa.* fare, fared.
Fare, *n.* ado. *This hole fare*, these violent proceedings. *For which the wardein chidde and made fare*, made much ado. In this sense it seems to be derived from the A.N. *faire*. In *welfare, thoroughfare*, it follows the meaning of the A.S. *v. fare*.
Farse, *v.* A.N. to stuff.
Faute, *n.* A.N. want.
Fawe, *adj.* A.S. glad.
Fay, *n.* A.N. faith.
Feblenes, *n.* A.N. feebleness.
Feeche, *v.* A.S. to fetch.
Fee, *n.* A.S. money, reward; land held in fee simple.
Feend, *n.* A.S. an enemy; the enemy, *i.e.* the devil; a fiend.
Feendly, *adj.* fiend-like.
Feffe, *v.* A.N. to enfeoff, to grant possession in fee simple.
Feyne, *v.* A.N. to feign.
Fel, *adj.* A.S. full, cruel.
Felaw, *n.* A.S. fellow, companion.
Felawschipe, *n.* A.S. fellowship, company.
Felde, *n.* A.S. a field.
Felden, *past tense pl.* of felle, *v.* A.S. made to fall, felled.
Fele, *adj.* A.S. many.
Fele, *v.* A.S. to feel, to have sense, to perceive.
Fell, *n.* A.S. the skin or hide of an animal.
Felonie, *n.* A.N. criminal violence.
Feloun, *adj.* A.N. cruel.
Feminie, *n. pr.* the country of the Amazons.
Feminite, *n.* A.N. womanhood.
Fend, *n.* A.S.—see feend.
Fendliche, *adj.* A.S. fiendlike.
Fenne, *n.* the name of the sections of Avicenne's great work, entitled *Canun*.
Feoffed, *part. pa.* A.N. enfeoffed, put in possession in fee simple.
Fer, *adv.* A.S. far.
Ferre, *adv. comp. degree* of last, further.
Ferrest, *adv. superl. degree*, furthest.
Ferd, Fered } *part. pa.* of fere, *v.* A.S. terrified.
Ferd, Ferden } *past tense* of fare, *v.* A.S. fared.
Fere, *n.* A.S. a companion, wife; *in fere, afere*, together, in company.
Fere, *n.* A.S. fire.
Fere, *v. neut.* A.S. to fear.
Fere, *v. ac.* A.S. to terrify.
Ferforth, Ferforthly } *adv.* A.S. far forth.
Ferly, *adj.* A.S. strange.
Fermacye, for pharmacy, *n.* Gr. a medicine.
Ferme, *n.* A.N. a farm.
Fermerere, *n.* A.N. the *infirmarius*, or superintendent of the infirmary in a religious house. This word was erroneously interpreted in a note to *The Sompnours Tale* to mean, the officer in a religious house who had charge of the farms.
Ferne, *adj.* A.S. distant.
Ferne, *adv.* A.S. before.
Fers, *adj.* A.N. fierce.
Fers, *n.* Persian, *Pherz*, the queen in chess.
Ferthing, *n.* A.S. the fourth part of anything, hence anything very small. *No ferthyng of grees*, no drop of grease.
Ferthren, *v.* A.S. to further.
Fest, *n.* A.S. the fist.
Feste, *n.* A.N. a feast.
Festeying, *part. pr.* A.N. feasting.
Festly, *adj.* accustomed to feasts, of polished manners.
Fecchis, *n. pl.* A.S. vetches.
Fete, *n.* A.N. feat, performance.
Fetys, *adj.* A.N. well-made, neat.
Fetysly, *adv.* A.N. neatly.
Fet, Fette } *past tense* and *part.* of feeche, *v.* A.S. fetched.
Fey, *n.* A.N. faith.

Feyne, *v.* A.N. to feign.
Feynte, *v.* to faint, become weary.
Feyne, *v.* for fyne, to cease.
Fiaunce, *n.* A N. affiance, trust.
Fil } *past tense* of falle, *v.* A.S.
Fille } fell.
Fingris, *n. pl.* fingers.
Fithul, *n.* A.S. a fiddle.
Fixe, *adj.* A.N. fixed.
Flay, *past tense* of flee or fly; flew.
Flayne, *part. pa.* of flaye, *v.* A.S. flayed.
Flaumbe } *n.* A.N. flame.
Flawme } *n.* A.N. flame.
Flatour, *n.* A.N. a flatterer.
Flawe, *adj.* Lat. *flavus*, yellow.
Fle, *v.* A.S. to flee, to fly, *past tense*, flay, fleigh.
Flekked, *adj.* spotted.
Fleen, *n. pl.* A.S. fleas.
Fleme, *v.* A.S. to banish.
Flemer, *n.* A.S. one who banishes.
Flese, *n.* A.S. a fleece.
Flete, *v.* A.S. to float, to swim. *Third pers. sing. pres. tense* flet, or flette, floateth; *part. pres.* fleting, floating.
Flet } *past tense* of flete, *v.* float-
Flette } ed.
Flikere, *v.* A.S. to flicker, to flutter.
Flit } *v. neut.* A.S. to fly, to change
Flitte } one's residence.
Flit } *v. ac.* to cause to flit or
Flitte } change.
Flittering, *part. pres.* A.S. floating.
Flo, *n.* A.S. an arrow; *pl.* flone
Flokmel, *adv.* A.S. in flocks.
Floreyn, *n. pr.* a species of gold coin.
Flotery, *adj.* A.S. floating.
Flotte, *v.* A.N. to float.
Flourelesse, *adj.* without flower.
Floure, *v.* A.N. to flourish.
Flourette, *n.* A.N. a small flower.
Flowte, *n.* a flute.
Flowting, *part. pres.* playing on the flute.
Floyte, *n.* A.N. a flute.
Foo, *n.* A.S. a foe.
Foomen, *n.* A.S. foes.
Foyne, *v.* A.N. to make a pass in fencing.
Foysoun, *n.* A.N. abundance.
Folid, *part. pa.* foaled.
Folehardiness, *n.* A.N. foolhardiness.
Fole-large, *adj.* A.N. foolishly liberal.
Folk, *n.* A.S. people, nation.
Folye, *n.* A.N. folly.
Folily, *adv.* foolishly.
Folwe, *v.* A.S. to follow.
Foly, *adj.* foolish.
Folys, *pl.* of fole, *n.* A.S. fools.
Fon, *n.* A.S. a fool.
Fond, *past tense* of finde, *v.* A.S. found.
Fonde, *v.* A.S. to try.
Fonding, *n.* A.S. a joke.
Fone, *n. pl.* foes.
Fong, *v.* A.S. to take.
Fonne, *v.* A.S. to be foolish; fonned, *part. pa.* foolish.
For, *prep.* A.S. is sometimes prefixed to the infin. mood, as in Fr. *pour dire*, for to tellen; sometimes to the present participle, thus—*For stealing of the rose*, in which case it means to prevent the rose from being stolen. It is sometimes prefixed to a past participle or adjective; as *for dwined*, in consequence of being dwined; *for blak*, *for drye*, in consequence of being black, or dry.
For, *conj.* because, as, *For hym luste to ride so*, because it pleased him to ride so.
For, in composition has sometimes an intensitive, sometimes a negative, force, like the German *ver*, as forlorn, Germ. *verloren*, utterly lost: forbid, to bid a person not to do a thing.
Forbere, *v.* A.S. to forbear.
Forboden, *part. pa.* of forbede, *v.* A.S. forbidden.
Forbrused, *part. pa.* sorely bruised.
Forby, *adv.* A.S. by, beside, past. *leet forby hem pace*, let them pass by.
Forby, *prep.* A.S. besides.
Force } *n.* A.N. *no force*, no matter. *I do no force*, I care not.
Fors } *They yeve no force*, they care not.

Fordo, *v.* A.S. to do away, ruin.
Fordo } *part. pa.* of fordo, un-
Fordon } done.
Fordryve, *part. pa.* of fordryve driven away.
Fore, *part. pa.* of fare, *v.* A.S. gone.
Forein, *n.* a jakes. In *The Leg. of Goode Women* the context seems to require that it should signify a court or garden.
Foreweting, *n.* A.S. foreknowledge.
Forewote } *v.* A.S. to foreknow.
Forewete }
Forfnite, *v.* A.N. to misdo.
Forfare, *v.* A.S. to fare ill.
Forgon, *v.* A.S. to forego.
Forgrowen, *part. pa.* A.S. overgrown.
Forgyfe, *v.* A.S. to forgive.
Forgyft, *n.* A.S. forgiveness.
Forjuged, *part. pa.* A.N. wrongfully judged.
Forkerve, *v.* A.S. to cut through.
Forlaft, *part. pa.* left off.
Forlese, *v.* A.S. to lose utterly.
Forlete, *v.* A.S. to give over, quit.
Forleygne, *n.* A.N. a point of the chase, signifying that the game has got too far off to follow. This term has been erroneously said in a note on the passage where it occurs, to be derived from the A.S. *forlorne*, lost, whereas it is from the A.N. *Forlonge*, or *forloin*.
Forlore } *part. pa.* A.S. utterly
Forloren } lost, undone.
Forme, *adj.* A.S. first, the disused positive degree of former, foremost. *Adam oure forme fader*, our first or forefather.
Formest, *adj. superlat. degree* of forme; foremost, first.
Formel, *adj.* A.N. the female of birds of prey.
Fornays, *n.* A.N. a furnace.
Forpyned, *part. pa.* A.S. pined, wasted away.
Forseke, *v.* A.S. to deny.
Forshapyn, *part. pa.* of forshape, *v.* A.S. transformed.
Forshronke, *part. pa.* of forshrinke, *v.* A.S. shrunk up.
Forsleuthe } *v.* A.S. to lose through
Forslouthe } sloth.
Forslugge }
Forsongen, *part. pa.* A.S. tired with singing.
Forster } *n.* A.N. a forester.
Forstere }
Forstraught, *part. pa.* of forstrecche, *v.* A.S. distracted.
Forthby, *adv.* A.S. forward by.
Forthere, *v.* A.S. to further; forthrith, *third pers. sing. pres. tense.*
Fortheryght, *adv.* A.S. immediately, forthwith.
Forthenke } *v.* A.S. to grieve, to
Forthinke } vex.
Forthought, *past tense* of forthenke.
Forthy, *conj.* A.S. therefore.
Fortroden, *part. pa.* of fortrede, *v.* A.S. trodden down.
Fortuit, *adj.* A.N. fortuitous, accidental.
Fortune, *v.* A.N. to make fortunate, to give good or bad fortune.
Fortunous, *adj.* proceeding from fortune.
Forwaked, *part. pa.* of forwake, *v.* A.S. weary with watching.
Forwandred, *part. pa.* weary with wandering.
Forwelked, *part. pa.* of forwelke, *v.* A.S. much wrinkled.
Forwept, *part. pa.* of forwepe, *v.* A.S. having wept much.
Forwered, *part. pa.* of forwere, *v* A.S. worn out.
Forwery, *adj.* A.S. very weary.
Forward, *n.* A.S. a promise or covenant.
Forwoundid, *part. pa.* of forwounde, *v.* A.S. severely wounded.
Forwrapped, *part. pa.* of forwrappe, *v.* A.S. wrapped up.
Foryelde, *v.* A.S. to repay.
Foryete, *v.* A.S. to forget.
Foryetten }
Foryeten } *part. pa.* forgotten.
Fostred, *part. pa.* of fostere, *v.* A.S nourished.
Fostryng, *n.* nourishment.
Fote-hote } *adv.* immediately, with-
Foot-hoote } out delay.

Foot-mantel, *n.* a riding-skirt.
Fother, *n.* A.S. a cart-load, a large quantity.
Foudre, *n.* A.N. a thunder-bolt.
Foule, *n.* A.S. a bird.
Founde, *v.* A.S. same as fonde, to try.
Foundred, *past tense* of founder, *v.* A.N. fell down.
Fourty, *num. adj.* A.S. forty.
Foxerie, *n.* A.S. cunning, like that of a fox.
Fra, *prep.* A.S. from; *til and fra*, to and fro.
Franchise, *n.* A.N. frankness, generosity.
Frank, *n.* Fr. a denomination of French money.
Frankleyn, *n.* A.S. described by Fortescue, *de Ll. Angliæ*, c. 29, *Paterfamilias, magnis ditatus possessionibus*; one of the highest class of freeholders.
Fraught, *v.* A.S. to freight, load a ship.
Fre, *adj.* A.S. free.
Fredom } *n.* A.S. frankness, gene-
Fredam } rosity.
Freknes, *n. pl.* A.S. freckles.
Frelte, *n.* A.N. frailty.
Fremde } *adj.* A.S. foreign, strange.
Fremed }
Frenetike, *adj.* A.N. frantic.
Frenise, *n.* A.N. frenzy.
Frere, *n.* A.N. literally, a brother; hence a member of a religious brotherhood, a friar.
Fresshe, *v.* A.N. to refresh.
Fret, *n.* A.N. a band.
Fret, frette, *part. pa.* A.N. fraught; or perhaps wrought in fret-work.
Frete, *v.* A.S. to devour, to fret, as a moth does; *part. pres.* freting, devouring; *part. pa.* frete, or frette, devoured.
Freten, for fretend, *part. pres.* of frete, devouring.
Freyne, *v.* A.S. to ask.
Frise, *n. pr.* perhaps Phrygia.
Fro, *prep.* A.S. from.
Froote } *v.* A.N. to rub.
Frote }
Frounceles, *adj.* A.N. without a wrinkle.
Frowarde, *adj.* A.S. averse.
Froye, from you.
Fructuous, *adj.* A.N. fruitful.
Fruitestere, *n.* A.N. a female seller of fruit.
Frygius, *n. pr.* Dares Phrygius.
Ful-drive, *part. pa.* fully driven, completed.
Fulliche, *adv.* A.S. fully.
Fulsomnes, *n.* A.S. satiety.
Fumetere, *n. pr.* the herb fumitory.
Fumosite, *n.* A.N. fumes arising from drunkenness.
Fundament, *n.* A.N. foundation.
Funtstone, *n.* the font, or stone bason, placed at the door of churches for baptizing in.
Furial, *adj.* A.N. raging.
Fusible, *adj.* capable of being melted.
Fy, *interj.* fie.
Fyn, fyne, *n.* A.N. the end.
Fynch, *n.* A.S. a finch, a small bird. *To pulle a fynch*, to strip a man of his money.
Fyne, *v.* A.N. to finish, make an end.
Fynt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of finde, *v.* A.S. findeth.
Fytte, *n.* A.S. a division of a poem.

G.

Gabbe, *v.* A.N. to talk idly, to lie.
Gadelyng, *n.* A.S. an idle vagabond.
Gadred, *part. pa.* of gadere, *v.* A.S. gathered.
Gaitre-berries, *n. pl.* berries of the dog-wood tree.
Galaxie, *n.* Gr. the milky way.
Gale, *v.* A.S. to cry out, yell, or sing loud.
Gallien, *n. pr.* Galen.
Galyngale, *n. pr.* sweet cyperus.
Galoche, *n.* A.N. a shoe.
Galpe, *v.* A.S. to gape, to yawn.
Galwes, *n. pl.* A.S. the gallows.
Gan, *pl.* gannen, *past tense* of ginne, *v.* A.S. began.

Gane, *v.* A.S. to yawn.
Gar, *v.* A.S. to cause; *past tense* gert, or gret.
Gardebrace, *n.* A.N. armour for the arm.
Gargate, *n.* A.N. the gorget, the throat.
Garisoun, *v.* A.N. to heal.
Garnement, *n.* A.N. a garment.
Garner, *n.* A.N. a granary or store-room.
Garnysoun / Garnisoun } *n.* A.N. a garrison.
Gastness, *n.* A.N. ghastliness.
Gate, *past tense* of gete, *v.* A.S. got, begot.
Gate, *n.* A.S. a street, or way; *algates*, always.
Gat-tothed, *adj.* A.S. with the lower teeth projecting beyond the upper, like those of a goat, underjawed.
Gatt, *past tense* of gete, *v.* A.S. to get.
Gaude, *n.* A.N. a jest, a ridiculous trick; a painted or enamelled ornament.
Gaudid, *part. pa.* enamelled.
Gaule, *v.* A.S. same as gale.
Gaure, gauren, *v.* A.S. to stare.
Gawain, *n. pr.* the nephew of King Arthur, by his sister married to King Lot.
Gaylard, *adj.* A.N. brisk, gay.
Gayler / Gaylere } *n.* A.N. a gaoler.
Geaunt, *n.* A.N. a giant.
Geare, *n.* A.S. same as gere.
Genelon / Geneloun / Ganelon { *n. pr.* one of Charlemagne's officers, who betrayed the Christian army to the Moors at Roncesvalles.
Gende, *adj.* for gent.
Gent, *adj.* A.N. neat, pretty.
Genterye, *n.* A.N. gentility.
Gentil, *adj.* A.N. primarily, born of noble blood; secondarily, liberal, gentlemanlike.
Gentilnes / Gentillesse } *n.* A.N. the being gentil.
Geomancy, *n.* A.N. divination by figures made on the earth.
Gepoun, *n.* A.N. a short cassock.
Gere, *n.* A.S. all sorts of instruments, whether of cookery, war, apparel, or chemistry. *In here queynte geres*, in their quaint fashions.
Gery / Gerful / Gerisul / Gireful } *adj.* A.S. changeable, capricious.
Gerlonde, *n.* A.N. a garland; the name of a dog.
Gesse, *v.* A.S. to guess.
Gest, *n.* A.S. a guest.
Geste, *v.* A.N. to relate history.
Gestes, *n. pl.* A.N. historical incidents.
Gestour, *n.* A.N. a relater of gestes.
Get, *n.* A.N. fashion, behaviour. *With that false get*, with that cheating contrivance.
Gethe, for goeth.
Gilbertin, *n. pr.* an English physician of the thirteenth century.—See FABRICIUS, *Bibl. Med. Ætat* in voc. Gilbertus de Aquila.
Gile, *n.* A.N. guile.
Gilt, *n.* A.S. guilt.
Gilteles, *adj.* A.S. guiltless.
Giltif, *adj.* A.S. guilty.
Gin, *n.* A.N. engine, contrivance.
Gipser, *n.* A.N. a pouch, or purse.
Gir, *n.* A.S. same as gere.
Girde, *v.* A.S. to smite.
Girdilstede, *n.* A.S. the place of the girdle, the waist.
Girt, *part. pa.* of gird, *v.* A.S. smitten. *Thurgh gyrt*, smitten through.
Giterne / Ginterne / Ginstarne } *n.* A.N. Lat. *cithara*, a guitar.
Glade, *v.* A.S. to make glad.
Glader, *n.* A.S. one who makes glad.
Gladsom, *adj.* A.S. pleasant.
Glaze, for glose.
Glasynge, *n.* A.S. glass-work; *part. pa.* yglasyd, glazed, filled with glass.

Æle } *n.* A.S. mirth, music, musical
Glee } instruments.

Glede } *n.* A.S. a burning coal, or
Gleede } brand; sparks.

Glente, *past tense*, glanced.

Gleve, *n.* A.N. a sword.

Gleyre, *n.* A.N. the white of an egg.

Glimsing, *n.* A.S. glimmering.

Gliteren, *pres. tense pl.* of glitere, *v.* A.S. glitter.

Glode, *past tense* of glide, *v.* A.S. glided.

Glose, *n.* A.N. a gloss, or comment.

Glose, *v.* A.N. to comment, interpret; to flatter.

Glotoun, *n.* A.N. a glutton.

Gloweden, *past tense pl.* of glowe, *v.* A.S. glowed.

Glowmbe, *v.* A.S. to look gloomy, or glum.

Gnarre, *n.* A.S. a hard knot in a tree.

Gnof, *n.* A.S. an old cuff, a miser.

Gnowe, *past tense* of gnawe, *v.* A.S. gnawed.

Go } *part. pa.* of go, *v.* A.S. gone.
Goo }

Gobet, *n.* A.N. a gobbet, morsel.

Godc } *n.* A.S. wealth, goods.
Goode }

Goodles, *adj.* without goods.

Goodlyhede } *n.* A.S. worth, good-
Goodlihced } ness.

Goodnes } *n.* A.S. advantage;
Goodnesse } as, *at goodnesse*, at an advantage.

Godsib, *n.* A.S. one related in God, a sponsor, or god-parent.

Goflashe, *adj.* A.N. foolish.

Gold-beten, *adj.* A.S. ornamented with gold.

Goldsmithry, *n.* A.S. goldsmith's work.

Golet, *n.* A.N. the throat or gullet.

Golyardeys, *n.* A.N. a buffoon.

Gomme, *n.* A.N. gum.

Gon } *v.* A.S. to go, to walk. *So mote I gon*, so may I fare well.
Goon } *So mote I ride or gon*, so may I fare well riding or going. *They gan to goon*, They began to walk.

Gon, *pres. tense pl.* of gan.

Gon, *part. pa.* of gon or goon.

Gonfenoun } *n.* A.N. a banner, or standard; metaphorically, an honourable person.
Gounfanoun }

Gonge, *n.* A.S. a jakes.

Gonne, *n.* a gun.

Gonnen } *past tense pl.* of ginne, *v.*
Gonne } A.S. begun.

Gore, *n.* a triangular piece of cloth, also called a gusset, let into a garment, generally a shirt; hence a shirt itself.

Gose, for goes.

Gospelere, *n.* A.S. an evangelist.

Gossomer, *n.* gossamer.

Gost } *n.* A.S. spirit or ghost;
Goste } mind.

Goth, *imperat. mood, second pers. pl.* of go; go ye.

Governayle, *n.* A.N. government, steerage.

Gourd, *n.* a vessel for carrying liquor in, perhaps made of a hollow gourd.

Gowne-cloth, *n.* cloth sufficient to make a gown.

Graeche, *v.* probably a mistake for graithe, or greythe, which see.

Grace, *n.* A.N. favour; *sory grace, harde grace*, ill favour. *Wíth harde grace!* may ill favour attend him! *Save your grace*, with your favour.

Gracious, *adj.* A.N. agreeable, graceful.

Graythe } *v.* A.S. to prepare, clothe.
Greythe }

Grame, *n.* A.S. grief, anger.

Grammere, *n.* A.N. grammar.

Grane, *n.* A.N. a grain.

Grapenel, *n.* A.N. a grapnel.

Graunge, *n.* A.N. properly a barn, generally applied to an outlying farm belonging to an abbey.

Graunt mercy, A.N. great thanks.

Grave, *v.* A.S. properly, to dig; to engrave, carve.

Grave, *part. pa.* of grave, *v.* A.S. buried.

Gre, Gree { *n.* A.N. from Lat. *gratia*, favour, pleasure, satisfaction. *To receive in gre*, to take kindly. *The gree*, the prize.

Gre, *n.* from Lat. *gradus*, a step, or degree.

Grede, *n.* A.S., greediness, a greedy person.

Grede, *v.* barbarous Lat. to cry.

Grefhed, *n.* A.S. childishness.

Grees, *n.* A.N. grease.

Grete, same as grede, to cry. Also, to greet, to salute.

Grette, *past tense* of grete, *v.* A.S. greeted, saluted.

Greves, *n.* A.S. groves.

Greyn de Parys, *n.* A.N. grains of paradise, a spice. *Greyn de Portugale*, a kind of vermilion dye.

Grille, *adj.* horrible.

Grint, *third pers. sin. pres. tense* of grinde, *v.* A.S. grindeth.

Grinte, *past tense* of grinde, *v.* A.S. ground.

Grinting, *n.* grinding, gnashing.

Gris, Grys { *n.* A.N. the fur of the grey squirrel. Also, swine.

Grisly, *adj.* A.S. that which causes one to agrise or shudder; horrible.

Groffe, *v.* A.S. to grovel.

Groine, *n.* A.S. the snout of a hog, a hanging lip.

Grone, *v.* A.S. to groan or grunt.

Gront, *past tense* of last.

Grot, *n.* a groat, a coin.

Grounden, *part. pa.* of grinde, *v.* A.S.

Groyne, *v.* A.S. to hang the lip in discontent.

Groyning, *n.* A.S. pouting, discontent.

Gruf, *adv.* A.S. flat on the face.

Grunt, *past tense* of grinde, *v.* A.S.

Grunting, *n.* A.S. grinding.

Grynt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of grynde, or grinde, *v.* A.S.

Guerdoun, *n.* A.N. reward.

Guerdoune, *v.* A.N. to reward.

Guerdonlesse, *adj.* without a reward.

Guido de Columpnis, or dulle Colonne, a lawyer and poet of Messina, in Sicily, died about 1290. His Latin *History of the Trojan War* is probably the original from which the later Mediæval writers have taken their accounts of Trojan affairs.

Gulde, *n. pr.* a marygold.

Gult, *n.* A.S. guilt.

Gultif, *adj.* A.S. guilty.

Gurles, *n.* A.S. young persons of either sex.

Gy, Gye { *v.* A.N. to guide.

Gygges, *n. pl.* A.S. irregular sounds produced by the wind. *Gigue*, Fr. signified a musical instrument, and from thence a sort of light tune; but it is probably a word of Teutonic origin.

Gylour, *n.* A.N. a beguiler.

Gyngevre, *n.* A.N. ginger.

Gynne, *n.* A.N. a cunning device, or trap.

Gynnen, same as beginnen or beginne.

Gype, *n.* A.N. an upper frock or cassock.

Gysarme, *n.* A.N. a battle-axe.

Gyternyng, *part. pres.* of gyterne, *v.* A.N. playing the guitar.

H.

Habitacles, *n. pl.* A.N. places of habitation.

Habite, *v.* A.N. to dwell.

Habundaunt, *adj.* A.N. abundant.

Haburgeon, *n.* A.N. diminutive of hauberk, a coat-of-mail.

Hadden, *past tense pl.* of have, *v.* A.S.

Haf, *past tense* of heve; *v.* A.S. heaved.

Hay, *n.* A.N. a hedge.

Hail, *n.* A.S. health, welfare.

Haire, *n.* A.N. a hair-shirt.

Hakeney, *n.* A.N. a hackney, or hack.

Haketoun, *n.* A.N. a short cassock without sleeves.

Hald, Halden { *part. pa.* of hold, *v.* A.S. holden.

Half, Halfe } *n.* A.S. side. *A'Goddes half*, on God's part. *A' left half*, on the left side. *On the four halves*, on the four sides.

Halke, *n.* A.S. a corner.

Halpe, *past tense* of helpe, *v.* A S. helped.

Hals, *n.* A.S. the neck.

Halse, *v.* A.S. to embrace round the neck.

Halt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of holde, *v.* A.S. holdeth.

Halt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of halte, *v.* A.S. halteth.

Halvendel, *adv.* A.S. half.

Halwes, *n. pl.* A.S. saints.

Ham, *n.* A.S. home.

Hamele, *v.* A.S. to ham-string; cut off.

Hammeres, *n. pl.* A.S. hammers.

Han, *v.* A.S. to have.

Han, *third pers. pl. pres. tense* of have.

Hanselines, *n. pl.* a part of the dress, apparently the breeches.

Happe, *n.* A.S. hap, chance.

Happe, *v.* to happen.

Harde, *v.* A.S. to harden.

Hardely, hardily, *adv.* boldly, certainly.

Harding, *part. pres.* of harde, *v.* A.S. hardening.

Harie, *v.* A.N. to hurry, harass.

Harlot, *n.* A.N. a profligate person of either sex.

Harlotries, *n. pl.* ribaldries.

Harneys, *n.* A.N. armour, or harness; furniture.

Harneyse, *v.* A.N. to clothe.

Harow, Harrow, Harou } *interjec.* A.N. It was a cry, said to be peculiar to the Normans, by which they gave the alarm in case of danger.

Harpour, *n.* A.N. a harper.

Harre, *n.* A.S. a hinge.

Harwed, *part. pa.* of harwe, *v.* A.S. harried, plundered.

Hasardour, *n.* A.N. a player at hazard.

Hasardrie, *n.* A.N. gaming.

Hasel-wode, *n.* hazel wood *Hasel woodes shaken*, was apparently the burden of some popular song.

Hastif, *adj.* A.N. hasty.

Hastily, *adv.* A.N. hastily.

Haten, *v.* A.S. to be named. *Pres. sing.* hatte, *past tense* highte, hote; *part pa.* yhote.

Hauberk, *n.* A.N. a coat-of-mail.

Haven, *v.* A.S. to have.

Havest, *second pers. sing. pres. tense* of have, hast; haveth, hath.

Haunce, *v.* A.N. to enhance, raise.

Haunte, *n.* A.N. custom, practice.

Haunte, *v.* A.N. to practise.

Haunteden, *third pers. pl. past tense* of haunte, practised.

Hauteyn', *adj.* A.N. haughty; loud. *A hauteyne faucon*, a high-flying hawk.

Havoire, for avoir, *n.* A.N. possession.

Hawe, *n.* A.S. a haw; a yard; as *chirche-hawe*, church-yard.

Hawe-bake, perhaps for hark back, a term in hunting.

Hawteyne, *adj.* same as hauteyn.

Hede, Heed } *n.* A.S. the head. *On his heed*, on pain of losing his head.

Hedde, for hidde, *part past* of hide. *v.* A.S.

Heerdis, *n. pl.* coarse flax.

Hegges, *n. pl.* A.S. hedges.

Heigh, *adj.* A.S. high, *compar.* heigher, *superl.* hext.

Heighe, *adv.* A.S. highly.

Helewys, *n. pr.* Eloisa, the mistress of Abelard. See a summary of their history in the *Roman de la Rose*, v. 9172.

Hele, *v.* A.S. *helan*, to hide.

Hele, *v.* A.S. *hælan*, to heal, to help.

Hele, *n.* A.S. health.

Heleles, *adj.* A.S. helpless.

Helise, *n. pr.* Elysium.

Helmyd, *part. pa.* armed with an helmet.

Hem, *pron. accus. case* of A.S. hy, they, which is disused; them.

Hemself, Hemselve, Hemselven } *pron.* themselves.

Henchmen, *n. pl.* pages.

Hende, **Heende**, **Hendy**, *adj.* A.S. civil, courteous.

Henen, *n.* A.S. hens.

Henen, **Henne**, **Hennes**, **Hens**, *adv.* A.S. hence. Hennes-forth, henceforth.

Heng, *past tense* and *part.* of hange, *v.* A.S. hung.

Hente, *v.* A.S. to take hold of, to catch: hent, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* for henteth; hent, *past tense* and *part.*

Hepe, *n.* A. S. a heap.

Hepe, *n.* A.S. the hip, or fruit of the dog-rose.

Her, *adv.* A.S. here.

Herber, *v.* A.N. a garden.

Heraud, **Herowd**, *n.* A.N. a herald.

Herbergage, *n.* A.N. lodging.

Herberjours, *n. pl.* A.N. providers of lodging, harbingers.

Herberwe, *n.* A.S. an inn, a lodging, a harbour.

Hercos, put for Eros, *n.* Gr. love.

Herde, **Hierde**, *n.* A.S. a herd, keeper of cattle, or shepherd; hence, a pastor, or bishop.

Herde-gromes, *n. pl.* A.S. shepherd boys.

Here, for hire, *pron.* their.

Here, **Heere**, **Hiere**, *v.* A.S. to hear. Herd, herde, *past tense* and *part.* Herden, *past tense pl.*

Here, **Heer**, *n.* A.S. hair.

Here, in composition, signifies this; as *here agayn*, against this.

Heren, *adj.* made of hair.

Herie, *v.* A.S. to praise, worship.

Heris, *pron.* A.S. theirs.

Herking, *part. pres.* of herke, *v.* A.S. hearkening.

Hern, *n.* A.S. a corner.

Hefonere, *n.* A.N. a hawk fit to fly at a heron.

Heronsewes, *n. pl.* young herons.

Herte, **Hert**, *n.* A.S. the heart.

Hert, *n.* A.S. a hart or stag.

Herte-spon, *n.* the hollow place where the ribs join the breast-bone, still called by the Irish peasantry the spoon of the breast.

Herteles, *adj.* without courage.

Hertly, *adj.* A.S. hearty.

Herye, *v.* same as herie.

Herying, *participial noun*, praising.

Heste, *n.* A.S. command, promise.

Hete, *v.* A.S. to promise.

Hete *v.* A.S. same as hate, to be called.

Hethenesse, *n.* A.S. from the Gr., the country inhabited by heathens.

Hethyng, *n.* A.S. contempt.

Hette, *past tense* of hete, heated.

Heve, *v. ac.* A.S. to heave, raise.

Heve, *v. n.* A.S. to labour.

Heved, *n.* A.S. head.

Heven, **Hevene**, *n.* A.S. heaven. *Hevenquene*, the queen of heaven, the blessed Virgin.

Hewe, *n.* A.S. a servant.

Hewe, *v.* A.S. to hew.

Hewe, *n.* A.S. hue, colour. Hewis *pl.* colours.

Hewed, *part. adj.* hued, coloured.

Hext, *adj. superl.* A.S. highest. The degrees of comparison are heigh, heigher, hext, as in neigh, neigher, next.

Heygh, *adj.* A.S. high.

Heysugge, *n.* A.S. the hedge-sparrow.

Heye, *n.* A.S. haste, diligence.

Hidous, *adj.* A.N. hideous.

Hidously, *adj.* A.N. hideously.

Hiere, *v.* A.S. to hear.

Highen, on highen, on high.

Hight, *n.* A.S. height.

Highte, *past tense* of hetan, *v.* A. S to be called.

Him, *pron. acc. case* of he. It is often used in a reflective sense for himself; as, *than hath he don his frend, ne him, no shame*, *i. e.* nor himself. It also occurs as the

dative case without a preposition; as, *she falleth him to fete*, like *elle lui tomba aux pieds. She swore him, elle lui jura.*

Hiene, *n.* a hyena.

Hir, *possessive pron.* A.S. from *hy*, they; their. *Pl.* and *inflected cases*, hire.

Hire, *pers. pron. dat. case* of A.S. *heo*, she, to her.

Hire, *possessive pron.* from *heo*, she, A.S. her.

Hirs, *poss. pron.* theirs.

Hise, *pl.* of his.

Historial, *adj.* A.N. historical.

Hit } *pr.* A.S. it.
Hyt }

Ho, *relat. pron.* who.

Ho! *interjec.* commanding a cessation of anything.

Hochepot, *n.* a mixture of various things shaken together in the same pot. It is now used as a law term.

Hoker, *n.* A.S. frowardness.

Hokerly, *adv.* frowardly.

Holde, *n.* A.S. a fort, or castle.

Holde, holden, *part. pa.* of holde, *v.* A.S. obliged.

Hole, hol, *adj.* A.S. whole, entire.

Holly } *adv.* A.S. wholly.
Holy }

Holour, *n.* A.S. a whoremonger.

Holt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of holde, holdeth.

Holte, *n.* A.S. a grove, or forest.

Homly, *adj.* A.S. domestic, homely.

Homlynesse, *n.* A.S. domestic management, familiarity.

Honde, *n.* A.S. hand; *pl.* honden.

Honde-brede, *n.* A.S. a hand-breadth.

Honest, *adj.* A.N. means generally, according to the French usage, creditable, honourable, civil, becoming a person of rank.

Honeste } *n.* A.N. virtue, decency,
Honestete } good manners.

Honey-swete, *adj.* as sweet as honey.

Hoppesteres, *n. pl.* female dancers.

Hord } *n.* A.S. treasure, a place for
Horde } keeping treasure.

Hore }
Hoor } *adj.* A.S. hoary, grey.

Horowe, *adj.* A.S. foul.

Horriblete, *n.* A.N. horribleness.

Hors, *n.* a horse; *pl.* hors, horses.

Horse, *adj.* A.S. hoarse.

Horsly, *adj.* possessing those qualities which a horse ought to possess. It is applied to a horse, as manly is to a man.

Hospitalers, *n. pl.* Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Hostel, *n.* A.N. an hotel, inn, or dwelling-place.

Hostelrie *n.* A.N. an hotel, or inn.

Hostilementes, *n. pl.* household furniture.

Hostyler, *n.* A.N. innkeeper.

Hote, *adj.* and *adv.* A.S. hot, hotly.

Hote, hoten, *part. pa.* of haten, *v.* A.S. called.

Hove, *v.* A.S. to hover.

Hound-fisch, *n.* A.S. the dog-fish.

Houped, *past tense* of houpe, *v.* A.S. whooped.

Housel, *n.* A.S. the eucharist.

Housele, *v.* A.S. to administer the sacrament of the eucharist; to communicate. *To ben houseled*, to be communicated.

Howve, *n.* A.S. a cap, or a hood.

Hulfere, *n.* A.S. holly.

Hulstred, *part. pa.* of hulsteren, *v.* A.S. hidden.

Humblehede, *n.* A.S. humble estate.

Humblesse, *n.* A.N. humility.

Humblynge, *n.* A.S. a humming. Hence our humble-bee.

Hunte, *n.* A.S. a huntsman, hunter.

Hure, *n.* A.S. hire, wages.

Hurtle, *v.* A.N. to push.

Hust, *adj.* A.S. hushed, silent. Whist is used by Shakspeare in this sense. 'The wild waves whist.'

Huyre, *v.* A.S. to hire, to bribe.

Hye, *n.* A.S. haste, diligence.

Hye, *v.* A.S. to hasten.

Hyerdesse, *n.* A.S. a female herd, or shepherdess.

Hylde, *v.* A.S. to pour.

Hylled, *part. pa.* of hele, *v.* A.S. covered.
Hynderest, *adj. superl. degree*, hindmost. *Pos.* hynd, *compar.* hynder.
Hywe, *n.* A.S. hue.

I.

I, a prefix used indifferently with y. I generally denotes the past participle, and is equivalent to the A.S. and modern German *ge.*
Ich, Iche, Ik, Yk } *pron.* A.S. I. *So the ich*, so thrive I, contracted, *so theech*, or so theck.
Idel, *adj.* A.S. idle. *In idel*, in vain.
Idolastre, *n.* A.N. an idolater.
Ik, *pron.* A.S. I, same as *ich.*
Ile, Yle } *n.* A.S. an isle.
Ilke, *adj.*, A.S. same.
Imaginatyf, *adj.* A N. suspicious.
Impe, *n.* A S. a scion.
Impetren, *v.* A.N. to obtain by prayer.
Importable, *adj.* A.N. intolerable, impossible.
Importune, *adj.* A N. importunate.
Impossible, *n.* A.N impossibility.
In, *prep.* upon. *In with*, within.
Inconstance, *n.* A.N. inconstancy.
Incubus, *n.* Lat. the fairy supposed to produce the night-mare.
Inde, *adj.* A.N. azure.
Indigne, *adj.* A.N. unworthy.
Inequal, *adj.* A.N. unequal.
Infortunat, *adj.* A.N. unfortunate.
Ingot, *n.* a mould for casting ingots.
Inhabit, *part. pa.* of inhabite, *v.* A.N. inhabited.
Inhelde, *v.* A.S. to pour. See Hylde.
Injure, *n.* A.N. injury.
Inly, *adv.* A.S., inwardly, deeply, thoroughly.
Inne, *adv.* A.S. in.
In, Inne } *n.* A.S. a house, habitation, lodging.
Inned, Ynned } *part. pa.* lodged.
Innereste, *adj. sup.* A.S. inmost.
Innocent, *adj.* A.N. ignorant.
Insele. *n.* A.N. to attest by seal.
Insette, *v* A.S. to implant.
Inwitte, *n.* A.S. understanding.
Inwith, *prep.* A.S. within.
Ipocras, Ypocras } *n. pr.* wine mixed with spices and other ingredients; so called because strained through a woollen cloth, called *the sleeve of Hippocrates.*
Irishe, *adj.* A.N. passionate, given to ire.
Irous, *adj.* A.N. passionate.
Isault, Isawde, Isotta, Isoude, Isulte, Yseut } *n. pr.* different forms of the name of the mistress of Tristram, the celebrated hero of Romance.
Itaille, *n. pr.* Italy.

J.

Jakke Straw. Walsingham thus describes the noise made by this popular leader and his followers:—'Clamor horrendissimus, non similis clamoribus quos edere solent homines, sed qui ultra omnem æstimationem superaret omnes clamores humanos, et maxime posset assimilari ululatibus infernalium incolarum.' Many Flemings (Flandrenses) were beheaded by these insurgents, *cum clamore consueto.*
Jambeux, *n. pl.* A.N. armour for the legs.
Jane, *n.* a coin of Genoa, the ancient Janua.
Jangle, *v.* A.N. to prate, babble.
Jangler, Janglour } *n.* a prater.
Jangleresse, *n.* A.N. female prater.
Janglerye, *n.* A.N. idle talk.
Jape, *n.* A.S. a trick or jest.
Jape, *v.* A.S. to cheat, trick, laugh at.
Japer, *n.* A.S. a common jester or buffoon.
Japerie, *n.* buffoonery.

Jape-worthy, *adj.* ridiculous, worthy to be laughed at.

Jegge, *v.* A.S. to jog a person for the purpose of awakening him.

Jeopardye, Jeupardye, Jeupartye, Jupartye — *n.* A.N. a game in which the chances are equal, a hazard, an opinion for which the reasons are equally balanced.

Jeste. *n.* A.N. same as geste.

Jewerie, *n.* A.N. the quarter set apart in mediæval towns for the dwellings of the Jews.

Jewise, *n.* A.N. judgment, punishment.

Joconde, *adj.* A.N. joyous, pleasant.

Jogelour, *n.* A.N. a minstrel, a juggler.

Jolyf, *adj.* A.N. jolly, joyful.

Jompre, *v.* A.N. to jumble.

Jordane, *n.* a chamber-pot.

Jossa, *interj.* used to a horse, meaning, apparently, stand still.

Joves, or Jovis, *n. pr.* Jupiter.

Journe, Journee — *n.* A.N. a day's work: a day's journey.

Jouste, *n.* A.N. a tournament.

Joweles, *n.* A.N. jewels.

Joyne, *v.* A.N. to enjoin.

Jubalter, *n. pr.* Gibraltar.

Jubbe, *n.* a tub for holding wine or ale.

Judicum, *n.* Lat. *gen. pl.* the Book of Judges.

Juge, *n.* A.N. a judge.

Juparten, *v.* A.N. to hazard, place in doubt.

Jupartye, *n.* A.N. jeopardy, hazard.

Juwyse, *n.* A.N. judgment.

Juyl, *n. pr.* July.

K.

Kalender, *n.* Lat. a calendar.

Kalendis, Kalendes — *n. pl.* Lat. the calends, or first day of the month; metaphorically, the beginning.

Kamelyne, *n.* A.N. cloth made of camel's hair.

Kannat, *v.* cannot.

Karole, *n.* A.N. a dance accompanied by singing.

Karole, *v.* A.N. to sing and dance.

Kaught, *part. pa.* of kecche, *v.* A.S. caught.

Kaynard, *n.* A.N. a term of reproach, from the Latin *canis*, a dog, like *canaille*.

Kecche, *v.* A.S. same as cacche, to catch.

Keep, Kepe — *n.* A.S. care, attention. *To take keep*, to take care; *take no keep*, pay no attention.

Keepe, Kepen — *v.* A.S. to take care, pay attention.

Kele, *v.* A.S. to cool.

Kembe, *v.* A.S. to comb; *part pa.* kembed, kemped, kempe, or kempt, combed; metaphorically, neat.

Kemelyn, *n.* A.S. a tub.

Kenelm, *n. pr.* succeeded to the throne of the Mercians in 821 at the age of seven, and was murdered by order of his aunt Quenedreda.

Kerchef, *n.* A.N. a corruption of *courechef*, a kerchief.

Kernels, *n.* A.N. (*crenelle*) battlements.

Kers, *n.* A.S. a water-cress. *Of paramoures ne set he nat a kers*, he cared not a water-cress for lovers.

Kerver, *n.* A.S. a carver.

Kesse, Kisse, Kysse — *v.* A.S. to kiss; *part. pa.* keste.

Keverchef, *n.* a kerchief.

Kevere, *v.* A.N. to cover.

Kichil, *n.* A.S. a little cake.

Kid, Kidde — *part. pa.* of kithe, *v.* A.S. to reveal, make known.

Kike, *v.* A.S. to kick.

Kin, *adj.* A.S. akin.

Kind, Kynd — *n.* A.S. nature.

Kindly, Kyndely — *adv.* A.S. naturally.

Kinrede, *n.* A.S. kindred.

Kirtel, or kirtle, *n.* A.S. a tunic.

Kithe, Kythe } *v.* A.S. to reveal, make known. *Part. pa.* kithed, kythed, kidde, or kydde.

Kit, Kitte, Kitten } *part. pa.* of kutte, *v.* A.S. cut.

Knakke, *n.* A.S. a trifling trick.

Knarry, *adj.* A.S. full of gnarres or knots.

Knave, *n.* A.S., a boy; a servant; a rogue.

Kned. *part. pa.* of knede, *v.* A.S. kneaded.

Knene, Kneen } *n. pl.* A.S. knees.

Knette. *part. pa.* of knitte, *v.* A.S.

Knight, Knyght } *n.* A.S. a servant; a servant in war, or soldier; a dubbed knight.

Knighthode, *n.* A.S. valour.

Knit, *part. pa.* of knitte, *v.* A.S. joined, bound, agreed.

Knobbe. *n.* A.S. an excrescence in the shape of a bud or button.

Knoppe. *pl.* knoppis, *n.* A.S. a bud, or button.

Knotte, *n.* A.S. a knot.

Knotteles, *adj.* A.S. without a knot.

Knowe, *n. pl.* A.S. knees.

Knowleche, *v.* A.S. to acknowledge.

Knowleching, *n.* A.S. knowledge.

Koude, same as coude.

Kouthe, same as couthe.

Kunnynge, *n.* A.S. cunning.

Kyke, *v.* A.S. to look steadfastly.

Kynrede, *n.* A.S. kindred.

L.

Lans, *n.* A.N. a lace, a snare.

Labbe. *n.* a blab, a great talker.

Labbing, *part. pres.* blabbing.

Lacche. *n.* A.N. a snare.

Laced, *part. pa.* A.N. snared, bound.

Lacert, *n.* A.N. a fleshy muscle, so called from being shaped like a lizard.

Lache, *adj.* A.N. sluggish, negligent.

Lachesse, *n.* A.N. slackness, negligence.

Lad, Ladde } *past tense* and *part.* of lede, *v.* A.S. led, carried.

Laft, Lafte } *past tense* and *part.* of leve, *v.* A.S. left.

Lake, *n.* a sort of cloth.

Lakke, *n.* A.S. lack, want, a fault.

Lakke, *v.* A.S. to find fault, to blame.

Lambren, Lamben } *n. pl.* A.S. lambs.

Languysshe, *v.* A.N. to languish.

Lappe, *n.* A.S. the skirt or lappet of a garment.

Large, *adj.* A.N. spacious, free, prodigal. *Til that it was prime large*, till the hour of prime was far spent.

Largely, *adv.* fully.

Lasse, Las } *adj.* and *adv. in comp. degree*, less.

Latrede, *part. pa.* of latere; *v.* A.S. delayed.

Lathe, *n.* A.S. a barn.

Latoun, *n.* A.N. a kind of brass.

Laude, *n.* A.N. praise.

Laudes, *n.* Lat. the service performed in religious houses in the fourth or last watch of the night. 'Dicuntur autem laudes, quod illud officium laudem precipue sonat divinam.'—DU CANGE, in v.

Laved, *part. pa.* A.N. drawn, as water out of a well.

Lavender, *n.* A.N. a courtesan.

Laverokke, *n.* A.S. a lark.

Launcegay, *n.* A.N. a kind of lance.

Launcelot du Lake, *n. pr.* one of the Knights of the Round Table, whose adventures were the subject of a romance, begun by Chrestien de Troyes, and finished by Godefrois de Leigni. His intrigue with Guenever, wife of King Arthur, is alluded to by Dante, *Inferno*, v.; and by Petrarch, *Trionfo d'Amore*, iii.

Launde, *n.* A.N. a lawn, a plain not ploughed or planted.

Lavours, *n.* A.N. lavers, watering basins.

Laurent, *adj.* Lat. crowned with laurel.

Laurcole, *n.* A.N. spurge-laurel.

Laurer, Laurey } *n.* A.N. a laurel.

Lawe, *adj.* for lowe.

Laxatif, *n.* A.N. a purging medicine.

Lay, *n.* A.N. law, religion.

Laye, *adj.* fallow, unsown; hence, lea.

Layen, *past tense pl.* of ligge, *v.* A.S.

Laynere, *n.* A.N. a lanner, or whiplash.

Layt, *n.* A.S. lightning.

Lazer, *n.* A.N. a leper.

Leche, *n.* A.S. a physician.

Leche, *v.* A.S. to cure.

Leche-craft, *n.* the skill of a physician.

Lecherous, *adj.* provoking lechery.

Lechour, *n.* a lecher.

Lectorne, *n.* Lat. a reading-desk.

Leden, *n.* A.S. properly Latin, hence any foreign language.

Leede / **Ledes** *n.* A.S. people; serfs, or vassals.

Ledge, *v.* A.N. to allege.

Lees, *n.* A.N. a leash by which dogs are held.

Lees, *n. pl.* A.S. lies. *Withouten lees*, truly.

Leef / **Lefe** *adj.* A.S. pleasing, agreeable. *Al be him lothe or lefe*, whether it be pleasing or displeasing to him. It sometimes signifies pleased, as *I nam not lefe to gabbe*, I do not wish to prate.

Lefe, *n.* A.S. a friend or lover.

Leful, *adj.* lawful.

Legge, *v.* A.S. to lay.

Leggen, *v.* A.N. to ease, to alleviate.

Leith, *third pers. sing.* of legge or leye, *v.* A.S. layeth.

Leite, *n.* A.S. light. *Thonder-leite*, lightning.

Leke, *n.* A.S. a leek; used as an example of something of very little value.

Lemes, *n. pl.* A.S. flames.

Lemman, *n.* A.S. a lover or gallant, a mistress.

Lendes, *n. pl.* A.S. the loins.

Lene, *adj.* A.S. lean.

Lene, *v.* A.S. to lend, to give, to grant. *God lene*, God grant.

Lenger. *adj.* and *adv. comp. degree*, A.S. longer. *Ever lenger the more*, ever on the increase.

Lente, *part. pa.* of leue, *v.* A.S.

Lenton, *n.* A.S. the season of Lent.

L'envoy, *n.* A.N. literally, that which is sent; a poem, whether in the form of a dedication subjoined to a longer poem, or of a separate piece, addressed to some particular person or persons. Thus the six last stanzas of *The Clerke's Tale* are entitled, in some MSS., *L'envoy de Chaucer à les Mariz de notre temps*; but *L'envoy de Chaucer à Scogan*, is a separate poem.

Leonine, *adj.* A.N. belonging to a lion.

Leopart / **Lepart** *n.* A.N. a leopard.

Leos, *n.* Gr. people.

Lepande, *part. pr.* of lepe *v.* A.S. leaping.

Lepe, *v.* A.S. to leap.

Lepe / **Lep** *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of lepe.

Lepe / **Leep** *past tense* of lepe.

Lere / **Lerne** *v.* A.S. to learn, to teach, *part. pa.* lered, learned.

Lere, *n.* A.S. the skin.

Lese, *n.* A.N. leash; same as lees. *In lusty lese*, is love's snare.

Lese, *v.* A.S. to lose. *Imp.* leseth, lose ye.

Lesing / **Lesyng** *n.* A.S. a lie; *pl.* lesynges, lyings.

Lest / **Lust** / **Lyst** *n.* A.S. pleasure.

Leste / **Liste** / **Lyste** *v. impersonal*, A.S. it pleases. *Me list not pleye*, it does not please me to play; *if yow leste*, if it please you. *Past tense*, luste; *Him luste ryde soo*, it pleased him to ride so; *wel to drynke us luste*, it pleased us well to drink.

Leste, *adj. superl. degree*, A.S. least. *At the leste way*, at leastwise: *at the leste*, at least.

Leste, for last.

Lete / Lette } *v.* A.S. to leave, to omit; to permit; to cause, as *Lete make*, cause to be made.

Lette, *v.* A.S. to let or hinder.

Let-game, *n.* A.S. spoil-sport.

Lette, *n.* A.S. let or hindrance.

Letterure / Lettrure } *n.* A.N. literature.

Lettred, *adj.* A.N. learned.

Letuarie, *n.* A.N. an electuary.

Leve, *n.* A.S. desire.

Leve, *adj.* A.S. dear. Same as lefe.

Leve, *v.* A.S. to believe. *Imperat. pl.* leveth.

Leve, occurs in *Troylus and Cryseyde*, book ii. in the expression, *God leve al be wele!* and again in book iii. *God leve hym werk*; in both these cases it ought to be *leue*; God *grant* that all be well; God *grant* him to work.

Levelesse, *adj.* without leave.

Levene, *n.* A.S. lightning.

Lever, *adj.* and *adv. compar. degree*, more agreeable. *It were me lever*, it would be more agreeable to me; *I hadde lever*, I had rather. *Here hadde lever*, it would have been more agreeable to her.

Levere, *n.* A.N. a livery, a ration.

Levesel, *n.* The meaning is doubtful. In the *Promptuarium Parvulorum* it is explained, 'Levesel, before a wyndowe or other place; *umbraculum*.' Mr. Halliwell quotes the following passage, in which it occurs, from a MS in the Lib. of the Soc. of Antiq. 134, f. 253:

'Alle his devocion and holinesse
At taverne is, as for the moste delle,
To Bacchus signe, and to the *leveselle*.'

Its occurrence so often in connexion with taverns induced Tyrwhitt to suppose that it was the bush, which is still used abroad as the sign of a *cabaret*; but in Chaucer the student's horse is tied up *under the levesel* at the mill. From its being interpreted in the *Prompt. Parv.* '*Umbraculum*,' and described as a thing usually placed before a window, from its being a usual appendage of a tavern, and from the horse being tied under it in *The Reeve's Tale*, it would appear to be the general name for a verandah or shed made of boughs, whether to keep the sun off a window, to drink under, or as a shelter for farming implements and horses.

Lewde / Lewed } *adj.* A.S. ignorant, unlearned; lewd.

Lewte / Leaute / Leute } *n.* A.N. loyalty.

Leyes, *n. pr.* Layas in Armenia.

Leye / Leyne } *v.* A.S. same as legge; *part. pa.* leyde, laid.

Leysir, *n.* A.N. leisure.

Leyte, *n.* A.S. flame.

Liard / Lyard } *adj.* A.S. grey; a name for a grey horse.

Licenciat, *n.* Lat. *one* licensed to administer the sacrament of penance; particularly applied to such of the medicant orders as were relieved by a licence from the Pope from the jurisdiction of the ordinary.

Licourous, *adj.* lecherous.

Liche / Lyche } *adj.* A.S. like.

Liche-wake, *n.* A.S. the watch or wake formerly held over the bodies of the dead.

Liege, *n.* A.N. a subject; *pl.* lieges.

Lien / Lyen } *pres. tense pl.* of ligge, *v.* A.S.

Lien / Lyen } *part. pa.* of ligge.

Liflode, *n.* A.S. livelihood, living, existence.

Lift, *n.* A.S. that which is on high, the heavens; hence the verb to lift, to raise on high.

Ligeaunce, *n.* A.N. allegiance.

Ligge, *v.* A.S. to lie down.

Lighte, *v. ac.* to enlighten, make light or pleasant.
Lighte, *v. neut.* to alight, descend.
Ligne, *n.* A.N. lineage.
Ligne-aloes, *n.* Lat. *lignum aloes*, a very bitter drug.
Like / **Liken**, *v.* A.S. to compare.
Like, *v.* A.S. to please. *If you liketh*, if it please you. *It liketh hem*, it pleases them.
Likerous, *adj.* fond of liquor, or drink.
Liltyng, *part. pres.* playing a lilt.
Limayle, *n.* A.N. filings of any metal.
Lime, *v.* A.S. literally to smear with bird-lime; metaphorically to captivate.
Lime-rod, *n.* a twig smeared with bird-lime.
Limmes, *n. pl.* A.S. limbs.
Linian, *n. pr.* Joannes de Lignano, near Milan, a canonist and natural philosopher. He died in 1383, which affords an additional reason for believing that *The Canterbury Tales* were not finished before that date, since he is spoken of in the Prologue to *The Clerk's Tale* as then dead.
Lisse, *n.* A.S. remission, abatement.
Lisse, *v. ac.* A.S. to ease, to relieve.
Lisse, *v. neut.* to grow easy, be relieved.
Liste, see leste.
Listeneth, *imp. mood, second pers. pl.* of listen. *v.* A.S.
Listes, *n. pl.* A.N. lists; a place enclosed for a combat.
Litarge, *n.* A.N. white-lead.
Lite / **Lyte**, *adj.* and *adv.* little.
Lith / **Lyth**, *n.* A.S. a limb.
Lithe, *v.* A.S. to soften.
Lither, *adj.* A.S. bad, wicked.
Litherly, *adv.* A.S. ill, badly.
Livande, *part. pre.* A.S. living.
Live, *n.* A.S. life. *On live*, alive. *Lives creature*, living creature. *Lives body*, living body.
Lodemanage, *n.* A.S. pilotage. Used in this sense in 3 Geo. I. c. 13.
Lodesman, *n.* A.S. a pilot.
Lodesterre, *n.* A.S. the lodestar, or leading star. The modern word *loadstone* is from the same root.
Loft, *n.* A.S. height; *on loft*, aloft, or on high. See Lift.
Loge, *n.* A.N. a lodge, habitation.
Logge, *v.* A.N. to lodge.
Loigne, *n.* A.N. a tether; metaphorically, the amount of liberty allowed to a person.
Loke, *v.* A.S. to see, to look upon.
Loke, *v.* A.S. to lock.
Loken, loke, *part. pa.* of loke, *v.* A.S. locked, shut close.
Loller, *n.* a lollard.
Londe, *n.* A.S. land.
Londenoys, *n.* A.N. an inhabitant of London.
Lone, *n.* A.S. a loan, anything lent.
Longe, *v.* A.S. to belong. *Longing for his art*, belonging to his art. Also, to desire.
Loor, *n.* A.S. lore, teaching, discipline.
Loos / **Los**, *n.* A.N. praise; ironically, ill-fame.
Lordynges, *n. pl.* a diminutive of lords, sirs, my masters.
Lordschipe, *n.* A.S. dominion, power.
Lore, *n.* A.S. knowledge, learning; doctrine; advice.
Lorel, *n.* A.S. a good-for-nothing fellow.
Lorne, *part. pa.* of lese, *v.* A.S. lost.
Losengeour, *n.* A.N. a flatterer.
Loteby, *n.* a private companion, or bed-fellow.
Loth, *adj.* A.S. odious, disagreeable; *comp.* lother; *superl.* lothest.
Lothly, *adj.* A.S. loathsome.
Love-daye, *n.* a day appointed for the amicable settlement of differences.
Love-drink, *n.* a philtre, or love-potion.
Love-longyng, *n.* desire of love.

Lough, *past tense* of laughe, *v.* A.S. laughed.
Loure, *v.* A.S. to look discontented.
Loust, *n.* A.S. pleasure.
Loustily, Lustly } *adv.* A.S. lustily.
Loute, *v.* A.S. to bow, to lurk.
Lowe, *v.* A.N. to allow, approve.
Lowe, *n.* for lawe.
Lowh, *past tense* of laughe, laughed.
Lowke, *n.* a receiver of stolen goods.
Lowlyhede. *n.* A.S. humility.
Luce, *n.* A.N. a pike.
Lucina, *n.* Lat. the moon,
Lufsom, *adj.* A.S. lovely.
Lumbardes, *n. pr. pl.* Lombard merchants, bankers.
Lunarie, *n. pr.* A.N. the herb moonwort.
Lure, *n.* A.N. a piece of wood with the wings of a bird attached to it, with which falconers recal their hawks.
Lure, *v.* to bring to the lure.
Lussheburghes, *n. pl.* counterfeit coin, so called because manufactured at Luxembourg.
Lust, *n.* See Lest.
Luste, *v.* See Leste.
Lustyhede, *n.* A.S. pleasure, mirth.
Luxurie. *n.* A.N. lechery.
Lyfly, *adv.* A.S. like the life.
Lye, *n.* A.S. a lie.
Lyere, *n.* A.S. a liar.
Lyes, *n. pl.* A.S. lees of wine.
Lymere, *n.* A.N. a blood-hound.
Lymytacion, *n* A.N. a certain precinct, to which each friar was obliged to confine his solicitations for alms.
Lymytour, *n.* A.N. a friar licensed to ask alms within a certain limit.
Lynage, *n.* A.N. lineage.
Lynde, *n.* A.S. the linden, or lime-tree.
Lysse, same as lisse.
Lyte, *adj.* and *adv.* A.S. little.
Lythe, *n.* A.S. a limb.
Lythe, *adj.* A.S. pliable.
Lythe, *v.* A.S. to soften.
Lyve, same as live.

M.

Maad, *part. pa.* of make, *v.* A.S.
Maat, Maate, Mate } *part. pa.* A.N. dejected, struck dead.
Mace, *n.* A.N. a club.
Machabe, *n. pr.* the book of Maccabees.
Macrobes, *n. pr.* Macrobius.
Madde, *v. neut.* A.S. to be mad.
Ma fey, *interj.* A.N. by my faith.
Magicien, *n.* A.N. a magician.
Magik, *n.* A.N. magic.
Mahoun, *n. pr.* Mahomet.
Mainte, Meinte } *part. pa.* of menge, *v.* A.S. mingled.
Maister, Maystre } *n.* A.N. a skilful artist, a master. *Maister strete*, the high street. *Maister temple*, the chief temple, or cathedral. *Maister tour*, the principal tower.
Maistrie, Maistry, Maystrye } *n.* A.N. skill, skilful management. Power, superiority. *A maistrye, un coup de maitre*, a masterly operation. *Fair for the maistrie*, like *bonne pour la maistrie*, so fair as to excel all others
Maistresse, *n.* A.N. mistress, governess.
Maistrise, *n.* A.N. masterly workmanship.
Make, *n.* A.S. a companion or mate; a husband or wife.
Make, *v.* A.S. to compose poetry. *To make a man's beard*, to cheat him.
Make, *adj.* A.S. meek.
Maked, *part. pa.* of make.
Makeles, *adj.* A.S. peerless.
Maker, *n.* A.S. a poet, like the Greek, ποιητής, from ποιέω, to make.
Making, Makynge } *n.* A.S. poetry, like the Gr. ποίησις. *Makynges*, poetical compositions.
Male, *n.* A.N. a portmanteau.

Male, *adj.* A.N. bad.
Maleflce, *n.* A.N. enchantment.
Maletalent, *n.* A.N. ill-will.
Malgre, *n.* and *adv.* same as maugre.
Malisoun, *n.* A.N. malediction.
Malt, *past tense* of melte, *v.* A.S. melted; *pl.* malte; *part. pa.* molten, molte.
Malvesie, *n.* A.N. malmsey wine.
Malure, *n.* A.N. misfortune.
Manace, *n.* A.N. a threat.
Manace, *v.* A.N. to threaten.
Manciple, Maunciple — *n.* from the Lat. *manceps*, a purchaser, or contractor; a caterer. Manciple is still the name applied to this officer in our colleges and inns of court.
Mandement, *n.* A.M. a mandate.
Maner, Manere — *n.* A.N. manner, behaviour. Kind or sort, as *a manere Latin*, a kind of Latin.
Maner, *n.* A.N. manor, mansion.
Mangery, *n.* A.N. a feast.
Mangonel, *n.* A.N. an engine used to batter the walls of a besieged town.
Mannish, Mannyssh, Mannyssch — *adj.* A.S human, proper to the human species; masculine, proper to man, as distinguished from woman; in this last sense, when applied to a woman, it is a term of reproach.
Mansuete, *adj.* A.N. gentle.
Mantelet, *n.* A.N. a short mantle.
Manye, *n.* A.N. mania, madness.
Marcian, *adj.* A.N. martial, under the influence of Mars.
Margarite, Marguerete — *n.* A.N. a pearl, a daisy.
Market-beter, *n.* A.S. one who forestals the market. Tyrwhitt makes many surmises as to the origin of this phrase; but it is evidently a translation of a Latin expression which occurs in Pliny, 'Manceps annonam *flagellat*,' a purchaser who beats the market *i.e.* forestals, monopolizes.
Marreys, *n.* A.N. a marsh.
Mary, Marie — *n.* A.S. marrow.
Mark, *n.* A.S. image, pattern.
Markis, *n.* A.N. a marquis.
Marte, *n. pr.* A.N. Mars.
Martire, *n.* A.N. martyrdom, torment.
Martyre, *v.* A N. to torment.
Marquysesse, marquisesse, *n.* A.N. a marchioness.
Mary, Marie, Marye — *interj.* by Saint Mary.
Mase, maze, *n.* a wild fancy.
Mase, *v. neut.* to be bewildered, to dream.
Masednesse, *n.* amazedness, astonishment.
Maselin, *n.* A.N. for mazerin, a drinking-cup.
Mate, same as maat.
Maundement. *n.* A.N. a mandate.
Matere, *n.* A.N. matter.
Maugre, Maugree, Malgre — *adv.* A.N. in spite of.
Maugre, *n.* A.N. ill-will. *Malgre his*, with his ill-will.
Mavis, *n.* A.N. probably a mistake for *muis*, a measure of corn equal to about five quarters.
Mavys, *n.* A.S. a thrush.
Maumet, *n.* an idol, from Mahomet.
Maumetrie, *n.* the religion of Mahomet, idolatry.
Mawe, *n.* A.S. the maw or stomach.
Maximian, *n. pr.* the author of six elegies, which have been frequently printed under the name of Gallus. He is said by Fabricius to have lived in the reign of Anastasius.
May, *n.* A.S. a maid or virgin, a young woman.
Maydenhed, Maydenhede, Maydenhode — *n.* A.S. virginity.
Mayle, *n.* A.N. a coat of mail.

Maysondewe, *n.* A.N. a maison dieu, or hospital.
Maystreful, *adj.* imperious.
Maympris, *n.* A.N. bail, or mainprize.
Meaneliche, *adj.* A.S. moderate.
Mede, *n.* A.S. a mead or meadow.
Mede, **Meede**, *n.* A.S. reward.
Mede, **Meth**, **Methe**, *n.* Brit. mead, a liquor made of honey.
Medle, *v.* A.S. to mix.
Medled, *adj.* of a mixed colour.
Meel, **Mele**, *n.* A.S a portion; a meal, or portion of food. This word in composition means by small portions, as *stoundemele*, by small portions of time, or at intervals.
Meisne, **Meinee**, **Meigne**, **Meyne**, *n.* A.N. attendants, followers.
Meke, *adj.* A.S. meek, humble.
Meke, *v. neut.* A.S. to become meek. **Mekede**, *past tense, third pers. sing.*
Mele. See meel.
Melle, *v.* A.N. to meddle.
Melle, *n.* A.S. a mill.
Memorie, *v.* A.N. remembrance. *To be drawen to memorie*, to be recorded.
Memorie, *v.* A.N. to record.
Mendinauntz, *n. pl.* A.N. friars, so called because they obtained their living by asking alms.
Mene, *v.* A.S. to mean or intend.
Mene, *n.* A.N. a mean, or instrument; a procurer.
Mene, *adj.* A.N. middle, moderate.
Menestrel, *n.* A.N. a minstrel.
Menyvere, *n.* A.N. *menu vair*, miniver, a kind of fur.
Mercenrike, *n. pr.* A.S. the kingdom of Mercia.
Merciable, *adj.* A.N. merciful.
Meritorie, *adj.* A.N. meritorious.
Merke, mark, *n.* A.S. a mark, image, pattern. *Al the mark of Adam*, all the pattern of Adam, *i.e.* all mankind.
Merke, *adj.* A.S. dark.
Merlion, *n.* A.N. the merlin, the smallest of the British hawks.
Merour, *n.* A.N. a mirror.
Mervaille, *n.* A.N. marvel.
Mery, *adj.* A.S. merry, pleasant.
Mesaventure, *n.* A.N. misfortune.
Meschaunce, *n.* A.N. misfortune.
Mesel, *n.* A.N. a leper.
Meselrie, *n.* A.N. leprosy.
Message, *n.* A.N. a messenger.
Messagerie, *n.* A.N. the carrying of messages; hence an allegorical personage in the Courts of Love.
Messe, *n.* A.N. Mass, the Liturgy of the Western Church.
Meste, *adj. superlat. degree*, most.
Mester, **Mestir**, *n.* A.N. trade, occupation. *What mestir men ye been*, What kind of men you are.
Mesurable, *adj.* A.N. moderate.
Mesure, *n.* A.N. measure, moderation.
Metamorphoseos, **Metamorphosos**, *n.* Ovid's Metamorphoses.
Mete, *adj.* A.S. meet, fitting, convenient.
Mete, *n.* A.S. meat. *During the metes space*, during eating time.
Mete-borde, *n.* A.S. a dinner-table.
Metely, *adj.* A.S. proportionable.
Mete, *v.* A.S. to meet.
Mete, *v.* A.S. to dream. *Past tense*, mette, met. It occurs as an *impersonal verb*, me mette, a dream occurred to me.
Metricien, *n.* A.N. one who is skilled in metre.
Mevable, *adj.* A.S. moveable, unsteady.
Mewe, *v.* to change, to moult,
Mewe, *n.* a chamber where hawks are confined to *mewe*, or moult. Any sort of confinement. *In mewe*, in secret.
Mewet, *n.* A.N. a dumb person. *In mewet, en muet*, like a dumb person.
Meynde, *part. pa.* of menge, *v.* A.S. mingled.

Meyntenaunce, *n.* A.N. maintenance.

Minister, **Mynystre**, **Ministere**, *n.* A.N. an officer of justice, a minstrel.

Mirrour, *n.* A.N. a mirror.

Mirtheles, *adj.* A.S. without mirth.

Mis, **Mys**, *adv.* ill, amiss. It is often to be supplied to a second verb having been expressed in composition with a former. As, *If that I mis-speke or say*, if I mis-speak or mis-say. *Ther is nothynge mis-sayde nor do.* There is nothing mis-said or mis-done.

Mis, *n.* a wrong.

Misaventure. Same as mesaventure.

Misboden, *part. pa.* of misbede, *v.* A.S. injured.

Misborn, *part. pa.* of misbere, *v.* A.S. misbehaved.

Misericord, *n.* A.N. mercy.

Misese, *n.* A.N. uneasiness.

Misgye, *v.* to misguide.

Mistake, *v.* A.S. to transgress, take a wrong part.

Mistihede, *n.* A.S. darkness.

Mistily, *adv.* A.S. darkly.

Mitaine, *n.* A.N. a mitten or glove.

Mixen, *n.* A.S. a dunghill.

Mo, *pron.* used, by poetic licence, for *me*.

Mo, **Moo**, *adj.* and *adv. comp. degree* more.

Moche, **Mochel**, **Mokel**, **Michel**, **Muchel**, **Mycho**, **Mychel**, *adj.* A.S. great; whether in quantity, number, or degree.

Moche, **Mochel**, **Mycho**, **Mychel**, *adv.* A.S. much, greatly.

Mochel, *n.* A.S. size.

Mockere, *v.* A.S. to heap up.

Moder, **Modre**, **Moodre**, *n.* A.S. mother. Also the matrix or principal plate of the Astrolabe.

Moeblis, *n. pl.* A.N. furniture.

Moist, **moisty**, *adj.* A.N. new, soft.

Molestie, *n.* A.N. trouble.

Monche, *v.* A.S. to munch, chew.

Mone, *n.* A.S. the moon.

Mone, *n.* A.S. lamentation, moaning.

Moneste, *v.* A.N. to admonish.

Monstre, *n.* A.N. a monster or prodigy; a pattern.

Monyour, *n.* A.N. a coiner.

Moo, same as mo.

Mood, *n.* A.S. anger.

Moot, *n.* A.S. a meeting.

Moot-hall, *n.* the hall in which county meetings are held; the shire-hall.

Morcel, *n.* A.N. a morsel.

More, *adj. comp. degree* of much: greater, whether in quantity, number, or degree. It is usually joined to adjectives and adverbs to express the comparative degree.

Mormal, *n.* a cancer, or sore.

Morter, *n.* A.N. a night-light.

Mortifie, *v.* A.N. to kill, or reduce quicksilver to a solid substance.

Mortrewe, *n.* a kind of soup or *potage*.

Morwe, *n.* A.S. the morrow, or morning; *a'morwe*, on the morrow.

Morwening, *pl.* morweninges, *n.* A.S. the morning.

Mosel, *n.* A.N. the muzzle, or nose of an animal.

Moste, *adj. superlat. degree* of moche, greatest.

Moste, *v.* A.S. must; *pl.* mosten.

Mote, *n.* A.N. a movement sounded by a huntsman on his horn. *Thre mote*, such a movement sounded thrice.

Mote, *v.* A.S. must, may; *pl.* moten.

Mote, *n.* A.S. an atom.

Motyf, *n.* A.N. a motive, incitement.

Mought, *n.* A.S. a moth.

Mought, *past tense* of mowe, *v.* A.S. might.

Moule, *v. neut.* A.S. to grow mouldy.

Moun, for mowen, *pres. tense pl.* of mowe, *v.* A.S. may.

Mountaunce, *n.* A.N. amount, value.
Mourdaunt, *n.* the tongue of a buckle.
Moveresse, *n.* A.N. a female fomenter of quarrels.
Mow, *n.* A.S. a wry face.
Mowe, *v.* A.S. may, to be able. *Pres. tense, pl.* mowen, may, or are able. *Past tense,* mought, or mowght.
Mowing, *n.* A.S. ability.
Moysoun, *n.* A.N. harvest.
Much, Muchel } See Moche.
Mullok, *n.* A.S. dung, rubbish.
Multiplicacioun, *n.* A.N. the art of making gold and silver by the combination of certain chemical substances.
Multiply, *v.* to make gold and silver.
Musarde, *n.* A.N. a muser or dreamer.
Muwet, *adj.* A.N. mute.
Mych, *n.* A.N. a manchet, or loaf of fine bread.
Myche, Mychel, Mykel } See Moche.
Mycher, *n.* A.S. a thief.
Mylne, *adj.* A.N. belonging to a mill.
Mynde, *n.* A.S. remembrance.
Myne, *v.* A.N. to mine, or penetrate.
Mynour, *n.* a miner.
Mynstrale, *n.* A.N. a minstrel.
Mynstralcye, *n.* A.N minstrelsy.
Mysacompted, *part. pa.* miscounted.
Mysavise, *v.* A.N. to advise badly.
Myscheef, *n.* A.N. misfortune.
Myscoverting, *part. pres* apparently a mistake for mysacompting.
Mysdeparte, *v.* A.N. to divide wrongfully.
Mysforgafe, *past tense* of mysforyeven, *v.* A S. misgave.
Mysgo, *v.* A.S. to go wrong.
Mysgo, Mysgoon } *part. pa.* of mysgo.
Mysgye, *v.* A.N. to misguide.
Myshappe, *n.* A.S. misfortune.
Myshappe, *v.* A.S. to happen amiss.
Myslede, *v.* A.S. to lead astray.
Myslyved, *part. pa.* having lived to a bad purpose.
Mysmetre, *v.* to spoil the metre of poetry by reading or writing it ill.
Myssaiere, *n.* A.S. an evil speaker.
Myssatte, *past tense* of myssitte, *v.* A.S. misbecame.
Mysse, *v.* A.S. to miss, fail, or lose.
Mysseid, *part. pa.* of mysseye, *v.* A.S. ill spoken of.
Mysseye, *v.* A.S. to speak ill of; *part. pres.* mysseiyng.
Myswent, *part. pa.* of myswende, *v.* A.S. gone wrong.
Myswey, *n.* A.S. a wrong way.
Myswrite, *v.* A.S. to write wrong.
Myster, Mystere } *n.* A.N. need.
Myte, *n.* a mite, or maggot.

N,

N, for ne, the negative particle, is often prefixed to verbs beginning with a vowel, or the letter *h* or *w*; as, *nadde*, ne hadde, had not; *nam*, ne am, am not; *nas*, ne has, has not; *nere*, ne were, were not; *nil*, ne wil, will not; *nis*, ne is, is not; *niste*, ne wiste, wist not; *nolde*, ne wolde, would not, &c.
Na, used by the north country clerks in *The Reeves Tale* for no.
Naker, *n.* A.N. a kettle-drum.
Nale, *n.* A.S. an ale-house. This word is probably derived from a mistake in the manner of writing the A.S. *atten ale*, at the ale-house. In pronunciation, and subsequently in writing, *atten ale* became *atte nale*, as the fictitious litigant, from John atten Oke, became John a'Noke. Thus *an adder* was corrupted into *a nedder*, and *an ewt* or *eft*, *a newt*; *a nouche*, on the other hand, has become *an ouche*.
Nalle, *n.* A.S. a nail or an awl. This is another example of the

transference of the final *n* of the *indef. article* to the word with which it agrees.

Nam, for ne am.

Nam, *past tense* of nime; *v.* A.S. took.

Nappe, *v* A.S. to sleep.

Narcotikes, *n. pl.* A.N. from Gr. narcotics.

Narwe, *adj.* and *adv.* close, narrow; closely, narrowly.

Nas, for ne was.

Nat. *adv.* A.S. not.

Natal, *adj.* Lat. applied to Jupiter as presiding over nativities.

Natholes, *Natheless* } *adv.* A.S. nevertheless.

Naught, *Noght*, *Nought* } *n.* A.S. nothing.

Naught, *Noght*, *Nought* } *adv.* A.S. not, by no means.

Nay, *adv.* A.S. the negative reply to a question in an affirmative form, as No is to a question in the negative form.

Nay, *n. It is no nay*, it is impossible to deny it.

Nay, *v.* A.S. to deny.

Nayle, *n.* A.S. a nail.

Nayte, *v.* A.S. to deny.

Ne, *adv.* A.S. not. *Ne* is used together with the other negative *not*, like the French *ne* and *pas*.

Ne, *conj.* A.S. nor.

Nece, *n.* A.N. a niece, a cousin.

Necessaire, *adj.* A.N. necessary.

Nede, Neede } *n.* A.S. need, necessity.

Nede, Neede } *v. impers.* it needeth, it is necessary.

Needful, Nedeful } *adj.* A.S. distrest, indigent.

Nedely, *adv.* A.S. necessarily.

Nede, Nedes } *adv.* necessarily. It is generally joined with *must*, or *cost*.

Nedder, *n.* A.S. an adder.

Negard, *n.* a niggard.

Negardes, *n.* avarice.

Neghebore, *n.* A.S. a neighbour.

Neighe, *adj* A.S. nigh.

Neighe, Neigh, Nyghe } *v.* A.S. to approach, to come nigh.

Nekke, *n.* A.S. the neck.

Nempne, *v.* A.S. to name.

Ner, Nere, Nerre } *adv. comparat. degree* of negh; nigher, near. *Ferre ne nere*, later nor earlier.

Nere, for ne were, *v.* were not. *Nere the frenschippe*, were it not for the friendship.

Nerfe, *n.* A.N. nerve, sinew.

Neshe, *adj.* A.S. soft, tender.

Nete, Neet } *n.* A.S. neat cattle.

Nether, *adj.* A.S. lower.

Neven, *v.* A.S. to name.

Nevew, Nevywe } *n.* A.N. a nephew, a grandson.

Newe, *adj.* A.S. new, fresh.

Newe, *adv.* newly; *of newe*, lately.

Newe, *v.* A.S. to renew.

Newefangel, *adj.* newfangled, desirous of change.

Newfangelnesse, *n.* desire of change.

Nexte, *adj. superl. degree*, nighest.

Ney, *adj.* A.S. nigh; *comp. degree* negher, nyher, contracted nere, or near; *superlat.* nexte, nighest.

Niece, *adj.* A.N. foolish.

Nicete, Nycetee } *n.* A.N. folly. *Do his nycete*, faire folie.

Nifle, Nyfle } *n.* a trifle.

Nigard, Nygard } *n.* a stingy fellow, a niggard.

Nigardie, Nygardie, Negardes } *n.* stinginess.

Nightertale, *n.* A.S. the night time.

Night-spel, *n.* A.S. a night-charm, or form of conjuration to counteract the diabolical influences supposed to prevail at night.

Nil, Nille } for ne wil, ne wille; will not.

Nis, for ne is; is not.

Niste, for ne wiste, knew not. *Pl.* nisten, for ne wisten.

Nobledest, *past tense, second person sing.* of noble, *v.* A.N. ennobledest.

Noblesse } *n.* A.N. nobility, dignity,
Nobley } splendour.
Noise, *v.* A.N. to make a noise.
Nokked, *part. pa.* of nokke, *v.* A.S. notched.
Nolde, for ne wolde, would not.
Nombre, *n.* A.N. number.
Nomen } *part. pa.* of nime, *v.* A.S.
Nome } taken.
Nompere, *n.* A.N. an umpire. This is an example of the confusion created by transferring the final *n* of the indefinite article to the noun when it begins with a vowel, or the initial *n* of the noun to the indef. article; for in this case it is impossible to determine whether the word ought to be nompere, or, according to the modern orthography, umpire. *Umper* and *numper* both occur in old English. It is probably derived from the A.N. *nonpaire*, an odd, or third person. This derivation is supported by the fact that impar, in Lat. sometimes means an arbitrator.
Non } *adj.* A.S. not one, none.
Noon }
Non } *adv.* A.S. not. *Whether ye*
Noon } *wol or non.*
None, *n.* Lat. the space of time which intervenes between the ninth hour of the natural day, or nine o'clock, and twelve; dinner hour.
Nones, *For the nones*, for then ones, for then once, or, for that one occasion.
Nonne, *n.* A.S. a nun.
Noon, same as non.
Noot, for ne woot, knoweth not.
Norice, *n.* A.N. a nurse.
Norische, *v.* to nourish.
Norteirye, *n.* A.N. nurture.
Nosethirles, *n. pl.* A.S. nostrils.
Not, for ne wot, know not.
Notabilite, *n.* A.N. a thing worthy to be known.
Note, *n.* A.S. need, business.
Notemuge } *n.* nutmeg.
Notemygge }
Notes, *n. pl.* A.S. nuts.
Not-hed, *n.* A.S. a head clipped close; from notte, *v.* A.S. to clip.
Nother } *conj.* A.S. nor, neither.
Nouther }
Nother, *adj.* A.S. for *ne other. Neither nother*, nor one nor the other.
Nothing, *adv.* A.S. not, not at all.
Nouche, *n.* A.S. an ouche, a clasp, or buckle.
Nought } *n.* and *adv.*—See Naught.
Naught }
Nouthe, *adv.* A.S. now.
Novelrie, *n.* A.N. novelty.
Now and now, once and again.
Nowche, *n.* A.S. same as nouche.
Nowel, *n.* A.N. Christmas.
Noye, *n.* A.N. hurt, trouble, annoyance.
Noyen, *v.* A.N. to hurt, annoy.
Noysaunce, *n.* A.N. offence, trespass.
Nycete, *n.* A.N. folly. Same as nicete.
Nyfles, *n. pl.* trifles.
Nygard, *n.* a stingy fellow.
Nyggoun, *n.* a niggard.
Nyghe, *adv.* A.S. nigh.

O.

O } *numeral adj.* A.S. one.
Oo }
Obeysaunce } *n.* A.N. obedience.
Obeysshing }
Obeysant, *part. pres.* A.N. obedient.
Observaunce, *n.* A.N. respect.
Observe, *v.* A.N. to pay regard to, to respect.
Occident, *n.* A.N. the west.
Ocy, the nightingale's note, supposed by the poet to be derived from the Lat. *occidere*, to kill.
Of, *adv.* A.S. off.
Offende, *v.* A.N. to hurt.
Offensioun, *n.* A.N. offence, damage.
Offertorie, *n.* Lat. a sentence of Scripture said or sung after the Nicene Creed in the Liturgy of the Western Church.
Offryng, *n.* A.N. the alms collected at the Offertory.

Oft, Ofte } *adv.* A.S. often. *Oftensith* or *sithe*, often times.
Olifaunt, *n.* A.N. an elephant.
Oliveres, *n. pl.* A.N. olive-trees.
Omang, *prep.* A.S. among; perhaps a mistake for emang.
Omer, *n. pr.* Homer.
On, O, Oon, Oo } *num. adj.* A.S. one. *After on*, alike. *They were at on*, they were agreed. *Ever in on, ever in oo*, continually. *I myne one*, I alone.
Onde, *n.* A.S. zeal, malice.
Oned, *part. pa.* A.S. made one.
Ones, *pl.* of on. *We three ben alle ones*, we three are all one.
Ones, Oones } *adv.* A.S. once.
Onhed, *n.* A.S. unity.
Ony, *adj.* A.S. any.
Open-ers, *n.* A.S. the fruit of the medler-tree.
Open-heded, *adj.* bare headed.
Oppresse, *v.* A.N. to ravish.
Oppression, *n.* A.N. a rape.
Opye, *n.* A.N. opium.
Or, *adv.* A.S. ere, before.
Oratory, *n.* A.N. a closet set apart for prayer, or study.
Ordal, *n.* A.S. judicial trial, whence ordeal.
Orde, *n.* A.S. a point.
Ordered, *adj.* A.N. ordained, in holy orders.
Ordres four, the four orders of friars, Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustines, and Carmelites.
Ordinance, *n.* A.N. orderly disposition.
Ordinat, *part. pa.* Lat. orderly, regular.
Ore, *n.* A.S. grace, favour.
Orewelle, *n. pr.* the Orwel, a river which flows into the sea at Harwich.
Orfrays, Orfrayes, Orfreys } *n. pl.* gold embroidery.
Orisont, *n.* A.N. the horizon.
Orologe, Oriloge } *n.* A.N. a clock.
Other, *adj.* A.S. the other of two. *Gen. case*, otheres.
Other, *conj.* A.S. or, either.
Over, *prep.* A.S. above. *Over alle*, in every case, on every side.
Over, *adj.* A.S. upper; *superl* overest, uppermost.
Over-gret, *adj.* too great.
Over-ladde, *part. pa.* of overlede, *v.* A.S. overborne.
Over-lippe, *n.* A.S. the upper lip.
Over-live, *v.* A.S. to outlive.
Over-nome, *part. pa.* of over-nime, A.S. overtaken.
Overspradde, Oversprad } *past tense* of oversprede, *v.* A.S. overspread.
Oversprat, *third pers. sing. pres. indic.* of oversprede, *v.* A.S. overspreadeth.
Overte, *adj.* A.N. open.
Overthrew, *past tense* of overthrowe, *v. neut.* A.S. fell down.
Overthrowing, *part. pres.* and *participial noun*, falling headlong, ruin.
Overthward, Overthwart, Overthwert } *adv.* A.S. across, over against.
Ought, Oght, Aught } *n.* A.S. anything.
Ought, *adv.* by any means.
Ought, Oght } *past tense* of owe, *v.* A.S. *pl.* oughten, oughte. Ought is often used in the present tense for owe, in both numbers. It also occurs as an impersonal verb, as, *Wel ought us werke*, Well does it become us to work.
Ounding, *participial noun*, A.N. the cutting of cloth in the shape of waves.
Oundye, *adj.* A.N. wavy.
Oures, *poss. pron.* ours.
Outake, *prep.* A.S. except.—See Out-taken
Outhees, *n.* barbarous Lat. *hutesium*, outcry.
Outher, *conj.* A.S. either, or.

Outraye, *v.* A.N. to fly out, to be outrageous.
Out-rede, *v.* A.S. to surpass in counsel.
Outrely, *adv.* A.S. utterly.
Out-renne, *v.* A.S. to outrun.
Out-rydere, *n.* A.S. one who rides well up with hounds.
Outstraught, *part. pa.* of outstrecche, *v.* A.S. stretched out.
Out-taken, *part. pa.* used as a *prep.* excepted. *Out-taken Crist on loft*, Christ in heaven being excepted.
Owe, *v.* A.S. to be under an obligation; *past tense* of ought, which is alone used in this sense in modern English; *part. pa.* owen.
Owhere, *adv.* A.S. anywhere.
Oxenforde, *n. pr.* Oxford.
Oynement, *n.* A.N. ointment.
Oyse, *n. pr.* the Oise, a river of Picardy.

P.

Paas, *n.* A.N. a foot-pace.
Pace, *v.* A.N. to pass, pass on, or away; to surpass.
Page, *n.* A.N. a boy-child, a servant boy.
Pay, *n.* A.N. satisfaction.
Paye, *v.* A.N. to satisfy.
Payd, Payde } *part. pa.* satisfied.
Paindemaine, *n.* A.N. Skinner supposed it to mean fresh bread, *quasi*, *pain de matin*: Tyrwhitt, a kind of very fine bread peculiar to the province of Maine.
Palasyns, *adj.* A.N. of or belonging to the palace. *Ladyes palasyns*, court ladies.
Pale, *n.* A.N. the heraldic term for a perpendicular stripe on a coat of arms.
Pale, *v.* A.N. to make pale.
Paleys, *n.* A.N. a palace.
Palfrey, *n.* A.N. a horse for the road, as opposed to *stede*, or *destrier*, a war horse.
Paling, *participial noun*, imitating pales, or stripes.
Palladion, *n.* Gr. the image of Pallas at Troy.
Palled, *part. pa.* A.N. made pale.
Palmer, *n.* a pilgrim to the Holy Land, because such carried palm branches as tokens.
Pan, *n.* the skull, or brain-pan.
Panter, *n.* A.N. a net.
Panade, *n.* A.N. a knife, or dagger.
Papejay, Papinjay } *n.* A.N. a parrot; a term of reproach for a vain person.
Papelard, *n.* A.N. a hypocrite.
Papelardie, *n.* A.N. hypocrisy.
Par, *prep.* A.N. by, with, for.
Parage, *n.* A.N. kindred.
Paramour, paramours, *n.* A.N. love, gallantry; a lover of either sex.
Parventure, Paraunter } *adv.* A.N. peradventure, by chance.
Parcel-mele, *adv.* by parcels, or parts.
Parde, Pardee, Pardieux } *interj.* A.N. a common oath.
Pardon, *n.* A.N. an indulgence, *i. e.* a commutation, in consideration of the performance of some act of devotion, of the temporal penalties for sin required by the primitive Canons.
Pardoner, *n.* A.N. a seller of indulgences.
Parementz, *n. pl.* A.N. ornamental furniture, or clothes.
Parentele, Parenteal } *n.* A.N. kindred.
Parfay, Parfey } *interj.* A.N. by my faith.
Parfit, Parfyte, Perfight } *adj.* A.N. perfect.
Parforme, Parfourn } *v.* A.N. to perform, to complete.
Parfytly, *adv.* A.N. perfectly.
Parischen, *n.* A.N. a parishioner.
Paritorie, Peritorie } *n.* Lat. the herb *parietaria*, or pellitory of the wall.
Parlement, Parlemente } *n.* A.N., an assembly for consultation.

Parodye, *n.* A.N. from Gr. a passage or exit.— See vol. vi. p. 41, note 1.

Parten, *v.* A.N. to take part.

Partie, *s.* A.N. a part; a party in a dispute.

Parvis, Parvys — *n.* A.N. from *paradisus*, a church-porch. Here a variety of business used formerly to be transacted.

Pas, *n.* A.N. a foot-pace; same as *paas*.

Passe, *v.* A.N. to surpass.

Passant, Passing — *part. pres.* surpassing.

Patre, Patren — *v.* to repeat the *pater-noster*; to pray.

Pawmes, *n. pl.* A.N. the palms of the hands.

Pax, *n.* Lat. a small tablet of metal, with a representation of the crucifixion upon it, presented to be kissed in turn by the faithful at mass, in token of mutual charity.

Payen, *n.* A.N. a pagan.

Payenes, Paynymes — *n. pl.* pagans.

Paylet, *n.* A.N. a bed of straw, a pallet.

Paysaunce, *n.* A.N. pausing.

Pecunial, *adj.* A.N. pecuniary, paid in money.

Pees, *n.* A.N. peace.

Pees, *interj.* hold thy peace!

Peesible, *adj.* A.N. peaceable.

Peine, Peyne — *n.* A.N. penalty; grief, torment, trouble.

Peine, Peyne — *v.* A.N. to torture; to trouble; to take pains.

Peire, *v.* A.N. to impair.

Peise, *v.* A.N. to poise, to weigh.

Pel, *n.* a palace.

Pelet, *n.* A.N. a ball.

Penance, Penaunce — *n.* A.N. the sacrament of penance; temporal penalties, voluntarily suffered as a pledge of repentance, and called technically satisfaction; pain, sorrow.

Penaunt, *n.* A.N. a penitent.

Penible, *adj.* A.N. industrious, painstaking.

Penitencer, *n.* A.N. an ecclesiastic appointed to resolve difficult cases of conscience.

Penner, *n.* A.N. a pen-case.

Penoun, Pynoun — a pennant, or ensign.

Pens, *n. pl.* pence.

Pensel, *n.* A.N. a small pennant or streamer.

Pensifeled, *n.* pensiveness.

Pepir, *n.* Lat. pepper.

Peeple, People — *n.* A.N. people.

Perche, *n.* A.N. a perch for birds; a horse to hang clothes on.

Percel, *adv.* A.N. by parcels or parts.

Perde, for parde.

Pere, *v.* to appear.

Pere, Peere — *n.* A.N. a peer, an equal.

Peregal, *adj.* A.N equal.

Peregryn, *adj.* Lat. foreign, applied to a particular kind of falcon.

Pereles, *adj.* peerless, unequalled.

Perjonette, *n.* A.N. a particular kind of pear.

Pernaso, *n. pr.* Ital. Mount Parnassus.

Perrye, *n.* A.N. jewellery.

Persaunt, *part. pres.* A.N. piercing.

Pers, *adj.* A.N. sky-blue.

Persley, *n.* A.N. parsley.

Persone, *n.* Lat. a person, generally a man of dignity; a parson, or rector of a church.

Pert, for apert, *adj.* A.N. open.

Pertourbe, *v.* A.N. to perturb, trouble.

Pertourbing, *n.* a disturbance.

Pervynke, *n.* A.N. the flower periwinkle.

Pery, *n.* A.N. a pear-tree.

Pesen, *n. pl.* A.S. peas.

Peter Alphonse, *n. pr.* a converted Jew, the author of the *Disciplina Clericalis*. He flourished in the twelfth century.

Peyne, same as peine.

Peytrel, *n.* A.N. the breastplate of a horse.

Phisik, *n.* A.N. medicine.

Phisiologus, a popular treatise on the natural history of animals.

Phitonissa, **Phitonisses**, *n.* Barb. Lat. from Gr. a woman possessed by Apollo with a spirit of divination; a fortune-teller.

Picche, *n.* pitch.

Pie, **Pye**, *n.* A.N. a magpie, a tell-tale.

Pierrie, same as perrye.

Piggesneyghe, *n.* a little pig; or perhaps a pig's eye; a term of endearment.

Pight, *past tense* of pike, *v.* A.S. pitched.

Pike, *v.* A.S. to pitch; to pick, as a bird does its feathers; to steal; to peep.

Pikerel, *n.* A.S. a young pike, jack, or luce.

Pilche, **Pylche**, *n.* A.S. a pelisse, or fur cloak.

Piler, **Pilere**, *n.* A.N. a pillar.

Pile, **Pyle**, *v.* A.N. to pillage, rob.

Piled, **Pyled**, *part. pa.* A.N. bald.

Pilour, *n.* A.N. a plunderer.

Pilwebeer, **Pilwebere**, *n.* A.S. a pillow-case.

Piment, **Pyment**, *n.* A.N. spiced wine and honey.

Pinche, **Pynche**, *v.* A.N. to object, to find fault.

Pine, **Pyne**, *n.* A.S. pain, grief, death.

Pine, **Pyne**, **Pynen**, *v.* A.S. to torment.

Pirie, *n.* A.N. a pear-tree.

Pistel, *n.* A.N. an epistle, a short lesson.

Pitaunce, *n.* A.N. a mess of victuals; properly an additional allowance served to the inmates of religious houses on a high festival.

Pite, **Pyte**, *n.* A.N. pity.

Pitous, **Pytous**, *adj.* A.N. merciful, compassionate, piteous.

Pitously, **Pytously**, *adv.* A.N. piteously.

Plage, *n.* Lat. the plague.

Platte, **Plat**, *adj.* A.N. flat, plain; the flat of a sword.

Platte, *adv.* flatly.

Play, *v.* A.S. to take one's pleasure.

Playn, **Pleyn**, *n.* A.N. a plain.

Playn, **Pleine**, *adj.* A.N. simple, clear; *adv.* simply clearly.

Playn, **Pleyn**, *adj.* A.N. full, perfect.

Plee, *n.* A.N. a plea, argument, or pleading.

Pleyghe, *v.* A.S. to play, jest, take one's pleasure.

Plenere, *adj.* A.N. plenary, full.

Plesaunce, *n.* A.N. pleasure.

Plesynges, *n. pl.* pleasures.

Plete, *v.* A.N. to plead.

Pleyne, *v.* A.N. to explain.

Pleyne, *v.* A.N. to complain.

Pleynly, *adv.* plainly.

Plight, *part. pa.* of plukke, *v.* A.S. plucked.

Plighte, *v.* A.S. to engage, promise; *past tense*, plighte, *pl.* plighten.

Plite, **Plyte**, *v.* A.N. to plait or fold.

Plungy, *adj.* A.N. rainy.

Plye, *v.* A.N. to bend, or mould.

Plyt, *n.* plight, condition.

Poeple, *n.* A.N. people.

Poeplisch, *adj.* vulgar.

Point, **Poynt**, *n.* A.N. the principal business; a full stop. *In good point*, in good condition. *At poynt devys*, with the greatest exactness.—See Devys.

Pointel, *n.* A.N. a style, or pencil for writing.

Poke, *n.* A.N. a bag, pocket.

Pollax, *n.* A.S. a halbert.

Polyve, *n.* a pulley.

Pomel, *n.* A.N. anything in the shape of an apple, or round; the top of the head, the hilt of a sword.

Pomelee, *adj.* A.N. marked with round spots, like an apple, dappled. *Pomelee gris*, dapple-grey.

Popet, *n.* A.N. a puppet.
Popillot, *n.* A.N. diminutive of *poupee*, a puppet; or of *papillon*, a butterfly.
Popingay, *n.*—Same as papejay.
Popped, *v. past tense. Ne popped hir*, nor dressed herself like a doll.
Popper, *n.* a bodkin, or dagger.
Pore, *adj.* A.N. poor.
Porphurie, *n. pr.* Porphyry.
Port, *n.* A.N. carriage, behaviour.
Portecolys, *n.* A.N. a portcullis, or falling gate.
Portos, *n.* A.N. from Lat. *portiforium*, a breviary.
Portreyour, *n.* A.N. a painter.
Pose, *n.* a rheum or defluxion obstructing the voice.
Pose, *v.* A.N. to suppose.
Posse, *v.* A.S. to push.
Possessioner, *n.* Lat. an invidious name for such religious communities as possessed lands. The mendicant orders professed to live entirely upon alms.
Post, *n.* A.S. a pillar, prop, or support.
Potecary, *n.* A.N. an apothecary.
Potent, *n.* A.N. a crutch, a staff.
Potestate, *n.* A.N. a principal magistrate.
Pouche, *n.* A.N. a poke, bag, pouch, or pocket.
Poudre, *n.* A.N. powder, gunpowder.
Poudre-marchant, *n.* A.N. a kind of dish.
Poverte, *n.* A.N. poverty.
Poule, *n. pr.* Paul.
Pounsoned, *part. pa.* A.N. punched with a bodkin.
Poupe, Powpe } *v.* to make a noise with a horn.
Pouer, *adj.* A.N. poor.
Poure, Powre } *v.* to pore, look stedfastly.
Pous, *n.* A.N. the pulse.
Pouste, *n.* A.N. power.
Poyleys, *adj.* A.N. of Apulia, formerly called *Poile*.
Poynte, *v.* A.N. to prick.
Practike, *n.* A.N. practice.
Prayse, *v.* A.N. to praise, value.
Preace.—Same as prees.
Preambulation, *n.* A.N. preamble.
Prece, *v.* to press; same as prese.
Precious, *adj.* A.N. over-nice.
Predesteyne, *n.* A.N. destiny, predestination.
Predicacioun, *n.* A.N. preaching, a sermon.
Preef, Prefe, Preve } *n.* A.N. a proof, a trial. *Evil preef*, a defective proof.
Prees, Prese } *n.* A.N. a press or crowd. *He put hym forth in prees*, he came forward among the crowd.
Preese, Prese } *v.* A.N. to press or crowd.
Prentys, *n.* A.N. an apprentice.
Prentyshood, *n.* an apprenticeship.
Preparat, *part. pa.* Lat. prepared.
Prest, *adj.* A.N. ready.
Pretende, *v.* A.N. to lay claim to.
Preterit, *n.* A.N. the past.
Preu, *adj.* A.N. brave.
Preve, *v.* A.N. to try, to prove by trial.
Preve, *v. neut.* to turn out upon trial.
Pricasour, *n.* a hard rider.
Prideles, *adj.* A.S. without pride.
Prik, Prikke } *n.* A.S. a point, a pointed weapon.
Prike, *v.* A.S. to prick, to wound, to spur a horse, to ride hard.
Prime, *adj.* A.N. first. *At prime temps*, at the first time; *at prime face*, on the first appearance, *primâ facie*.
Prime, Pryme } *n.* the first quarter of the artificial day.
Primerole, *n.* A.N. a primrose.
Pris, Prys } *n.* A.N. price, praise.
Prive, *adj.* A.N. privy, private. *A prive man*, a man intrusted with private business. *Prive and pert*, in secret and in public.
Proces, Processe } *n.* A.N. progress, argument.
Professioun, *n.* A.N. the monastic profession.

Proheme, *n.* A.N. a preface.
Prolle, *v.* to prowl.
Pronostike, *n.* Lat. a prognostic or omen.
Provable, *adj.* A.N. capable of being demonstrated.
Provende, *n.* A.N. a prebend.
Provendre, *n.* A.N. a prebendary.
Proverbe, *n.* A.N. a proverb.
Proverbe, *v.* A.N. to speak in proverbs.
Provostrie, *n.* A.N. the office of a provost.
Prow, *n.* A.N. profit.
Prowesse, *n.* A.N. integrity.
Proyne / Prune — *v.* A.N. *provigner*. It seems originally to have signified to take cuttings from vines, hence to cut away superfluous shoots, or to prune; then to pick out damaged feathers as birds, and particularly hawks, or to preen; metaphorically, to make neat. Thus Damian is said to *proyne* and pike himself.
Pruce, *n. pr.* Prussia.
Pruce, *adj.* Prussian.
Prye, *v.* to pry.
Pryme-temps, *n.* A.N. spring.
Pryvyly, *adj.* privately.
Pryvyte, *n.* A.N. privity, privacy, private business.
Puella and Rubeus, the names of two figures in geomancy, representing two constellations in heaven; Puella signifies Mars retrograde, and Rubeus Mars direct.
Pulchritude, *n.* Lat. beauty.
Pullayle, *n.* A.N. poultry.
Pulled hen; Tyrwhitt supposes this expression to mean a hen whose feathers have been plucked to hinder it from sitting; but it would rather appear to be derived from the A.N. *poulet*, a pullet. A pulled hen would then mean a hen chicken.
Punice, *v.* A.N. to punish.
Pure, *adj.* A.N. mere, very.
Pured, *part. pa.* purified.
Purfiled, *part. pa.* of purfile, *v.* A.N embroidered, or fringed.
Purpos, *n.* A.N. purpose, design, proposition in discourse.
Purpris, Purprise, *n.* A.N. an enclosure, or park.
Purtraye, *v.* A.N. to paint.
Purtreyour, *n.* A.N. a painter.
Purtreture, *n.* A.N. a picture.
Purveyance, *n.* A.N. foresight, providence, provision.
Purveye, *v.* A.N. to foresee, to provide.
Putrie, *n.* A.N. whoredom.
Putour, *n.* A.N. a whoremonger.

Q.

Quad, Quade — *adj.* A.S. bad.
Quaile-pipe, *n.* a pipe used for calling quails.
Quakke, *n.* an inarticulate noise occasioned by an obstruction in the throat.
Qualm, *n.* A.S. the croaking of a raven.
Qualms, *n.* A.S. sickness.
Quappe, *v.* A.S. to tremble, quake.
Quarel, *n.* A.N. a square-headed arrow.
Quayre, *n.* A.N. a quire of paper, a book.
Quhairfor, Quharfor — *conj.* A.S. Scottish dialect, wherefore.
Quhen, *adv.* Scottish dialect, when.
Quhit, *adj.* Scottish dialect, white.
Queinte, same as queynte.
Quelle, *v.* A.S. to kill, destroy.
Queme, *v.* A.S. to please.
Quene, *n.* A.S. a harlot.
Querne, *n.* A.S. a handmill.
Querrour, *n.* A.N, a quarry-man.
Quest, *n.* A.N. an inquest, or judicial inquiry; a jury; a verdict; a request.
Questemonger, *n.* a packer of juries or inquests.
Quethe, *v.* A.S. to say, to declare; *past tense*, quod or quoth. *I quethe*

him quyte, is a technical term in law, *clamo illum quietum*, I declare him released.

Queynt } *n.* A.S. *pudenda mulie-*
Queynte } *bria.*

Queynt } *adj.* A.N. strange, cun-
Queynte } ning, artful; trim, neat.

Queynt, *past tense* and *part.* of quenche, *v.* A.S. quenched.

Queyntise, *n.* A.N. trimness.

Quisshyn } *n.* A.N. a cushion.
Cuisshyn }

Quod, *past tense* of quethe, *v.* A.S. said.

Quok } *past tense* of quake, *v.* A.S.
Quook } quaked, trembled.

Quoth, same as *quod*.

Quyk } *adj.* A.S. alive; crowded,
Quyke } or, alive with people,

Quykn } *v. ac.* A.S. to make alive.
Quyken }

Quykn } *v. neut.* A.S. to become
Quyken } alive, to revive.

Quynyble, *n.* A.N. in music, the fifth above the key note, a part sung or played a fifth above the air.

Quystroun, *n.* A.N. a beggar, from *quester* to beg; or, a scullion, from *cuisine*, a kitchen.

Quyte, *adj.* A.N. quit, free, quiet.

Quytt, *v.* A.N. to requite, pay for; to acquit. Quytt, quytte, *past tense*, acquitted.

Quytely, *adv.* freely, at liberty.

Qwan, *adv.* A.S. when.

R.

Ra, *n.* A.S. a roebuck.

Race, *v.* A.N. same as arace, to tear.

Racyne, *n.* A.N. a root.

Racle, *adj.* same as rakel, rash.

Rad } *past tense* of rede, *v.* A.S.
Radde } advised, explained.

Radevore, *n.* A.N. tapestry.

Ratle, *n.* A.N. a raffle, play with dice.

Rafte, *past tense* of reve, *v.* A.S. bereft.

Rage, *v.* A.N. to toy wantonly.

Ragerie, *n.* A.N. wantonness.

Rakel, *adj.* hasty, rash.

Rakelnesse, *n.* rashness.

Rakes stele, the handle of a rake.

Raket, *n.* the game of racket.

Ramage, *adj.* A.N. wild.

Rammish, *adj.* A.S. rank, like a ram.

Rampe, *v.* A.N. to climb; to rise on the hind legs, as a lion, hence to rage.

Rape }
Rapely } *adv.* A.N. rapidly.
Raply }

Rape, *n.* A.N. haste.

Rape, *v.* A.S. to take captive, to seize and plunder.

Rasis, *n. pr.* an Arabian physician of the 10th century.

Rate, *v.* to chide; *part. pa.* ratyd, chidden.

Rathe, *adj.* and *adv.* early, soon, speedily.

Rather, *adj.* and *adv. comp. degree*, earlier, sooner.

Rathest, *adj.* and *adv. superl. degree*, earliest, soonest.

Ratoun, *n.* A.N. a rat.

Raught, *past tense* of reche, *v.* A.S. reached.

Raught, *past tense* of recche, *v.* A.S. cared, recked.

Ravine, *n.* A.N. rapine. *Foules of ravine*, birds of prey.

Ravinour, *n.* A.N. a plunderer.

Ravisable, *adj.* A.N. ravenous.

Raunsoun, *n.* A.N. ransom.

Rayed, *part. pa.* A.N. striped.

Rayhing, *part. n.* A.S. grinding.

Real }
Ryal } *adj.* A.N. royal.

Realler } *adj. comp. degree* more
Ryaller } royal.

Reallich }
Ryally } *adv.* A.N. royally.

Realte } *n.* A.N. royalty, magni-
Ryalte } ficence.

Rebekke }
Rebec }
Rebelle } *n.* A.N. a kind of violin, called by Rocquefort violon bâtard, violon champêtre. It had frets on the finger-board, and but two strings.
Rubebe }
Rubelle }

Rechased, *part. pa.* a term in hunting, meaning, apparently, headed back.

Recche, **Rekke** } *v.* A.S. to care, to reck.

Recchelès, *adj.* A.S. reckless.

Recchelesnes, *n.* recklessness.

Reclayme, *v.* A.N. to train a hawk, so that she will return to the falconer, submit to be hooded, &c.; hence, metaphorically, to bring a person under subjection.

Recomforte, *v.* A.N. to comfort.

Recorde, *n.* A.N. witness, testimony.

Recorde, *v.* A.N. to remember, to record.

Recreaundise, *n.* A.N. desertion of one's allegiance.

Recreant, **Recreaunte** } *n.* A.N. one who yields to his adversary in single combat.

Recure, *n.* A.N. recovery.

Recure, *v.* A.N. to recover.

Red, **Redde** } *past tense* of rede, *v.* A.S.

Reddoure, *n.* A.N. strength, violence.

Rede, *n.* A.S. counsel, advice; a reed.

Rede, *v.* A.S. to advise, to read, to explain.

Rede, **Reed**, **Reede** } *adj.* A.S. red.

Redoute, *v.* A.N. to fear.

Redoutyng, *n.* reverence.

Redresse, *v.* A.N. to recover, make amends for.

Rees, *n.* an exploit.

Refect, *part. pa.* Lat. recovered.

Refigure, *v.* A.N. to picture to the imagination.

Refrain, **Refreyn** } *n.* A.N. the burden of a song.

Refreynynge, *participial n.* the singing of the burden of a song.

Refreyde, *v.* A.N. to grow cool.

Reft, **Reeft** } *n.* A.S. a chink or crevice.

Refute, *n.* A.N. refuge.

Regals, *n. pl.* A.N. royalties.

Regard, *n.* A.N. *at regard of*, with respect to, in comparison of

Regne, *n.* A.N. a kingdom.

Rehete, *v.* A.N. to revive, cheer, comfort.

Rehoting, *n.* A.N. revival.

Reile, *v. neut.* to roll.

Rejoye, *v.* A.N. to rejoice.

Reke, *v.* A.S. to reek, or smoke.

Reken, **Rekken** } *v.* A.S. to reckon, come to a reckoning.

Reke, *n.* A.S. a rick of corn.

Relayes, *n. pl.* A.N. relays, fresh sets of hounds.

Relefe, *n.* A.S. what is left.

Relees, *n.* A.N. release.

Relente, *v. ac.* A.N. to melt.

Religiousite, *n.* A.N. the state of religion, or being bound by religious vows.

Relike, *n.* A.N. a relic.

Remenaunt, *n.* A.N. a remnant.

Reme, *n.* A.N. a realm.

Remissails, *n. pl.* A.N. orts, leavings.

Remorde, *v.* A.N. to sting with remorse.

Remevable, *adj.* A.N. movable, unstable.

Remue, **Remewe**, **Remeve** } *v.* A.N. to remove.

Renable, *adj.* A.N. reasonable.

Renably, *adv.* A.N. reasonably.

Renegat, *n.* A.N. an apostate from Christianity.

Reney, *v.* A.N. to renounce, abjure.

Renges, *n. pl.* A.N. ranks, the rungs of a ladder.

Renne, *v. neut.* A.S. to run; *part. pa.* ronnen; *past tense sing.* ranne; *pl.* ronne or ronnen.

Renne, *v. ac.* A.S. to rend.

Renom, **Renome**, **Renomee** } *n.* A.N. renown.

Renoveilaunce, *n.* A.N. renewal.

Renovelle, *v.* A.N. to renew.

Rente, *v.* A.S. to rend, tear.

Repaire, *v.* A.N. resort.

Repaire, *v.* A.N. to return.

Repentaunt, *part. adj.* A.N. penitent.

Reporte, *n.* A.N. regard, respect.

Reprefe, Repreve } *n.* A.N. reproof.

Repression, *n.* A.N. the power of repressing.

Rere, *v.* A.S. to rear, raise.

Rescaille, *n. of mult.* A.N. the mob, like canaille.

Rescous, *n.* A.N. rescue.

Rescowe, *v.* A.N. to rescue.

Resoun, *n.* A.N. reason, proportion.

Respit, *n.* A.N. respect.

Respiten, *v.* A.N. to grant a respite, to excuse or acquit.

Ret, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of rede, *v.* A.S. redeth, adviseth.

Retenue, *n.* A.N. retinue. *At his retenue*, retained by him.

Rethor, *n.* A.N. a rhetorician.

Reve, Reeve } *n.* A.S. a steward or bailiff.

Reve, Reive { *v.* A.S. to take away, to rob. *Past tense*, refte, rafte; *part. pa.* rafte, yrafte.

Revellyng, *part. pres.* of revelle, or ryvelle, *v.* A.S. wrinkling.

Revelour, *n.* A.N. a reveller.

Revers, *n.* A.N. the reverse, or contrary.

Reverse, *v.* A.N. to overturn.

Reverte, *v.* A.N. to turn back.

Reues, *n. pl.* perhaps a mistake for reyes, a kind of dance.

Revestyn, *third pers. pl. pres. tense* of reveste, *v.* A.N. to clothe again.

Rew, *n.* a row, a line; *on a rew*, in a line.

Reward, *n.* A.N. regard, respect, compassion. *Take reward of thyn owen value*, have regard to thine own worth. *In reward of*, in comparison with.

Rewe, *v.* A.S. to have compassion, to suffer, to rue or repent.

Reyse, Reyce } *v.* A.S. to make an inroad or military expedition.

Ribanyng, *n.* a border, or welt.

Ribaude, Ribald } *n.* A.N. a poor man; a profligate character.

Ribaudye, *n.* A.N. ribaldry, indecent words or actions.

Ribibe, *n.* A.N. a musical instrument, probably the same as rebekke; metaphorically, an old woman.

Ribible, *n.* A.N. the diminutive of ribibe.

Richesse, *n.* A.N. riches.

Ridled, Rydled { *part. pa.* plaited, or, perhaps, perforated with needlework.

Riede, *n.* apparently put for rede, or reed.

Rife, Rive } *v.* A.S. to rip, or thrust through; *past tense* rofe.

Rigge-bon, *n.* A.S. the back bone.

Rightes, *adv.* A.S. rightly. *At alle rightes*, rightly in every respect.

Rime, *n.* A.N. rhyme; a poem in rhyme.

Rime, Rimeye } *v.* A.N. to write in rhyme. *Past tense pl.* rimeyden.

Rish, Rische } *n.* A.S. a rush.

Roche, *n.* A.N. a rock.

Rode, *n.* A.S. the complexion

Rody, *adj.* A.S. ruddy.

Rofe, *past tense* of rife, which see.

Rogge, *v.* A.S. to shake.

Roket, Rochette } *n.* A.N. a rochet, or loose frock

Rokyng, *pres. part.* of rokke, or rogge, *v.* A.S. to rock, shake.

Rombel, *n.* a rumbling noise.

Rome, *v.* A.S. to roam, walk about.

Rondel, Roundel } *n.* A.N. a rhyme or sonnet which ends as it begins.

Rone, *past tense* of rain, *v.* A.S. rained.

Rood, Roode, Rode } *n.* A.S. the cross.

Roode-bem, *n.* the beam stretched from one pier of the chancel-arch to the other, upon which a rood was always placed.

Ropen, *part. pa.* of repe, *v.* A.S. reaped.

Rosalgar, *n.* red arsenic.

Rosen, *adj.* rosy.

Roser, *n.* A.N. a rose-bush.
Rote, *n.* A.S. a root. Also a root in astrology.
Rote, *n.* Lat. *rocta*, a musical instrument, supposed by M. de Rocquefort, and by a writer in the *Arch. Journal*, to be the *crwd*, *crowd*, or fiddle with three strings; by others to be the hurdy-gurdy, as if derived from Lat. *rota*, a wheel. A thing was said to be known *by rote* when it was known by heart, so that it might be *sung to the rote*.
Rote, *v.* A.S. to rot; *part. pa.* roten, rotten.
Rother, *n.* A.S. the rudder of a ship.
Rought, *past tense* of recche, *v.* A.S. which see.
Rouke, *v.* A.S. to lie close.
Roule, *v.* A.S. to roll, to run easily.
Roume, *n.* A.S. room, space.
Roume, *adj.* A.S. roomy.
Roumer, *adj. comp. degree*, roomier.
Rouncy, *n.* A.N. a hackney.
Roundel, Roundell, Roundelle } *n.* A.N. a circle; also a sort of song called in French *rondeau*. Same as rondel.
Route, *n.* A.N. a company.
Route, *v.* A.N. to assemble in a company.
Route, *v.* A.N. to snore, to roar.
Routhe, *n.* A.S. compassion, the object of compassion.
Routheles, *adj.* A.S. destitute of compassion.
Row, Rowe } *adj.* A.S. rough, angry.
Rowel boon, Rewel bone, Ruel bone, Reuylle bone } *n.* A.N. interpreted by Speght to mean ivory stained in many colours, from the French *riole*.
Rowis, *n. pl.* streaks, applied to the streaks of cloud which sometimes appear as the sun rises.
Rowne, *v.* A.S. to whisper.
Royne, *n.* A.N. a scab.
Rubin, *n.* A.N. a ruby.
Rucking, same as rouking, *pres. part.* of rouke, *v.* A.S.—*which* see.
Rudde, *n.* A.S. complexion, same as rode.
Ruddocke, *n.* A.S. the robin-red-breast.
Rufus, *n. pr.* a Greek physician, some of whose works are extant.—See FABRICIUS, *Bibl. Gr.* iv. 3.
Ruggy, *adj.* A.S. rough.
Russel, *n. pr.* a nick-name given to the fox because of his red colour.
Ryme, *n.* A.N. rhyme.
Rympled, *part. pa.* of rymple, *v.* A.S. wrinkled, rumpled.
Rys, *n.* A.S. a small twig, or bough.
Rys, *imp. mood sing.* of ryse, *v.* A.S. rise thou.
Ryst, Rist } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of ryse, *v.* A.S. riseth.
Ryt, Rit } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of ryde, *v.* A.S. rideth.
Ryve, Rive } *v.* A.S. to rive, or split.

S.

Sachelles, *n. pl.* A.N. satchels, small sacks.
Sacre, *n.* A.N. a sacred function.
Sad, Sade } *adj.* A.S. serious, grave, sorrowful, repentant.
Sadly, *adv.* seriously, carefully.
Sadness, *n.* A.S. seriousness.
Saf, *adj.* A.N. same as sauf.
Sailen, *v.* put for *assailen*, to assail.
Saillouris, *n. pl.* A.N. dancers.
Sal, northern dialect for shall.
Salade, *n.* A.N. a kind of helmet; also a salad of herbs.
Sale. By Goddes sale! by the sale of our Lord for thirty pieces of silver; or perhaps the northern mode of pronouncing soul.
Salewe, Salue } *v.* A.N. to salute.
Salveour, Saveour } *s.* A.N. a saviour.
Salwynges, *n. pl.* salutations.
Samette, Samyte } *n.* A.N. a rich silk or satin.

Sanguin, *adj.* A.N. of a blood-red colour.

Sarplere, *n.* A.N. a piece of canvas to wrap up goods in.

Sark, *n.* A.S. a shift.

Sarlynysh. Probably a mistake of the scrivener for sarsynysh, from the A.N. *sarrasinois*, a kind of thin silk, still called *sarcenet*.

Saten, *past tense pl.* of sitten, *v.* A.S. sat.

Save, *n.* A.N. the herb sage or salvia.

Sauf, Saf } *adj.* A.N. saved or excepted.

Savete, *n.* A.N. safety.

Savere, *v.* A.N. to taste, to smell.

Saverous, *adj.* A.N. sweet, fragrant.

Saugh, Sauh } past tense of se, *v.* A.S. saw.

Sauns, *prep.* A.N. without.

Saughte, *v.* A.S. to agree, to be at one.

Saulis, *n. pl.* Scott. dial. souls.

Savourynge, *part. n.* the sense of taste, or smelling.

Sautes, *n. pl.* A.N. assaults.

Sautrie, *n.* A.N. a psaltery, a musical instrument somewhat resembling a harp.

Sawceflem, *adj.* pimpled.

Sawe, *n.* A.S. a discourse, proverb, or wise saying.

Sawh, Say, Sey, Seigh, Seygh, Saugh, Sihe } *past tense* of se, *v.* A.S. saw.

Saynd, *part. pa.* of senge, *v.* A.S. singed, toasted.

Scalle, *n.* A.N. a scale or scab.

Scantilone, *n.* A.S. a scantling or pattern.

Scarce, *adj.* A.N. sparing, penurious.

Scariot, *n. pr.* Judas Iscariot; metaphorically a traitor.

Scarmysshe, Scarmyche } *n.* A.N. a skirmish, battle.

Scathe, Skathe } *n.* A.S. harm, damage.

Scatheful, Scatheliche } *adj.* A.S. pernicious.

Scathles, *adj.* A.S. scatheless, without harm.

Schadde, *past tense* of schede, *v. neut.* A.S. fell.

Schaft, *n.* A.S. a shaft or arrow.

Schal, Schalle } *v.* A.S. shall.

Schaltow, Shaltow } *second pers. sing.* of shal, *v.* A.S. with pron. thou affixed, as in the Scandinavian *Skaltu*, shalt thou.

Schamefast, *adj.* A.S. modest, shamefaced.

Schapely, Shapely } *adj.* A.S. fit, likely.

Schawe, Shawe } *n.* A.S. a shade of trees, a grove.

Sche, *pron.* A.S. she

Scheeld, *n.* A.S. the coin called a crown, or *ecus*.

Scheep, *n.* A.S. sheep.

Schende, Shende } *v.* A.S. to ruin, destroy; *part. pa.* schent or shent.

Schendschip, Shendship } *n.* A.S. ruin, destruction.

Scheue, Shene } *adj.* A.S. beautiful.

Schent, Shent } *part. pa.* of schende.

Schipne, Schepne, Shepne } *n.* A.S. a stable

Schere, Shere } *v.* A.S. to shear or cut.

Scherte, Sherte } *n.* A.S. a shirt.

Schete, Shete } *v.* A.S. to shoot.

Schette, Shette } *v.* A.S. to shut; *past tense* and *part.* schitte or shitte, shut.

Schifte, *v.* A.S. to change, divide.

Schilde *v.* A.S. to shield, hinder, or forbid. *God schilde!* God forbid!

Schipman, *n.* A.S. a mariner.

Schire, *n.* A.S. a shire, or county; also the shire court, or sessions.

Schivere, *n.* A.S. a shiver, or small slice.
Scho, *pron.* A.S. she.
Schood, Shood } *n.* A.S. the hair of a man's head.
Schonde, Shonde } *n.* A.S. harm.
Schope, Shope, Shoop, Shoope } *past tense* of schape, *v.* A.S. shaped. I *schope me to begynne*, I shaped or prepared myself to begin.
Schore, Shore } *part. past.* of schere, *v.* A.S. cut.
Schorte, Shorte } *v.* A.S. to shorten.
Schot, *adj.* A.S. qualifying window, means that the window projects so that it may be convenient for shooting from.
Schowve, *v.* A.S. to shove, push.
Schrewe, Shrewe } *v.* A.S. to curse.
Schrewe, Shrewe } *n.* A.S. a curst, or ill-tempered, or wicked person.
Schrewde, Shrewde } *adj.* A.S. wicked, ill-natured.
Schrewednes, Shrewednes } *n.* A.S. wickedness.
Schrift, Shrift } *n.* A.S. confession.
Schrifte-fader, *n.* A.S. a father confessor.
Schright, Schryght, Shright } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of schriche, *v.* A.S. shrieketh.
Schright, Schryght, Shright } *past tense* of schriche, *v.* A.S. shrieked.
Schrive, Shrive } *v. ac.* A.S. to administer the sacrament of Penance. *I have been shriven this day of my curat*, I have had the sacrament of Penance administered to me to-day by him who has the cure of souls in my parish.
Schrive, Shrive, Schryve } *v. reflective*, to make one's confession.
Schulde, Shulde } *v.* A.S. should.
Schulle, Schullen, Schuln, Shullen } *v.* A.S. shall.
Sclat, *n.* A.S. a slate.
Sclaundre, *n.* A.S. slander.
Sclendre, *adj.* A.S. slender.
Scochoun, Schochone } *n.* A.N. an escutcheon.
Scolay, *v.* A.N. to attend school, to study.
Scripe, Scripte, Scrit } *n.* A.N. writing.
Scrippe, *n.* A.N. a scrip.
Scriptures, *n. pl.* A.N. writings, books.
Scryvenliche, *adj.* like a scrivener.
Seche, Seke } *v.* A.S. to seek.
Secre, Sekree } *adj.* A.N. secret.
Seculer, *adj.* A.N. belonging to the laity or parochial clergy, in opposition to *regular*, applied to those clergy who lived by a monastic rule.
Seeden, *v.* A.S. to produce seed.
See, *n.* A.N. a seat.
See, So, Sene } *v.* A.S. to look upon. *God you see*, God look upon you. *On to see*, to look upon.
See, *n.* A.S. the sea. *The grete see*, the sea on the coast of Palestine. See Numb. xxxiv. 6, 7.
Seer, *adj.* A.S. sear, dry.
Seeten, *past tense pl.* of sitte, *v.* A.S. sat.
Sege, *n.* A.N. a siege, a seat.
Seide, *past tense* of seye, *v.* A.S. said.
Seigh, *past tense* of see, saw.
Seignorie, *n.* A.N. authority, power.
Seyntuarye, *n.* A.N. a sanctury.
Seke, *v.* A.S. Same as seche.
Seke, *adj.* A.S. sick.
Selde, Selden } *adv.* A.S. seldom.
Sele, *n.* A.N. a seal.
Selle, *n.* A.N. a cell.

Selle, *n.* A.S. a door-sill or threshold.

Selve, Selven } *adj.* the same; as, *in that selve moment*, at that same moment.

Sely, *adj.* A.S. simple, harmless, happy, silly.

Selynesse, *n.* A.S. happiness.

Semblable, *adj.* A.N. like.

Semblaunt, Semblant } *n.* A.N. seeming, appearance.

Semeliche, Semyly } *adj.* A.S. seemly, comely; semelieste, *super. deg.*

Semelyhede, *n.* A.S. seemliness.

Semysoun, *n.* A.N. a low or broken sound.

Semycope, *n.* A.N. a short cope.

Sen, Seen, Sene } *v.* A.S. to see.

Senek, *n. pr.* Seneca, the philosopher.

Send, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of sende, *v.* A.S sendeth.

Sendal, *n.* A.N. a thin silk.

Senge, *v.* A.S. to singe.

Sentence, *n.* A.N. sense, meaning, judgment.

Seo, *pron.* A.S. she.

Septe, *n. pr.* Ceuta, formerly Septa, in Africa.

Sepulture, *n.* A.N. grave.

Serapion, Joannes, *n. pr.* an Arabian physician of the 11th century.

Sergeaunt, *n.* A.N. *serviens ad arma*, a squire engaged in the immediate service of a prince, or nobleman. *A sergeant of lawe, serviens ad legem*, a servant of the sovereign for his law business. The king had formerly a sergeant in every county.

Serie, *n.* N.A. a series.

Sermounying, *n.* N.A. preaching.

Servage, *n.* A.N. servitude, slavery.

Servaunde, *part. pres.* of serve, serving.

Set, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of sette, *v.* A.S. setteth.

Seten, *part. pa.* of sitte, sat, remained.

Setewale, *n.* A.S. the herb Valerian.

Sethe, *v.* A.S. to boil, or seethe.

Seth, *past tense* of sethe, *v.* A.S. seethed, or boiled.

Sette, *v.* A.S. to place. *Yet sette I cas*, I once more put a case. To put a value on a thing, or rate; as, *I nolde set his sorow at a myte*, I would not value his sorrow at a farthing *To sette a man's cappe*, to make a fool of him.

Seurement, *n.* A.N. security, in a legal sense.

Seurete, *n.* A.N. certainty, security, in a legal sense,

Sewed, *past tense* of sewe, *v.* A.N. pursued.

Sewes, *n. pl.* A.N. dishes of meat.

Seye, Seyne, Seyn } *v.* A.S. to say; *pl. pres. tense* seyne, or seine; *past tense* seyde, or seide.

Sey, Seyen } *past tense* of see, *v.* A.S. saw.

Seyn, *part. pa.* of see: seen.

Seynd, Seynde } *part. pa.* of senge, *v.* A.S. singed, or toasted.

Seynt, Seynte } *adj.* A.N. holy, saint; applied generally to all holy persons, or things.

Seynt, *part. pa.* girt.

Seynt, *n.* A.N. a girdle.

Shale, *n.* A.S. a shell, or husk.

Shalmyes, *n. pl.* shalms, musical instruments.

Shapely, *adj.*—See schapely.

Shawe, *n.* A.S.—See schawe.

Shef, *n.* A.S. a sheaf; *pl.* sheves, sheaves.

Sheo, *pron.* A.S. she.

Shende.—See schende.

Shene.—See schene.

Shent.—See schent.

Shere.—See schere.

Sherte.—See scherte.

Shete.—See schete.

Shetes, *n. pl.* A.S. sheets.

Shivere, *n.* A.S. a slice.

Shode, *part. pa.* of shoe, *v.* A.S. shod; applied to friars, some orders of whom wore shoes, and were said to be shod, or calced (Lat. *calceati*); others went barefoot, and were said to be discalced (Lat. *discalceati*).

Shof, *past tense* of shove, *v.* A.S. shoved, pushed.
Shonde, *n.* A.S. harm.
Shottis, *n. pl.* A.S. arrows, darts, anything that is shot.
Shrewe, **Shrewed**, **Shrewednesse** } See schrewe, &c.
Shrift.—See schrift.
Shright, **Shryght** } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of shriche, *v.* A.S. shrieketh.—See schright.
Shulde, *past tense* of shalle, *v.* A.S. should; *pl.* shulde, or shulden.—See schulde.
Shullen, **Shuln**, **Shul** } *indic. m. pres. tense pl.* of shalle, *v.* A.S.—See schullen.
Sibbe, *adj.* A.S. related, akin.
Sicladoun, *n.* A.N. a kind of rich cloth.
Sie, **Sihe**, **Sigh**, **Seigh** } different forms of the *past tense* of see, *v.* A.S. saw.
Sight, *past tense* of sike, *v.* A.S. sighed.
Signe, *v.* A.N. to assign.
Signifer, *n.* Lat. the Zodiac.
Signifiaunce, *n.* A.N. signification.
Sike, **Syke** } *adj.* A.S. sick.
Sike, **Syke** } *v.* A.S. to sigh.
Sike, **Syke** } *n.* A.S. a sigh.
Siker, **Syker** } *adj.* A.S. sure.
Sikerde, *part. pa.* of sikere, *v.* A.S. assured.
Sikernesse, **Sykernesse** } *n.* A.S. security.
Sikerly, **Sykerly** } *adv.* securely.
Simplesse, **Symplesse** } *n.* A.N. simplicity.
Sin, **Sins**, **Syn**, **Sen**, **Sene** } *adv.* A.S. abbreviation of *sithen*, since.
Sippe, *n.* A.S. sup, drink.
Sipher, *n.* a cipher.
Sir, **Sire**, **Syr**, **Syre** } *n.* A.N. a title of respect given to a knight or bachelor of arms, a bachelor of arts, and also to a priest. It was also prefixed to the name of a man's calling, when he was addressed; as, *sir*, or *sire knight*, *sire clerk*, *sire monk*, *sire man of lawe*. Sire is also sometimes put for *personage*, as, *And Melancholy, that angry sire. Our sire*, our good man.
Sisour, *n.* A.N. an assizer, juryman.
Sithe, for sithes, *n. pl.* A.S. times.
Sithen, **Sith**, **Sythen**, **Syth** } *adv.* A.S. since.
Sitte, **Sytte** } *v.* A.S. to sit, to suit with, to be fitting.
Sittande, *part. prcs.* sitting, fitting.
Sitten, **Sytten** } *part. pa.* of sitte.
Skaffaut, *n.* A.N. a scaffold, or wooden tower, used in besieging towns.
Skathe, *n.* A.S. scathe, loss.
Skeet, *adv.* A.S. swiftly.
Skil, *n.* A.S. a reason, argument.
Skilful, *adj.* A.S. reasonable.
Skinke, *n.* A.S. to pour out, serve with drink.
Skippe, **Skippen**, **Skyppe** } *v.* A.S. to skip, to dance; to pass over inattentively in reading. *Past tense*, skipte.
Skorcle, *v.* A.S. to scorch.
Skye, *n.* A.S. a cloud.
Slake, *adj.* A.S. slow.
Slake, *v. ac.* A.S. to appease, to make slack.
Slake, *v. neut.* A.S. to fail, to desist.
Slawe, *part. pa.* of sle, *v.* A.S. slain.
Sle, **Slen** } *v.* A.S. to slay; *past tense*, slough; *part. pa.* slawe, or yslawe.
Sleer, *n.* A.S. a slayer.
Sleght, *n.* A.S. anything slung.

Sleighly, *adv.* A.S. slyly, cunningly.
Sleight, *n.* A.S. contrivance.
Slen.—See sle.
Slepe, *v.* A.S. to sleep; *past tense* slepe, slepte, slept.
Slete, *n.* A.S. sleet, snow mixed with rain.
Slevelesse, *adj.* unprofitable.
Slider, *adj.* A.S. slippery.
Sliding, *part. pres.* unstable.
Sligh, Sleigh, Slye } *adj.* A.S. cunning.
Slik, for swilke, *adj.* A.S. such.
Slit, Slyt } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of slide, *v.* A.S. slideth.
Slo, Sloo } *v.* A.S. to slay.
Slogardie, *n.* sloth.
Sloppe, *n.* A.S. loose breeches.
Slough, *past tense* of sle, *v.* A.S. slew.
Sloumberynges, *n. pl.* A.S. slumberings.
Slowe, *n.* A.S. a moth.
Sluggy, *adj.* A.S. sluggish.
Slye, *adj.* A.S. sly.
Slyghtly, *adv.* A.S. slyly, cunningly.
Smalish, *adj.* A.S. smallish, rather small.
Smerte, *n.* A.S. smarting, pain.
Smerte, *v.* A.S. to smart,
Smerte, *adv.* A.S. smartly.
Smit, Smyt } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of smite, *v.* A.S. smiteth.
Smiteth, *imper. mood.* smite ye.
Smitted, *part. pa.* of smite, *v.* A.S. smitten.
Smokles, *adj.* A.S. without a smock.
Smoterlich, *adj.* A.S. smutty.
Smythed, *past tense* of smythe, *v.* A.S. wrought as a smith.
Snowed, *past tense* of snowe, *v.* A.S. snowed; metaphorically, was as plentiful as flakes of snow.
Snibbe, Snybbe } *v.* A.S. to snub, reprove.
So, for seo, A.S. she.
Sodeyn, *adj.* A.N. sudden.
Sodeynly, *adv.* suddenly.
Soget, *adj.* A.N. subject.
Sojour, *n.* A.N. sojourn, stay.
Sojourne, *v.* A.S. to sojourn.
Soken, *n.* A.S. toll.
Sokingly, *adv.* gently.
Solas, *n.* A.N. solace, mirth, sport.
Solein, Soleyn, Soleyne } *adj.* A.N. alone, single; sullen.
Solempne, *adj.* A.N. solemn.
Solempenely, *adv.* A.N. solemnly.
Som, *adj.* A.S. some. *This is al and som*, this is the whole matter in general and in particular. *Alle and som*, one and all.
Somdel, Somdele, Somdelle } *adv.* A.S. somewhat.
Somer, *n.* A.S. summer.
Somer, *n.* A.N. a beast of burden, or sumpter.
Somme, *adj.* A.S. some. *With his tenthe somme ifere*, together with some ten of his attendants.
Somone, Sompne } *v.* A.N. to summon.
Sompnour, *n.* A.N. an officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in the ecclesiastical courts, now called an apparitor.
Sond, *n.* A.S. sand.
Sonde, *n.* A.N. a sounding line.
Sonde, *n.* A.S. anything sent, a message. *Goddes sonde*, What God has sent.
Soudit, probably a mistake for soudit, *part. pa.* of soude, *v.* A.N. soldered or joined.
Sone, Soone } *adv.* A.S. soon.
Sone, Sonne } *n.* A.S. a son.
Sonken, *part. pa.* of sinke, *v.* A.S. sunken.
Sonne, *n.* A.S. the sun.
Sonnyssh, *adj.* A.S. like the sun.
Sope, *n.* A.N. a sup.
Soper, *n.* A.N. supper.
Sophime, Sopheme } *n.* A.N. a sophism, a stratagem.
Sore, *v.* A.N. to soar.
Sort, *n.* A.N. chance, destiny.
Sorte, *v.* A.N. to allot.

Sorw, Sorwe, Sorow } *n.* A.S. sorrow.
Sory, *adj.* A.S. sorrowful. *Sory grace*, misfortune.
Sote, *n.* A.S. soot.
Sote, Soote, Swote, Swoot } *adj.* A.S. sweet.
Sote, *n.* A.N. a fool.
Soted, *part. pa.* A.N. fooled, besotted.
Sotel, *adj.* A.N. subtle, artfully contrived.
Soth, Sooth } *adj.* A.S. true.
Sothe, Sothely } *adv.* truly.
Sothe, Soothe } *n.* truth.
Sothfastnesse, Sothefastness } *n.* truth.
Sotherne, *adj.* A.S. southern
Sotheness, *n.* A.S. truth, reality.
Sothe-sawe, *n.* A.S. true saying, veracity.
Soudan, Sowdan } *n.* A.N. a sultan.
Soudannesse, Sowdones } *n.* A.N. a sultaness.
Souded, *part. pa.* of soude, *v.* A.N. soldered, united.
Soudiour, *n.* A.N. a soldier.
Soverain, Sovereyne } *adj.* A.N. sovereign, excellent; *n.* a sovereign, monarch.
Souke, *v.* A.N. to suck.
Souled, Sowled } *part. pa.* A.S. endued with a soul.
Soun, *n.* A.N. sound.
Sounde, *v. ac.* A.S. to make sound, to heal; *v. neut.* to grow sound.
Soune, *v.* A.N. to sound. *As fer as sounneth into honeste*, as far as accordeth with decency.
Soupe, *v.* A.N. to sup.
Souper, Soper } *n.* A.N. supper.
Souple, *adj.* A.N. supple, pliant.
Sourde, *v.* A.N. to rise
Sours, *n.* A.N. a soaring, a rapid ascent; the source of a stream.
Sowe, *v.* A.S. to sew.
Sowe, *v.* A.S. to sow.
Sower, *n.* a buck in his fourth year.
Sowke, *v.* A.N. to soak, drink.
Sowled. Same as souled.
Sowter, *n.* Lat. a cobbler.
Span-new, *adj.* quite new.
Spannishyng, *part. pres.* expanding.
Spare, *v.* A.S. to refrain.
Sparand, *part. pres.* sparing, penurious.
Sparhawk, Sparhauk } *n.* a sparrow-hawk.
Sparre, *n.* A.S. a bar.
Sparre, *v.* A.S. to bar, bolt.
Sparthe, Sparth } *n.* A.S. an axe, or halberd.
Speare, Spere } *n.* Gr. a sphere.
Spede, *v.* A.S. to speed, to despatch.
Spectacle, *n.* Lat. a spying-glass.
Spel, *n.* A.S. sport, play; an exorcism.
Spence, *n.* A.N. a store-room, or cellar.
Spere, *n.* Gr. a sphere.
Spere, *n.* A.S. a bar, a spear, a pointed weapon of any kind, as a spur.
Spere, *v.* A.S. to bar.
Sperhawk, *n.* A.N. a sparrowhawk.
Sperme, *n.* Gr. seed.
Spette, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of spede, speedeth.
Spiced, *part. pa.* applied to conscience, means sophisticated by casuistic subtleties, or scrupulous. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, when Cleanthe offers a purse, the priestess says:

> Fy! no corruption.
> *Cle.* Take it, it is yours;
> Be not so spiced, it is good gold.

Spices, *n.* A.N. species, kinds.
Spille, *v. ac.* A.S. to waste, to destroy.
Spille, *v. neut.* A.S. to perish.
Spire, *n.* A.S. a stake, or staff.
Spire, Spere } *v.* A.S. to ask a question.
Spitous, *adj.* A.N. angry, spiteful

Spitously, *adv.* A.N. angrily, spitefully.
Splaye, *n.* A.N. to display.
Spone, *n.* A.S. a spoon.
Sponne, *past tense* of spinne, *v.* A.S. spun.
Sporne, *v.* A.S. to spurn, strike with the foot, kick.
Spousaille, *n.* A.N. espousal.
Sprenge, *v.* A.S. to sprinkle.
Spreynd, *part. pa.* of sprenge, *v.* A.S. sprinkled.
Spryngoldes, *n. pl.* A.N. machines of war for casting stones.
Squame, *n.* Lat. a scale.
Squaimous, *adj.* desirous.
Squyer, *n.* A.N. a squire.
Squyerie, *n.* A.N. a number of squires.
Stace, *n. pr.* Statius, the Roman poet.
Stak, *past tense* of stike, *v.* A.S. stuck.
Stakke, *n.* A.S. a stack of wood or corn.
Staff-sling, *n.* a sling fastened to a staff.
Stakere, *v.* A.S. to stagger.
Stalke, *v.* A.S. to step slowly and stealthily.
Stalkes, *n. pl.* A.S. the upright pieces of a ladder.
Stamen, **Stamin**, **Stames** } *n.* A.N. a sort of woollen cloth.
Stant, **Stont** } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of stande, or stonde, *v.* A.S. standeth.
Starf, *past tense sing.* of sterve, *v.* A.S. died. *Plur.* storven.
Stark, *adj.* A.S. stiff, stout.
Stele, *n.* A.S. a handle.
Stellefye, *v.* A.N. to metamorphose into a star.
Stente, **Stinte** } *v.* A.S. to cease, to cause to cease.
Stepe, **Steep** } *adj.* seems used in the sense of deep, so that *eyen steep* may mean sunken eyes.
Stere, *v.* A.S. to stir.
Stere, *n.* A.S. a yearling bullock.
Stere, *n.* A.S. a rudder.
Stereles, *adj.* A.S. without a rudder.
Steresman, *n.* A.S. a pilot.
Sterlynges, *n. pl.* pence of sterling money.
Sterre, *n.* A.S. a star.
Stert, *n.* A.S. a start, a leap. *At a stert*, immediately.
Sterte, *v.* A.S. to leap, or start; *past tense*, sterte.
Stertling, *part. pres.* of stertle, *v.* A.S. starting.
Sterve, *v.* A.S. to die. *Past tense sing.* starf; *pl.* storve; *part pa.* storven, ystorve.
Steven, *n.* A.S. voice, sound. An appointed time, as *at unset steven*, without previously appointing a time. *They setten steven*, they appointed a time.
Stewe, **Stywe**, **Styve** } *n.* A.N. a small closet, a fishpond, a brothel.
Steye, *v.* A.S. to ascend.
Steyers, *n. pl.* A.S. stairs.
Stiborn, **Styborn** } *adj.* stubborn.
Stike, **Steke** } *v.* A.S. to stick.
Stillatorie, *n.* A.N. a still.
Stille, *adj.* A.S. still, quiet.
Stirpe, *n.* Lat. race.
Stith, *n.* A.S. an anvil.
Stokkid, *part. pa.* A.S. confined in the stocks.
Stole, *n.* Lat. a narrow strip of silk worn by deacons over the left shoulder, by priests round the neck, and crossed in front.
Stole, *n.* A.S. a stool.
Stonde, *v.* A.S. to stand.
Stont, **Stant** } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of last.
Stopen, **Stoupen** } *part. pa.* of stepe, *v.* A.S. stepped, advanced. Or, perhaps, stooped, from stoupe, to stoop.
Store, *v.* A.N. to stock a farm.
Storial, *adj.* A.N. historical.
Storven, *past tense pl.* and *part.* of sterve, *v.* A.S. died, or dead.

Stot, *n.* A.S. a stallion, or young bull.

Stote, *n.* A.S. the stoat, or ermine weasel, called, in Norfolk, the mouse-hunte.

Stound, *n.* A.S. a moment.

Stoundemele, *adv.* A.S. momentarily, every moment.

Stoupen.—Same as stopen.

Stoure, *n.* A.S. fight, battle, *pl.* stouris.

Strake, *v.* A.S. to proceed directly.

Strange, *adj.* A.N. foreign, uncommon. *He made it strange*, he made it a matter of difficulty.

Straughte, *past tense* of strecche, *v.* A.S. stretched.

Stre, *n.* A.S. straw.

Streight, *part. pa.* of strecche, *v.* A.S. stretched, drawn.

Stremyde } *past tense pl.* of streme, *v.*
Stremede } A.S. stremed, flowed.

Stremes, *n. pl.* A.S. streams, or rays of light.

Streen }
Strene } *n.* A.S. seed, strain, or race.

Streng, *adj.* A.S. strong. *Comp. deg.* strenger, *superl.* strengest.

Strepe, *v.* A.S. to strip.

Strete, *n.* A.S. a street. *The maistre strete*, the high, or main, street.

Strif }
Stryf } *n.* A.S. strife.

Strike, *n.* A.S. a streak. *A strike of flex*, a hank of flax.

Strode, Ralph, *n. pr.* a Fellow of Merton c. Oxford, a logician and poet contemporary with Chaucer, who dedicates to him the *Troylus and Cryseyde*.

Strof, *past tense sing.* of strive, *v.* A.S. strove; *pl.* strove.

Stronde, *n.* A.S. a strand, or shore.

Strothir, *n. pr.* In a note on this word (see vol. i. p. 223, note 1) it is stated on the authority of Dr. Whitaker that this is the valley of Langstrothdale in the West Riding of Yorkshire; but a correspondent has obligingly suggested that it is more likely that Strothir, in Fife, is the place intended, as being '*fer in the north*.' He has also pointed out that the dialect used by the clerks resembles that of Scotland much more nearly than that of Yorkshire. This is an interesting fact, as showing that in the middle ages students from Scotland, then a separate kingdom, resorted to Oxford.

Strowte, *v.* A.S. to strut, to expand as a fan.

Stroye }
Struye } *v.* A.N. to destroy.
Stirye }

Stubbil, *n.* A.S. stubble. *A stubbil goos*, a goose turned out to feed on the stubbles after harvest.

Suburbes, *n. pl.* Lat. suburbs.

Subget, *n.* Lat. subject.

Sublimatorie, *n.* A.N. a vessel used by chemists in sublimation.

Sukkenye, *n.* A.N. (*souquenille*), a loose frock or rochet, such as that worn by carters.

Sue }
Sewe } *v.* A.N. to pursue.

Sueton, *n. pr.* Suetonius, the Roman historian.

Sufficsaunce, *n.* A.N. sufficiency.

Sufficsaunt, *part. pres.* A.N. sufficing, sufficient.

Sugrid, *part. pa.* A.N. sweetened, sugared.

Supplye, *v.* A.N. to supplicate.

Surcote, *n.* A.N. an upper coat.

Surplis, *n.* A.N. a surplice.

Surquedrie, *n.* A.N. [resumption.

Surrye, *n. pr.* Syria.

Sursanure, *n.* A.N. a wound healed outwardly.

Surveaunce, *n.* A.N. superintendence.

Suspeccioun }
Suspect } *n.* A.N. suspicion.

Suspecious, *adj.* A.N. suspicious.

Suspect, *part. pa.* of suspecte, *v.* A.N. suspected.

Suster }
Sustir } *n.* A.S. *sister*, *pl.* *sustren*, sisters.
Sustyr }

Swa, *adv.* A.S. so.

Swal, *past tense* of swelle, *v.* A.S. swelled; *part. pa.* swollen.

Swappe, *v. ac.* A.S. to throw down, to strike off; *v. neut.* to fall down; *past tense* swapte.

Swart, *adj.* A.S. black, swarthy.

Swatte, *past tense* of swete, *v.* A.S. sweated; *part. pa.* swote, swoot.

Swegh, *n.* A.S. a violent motion, a swaying.

Sweere, Swere, Swire } *n.* A.S. the neck.

Swelte, *v.* A.S. to die, to faint; *past tense*, swelt.

Swerne, *v.* A.S. *pres. tense pl.* of swere, *v.* A.S. swear.

Swete, *v.* A.S. to sweat; *past tense* swatte, swete; *part. pa.* swote, swoot.

Sweven, Swevenynge } *n.* A.S. a dream.

Swiche, *adj.* A.S. such.

Swinke, Swynke } *v.* A.S. to labour.

Swire.—See swere.

Swithe, *adv.* A.S. quickly, immediately.

Swive, Swyve } *v.* A.S.—See *Junii Etymol. in v.*

Swolowe, Swolwe } *n.* A.S. the throat; a whirlpool.

Swonken. *part. pa. of* swinke, *v.* A.S. laboured, weary with labour.

Swoot, *part. pa.* of swete, *v.* A.S. sweated. *For swoot*, because he had sweated.

Swough, *n.* A.S. confused noise; a swoon.

Swow, *n.* A.S. a swoon.

Syker, Sykyr } *adj.* A.S. sure.

Sykerde, *past tense* of sykere, *v.* A.S. assured.

Sykernesse, Sykirnesse } *n.* A.S. security.

Sykerly, Sykirly } *adv.* A.S. surely.

Syn, Sin } *adv.* A.S. since.

Synamome, *n.* A.N. cinnamon.

Sys, *n.* A.N. the cast of six on the dice.

Syt, *third pers. sing.* of sytte, or sitte, *v.* A.S. sitteth.

Syth, Sythen, Sythe } *adv.* A.S. since.

T.

Taas, *n.* A.N. a heap.

Tabard, *n.* A.N. a loose frock, a herald's coat-of-arms.

Tables, *n.* A.N. backgammon.

Taboure, *n.* A.N. a drum.

Tache, *n.* A.N. a spot or blemish.

Taille, *n.* A.N. a tally, or notched stick to count by.

Take, *part. pa.* of take, *v.* A.S. taken

Takel, *n.* A.S. an arrow.

Tale, *v.* A.S. to tell stories.

Tale, *n.* A.S. speech, discourse; reckoning, account. *Litel tale hath he told of any dreme*, he made little account of any dream.

Talent, *n.* A.N. desire, affection.

Talyng, *n.* A.S. story-telling.

Tamyd, *part. pa.* of tame, *v.* A.N. (*entamer*) cut open for the first time, begun.

Tane, for taken.

Tapicer, *n.* A.N. an upholsterer.

Tapinage, *n.* A.N. lurking, skulking, deceit.

Tapite, *v.* A.N. to hang with tapestry.

Tappe, *n.* A.S. a tap or spigot.

Tapstere, *n.* A.S. a female tapster.

Tare, *past tense* of tere, *v.* A.S. tore.

Targe, *n.* A.N. a target or shield.

Tars, Tarse } *n. pr.* perhaps Tarsus, in Asia Minor, whence *cloth of Tars*, a sort of silk, was imported.

Tas, Taas } *n.* A.N. a heap.

Tassid, *part. pa.* adorned with tassels.

Taste *v.* A.N. (*taster, tâter*) to feel, examine.

Tatterwagges, *n. pl.* A.S. rags.

Taverner, *n.* A.N. a tavern-keeper.

Taure, *n. pr.* Lat. the constellation of Taurus.

Taylagier, *n.* A.N. a tax-gatherer.
Tecche, *n.* A.N. same as tache.
Teche, *v.* A.S. to teach.
Temps, *n.* A.N. time.
Tene / Teene, *n.* A.S. grief.
Tene / Teene, *v.* A.S. to grieve, to afflict.
Tene, for tane, taken.
Tercel / Tercelet, *n.* A.N. the male of birds of prey.
Terin, *n.* A.N. a sort of singing-bird.
Termagaunt, *n. pr.* A.N. one of the false gods of the heathen.
Terrestre, *adj.* A.N. earthly.
Tery, *adj.* A.S. full of tears.
Tester, *n.* A.N. a head-piece, or helmet.
Testyf, *adj.* A.N. heady, headstrong.
Tewel / Tuel, *n.* A.N. a pipe, the fundament.
Textual, *adj.* A.N. ready at quoting the text of Scripture.
Teyne, *n.* A.S. a tine, prong, or thin piece of metal.
Thak, *n.* A.S. thatch.
Thakke, *v.* A.S. to thwack, slap.
Thame, for them.
Thankes, *adv.* A.S. with good will. *His thankes, her thankes,* A.N. *son gre, leur gré,* with his, or their good will.
Thanne / Than, *adv.* A.S. then.
Thar, *v. impersonal,* A.S. behoveth.
The, the definite article is often incorporated with words beginning with a vowel; as, thambassiatours, the ambassiatours, the ambassadors: thexecucioun, the execution.
The / Then, *v.* A.S. to thrive.
Theech, Theck, put for *the ich* or *the ik*, thrive I. *So theech*, so may I thrive.
Thedome, *n.* A.S. thrift, success.
Thefely, *adj.* A.S. like a thief.
Thennes / Thenne, *adv.* A.S. thence.
Thennesforth, *adv.* A.S. thenceforth.
Ther / There, *adv.* A.S. there, where.
Ther, in composition signifies that, as *therfor*, for that; *therabouten*, about that; *therayent*, against that; *therbefore*, before that, &c.
Thewes, *n.* A.S. manners, qualities.
Thider, *adv.* A.S. thither.
Thilke, *adj.* A.S. this same.
Thinke / Thynke, *v.* A.S. (*thinkan*) to seem. *Methinks*, it seems to me; *hem thoughte*, it seemed to them,
Thinke / Thynke, *v.* A.S. (*thenkan*) to think, consider.
Thinne / Thynne, *adj.* A.S. slender.
Thirle / Thyrle, *v.* A.S. to pierce.
This / Thise, *pron. demons.* A.S. this, these.
Tho / Thoo, *pron. demons.* A.S. those.
Tho / Thoo, *adv.* A.S. then.
Thole, *v.* A.S. to suffer.
Thore, in *The Rom. of the Rose*, is put for either *there*, or *thole*. *L* and *r* are often interchanged.
Thorpe / Thrope, *n.* A.S. a village.
Thral, *n.* A.S. a slave, serf, or *villain regardant.*
Thrallyn / Thrallen / Thralle, *v.* A.S. to enslave.
Thred, *n.* A.S. thread.
Threisshfold, *n.* A.S. a threshold.
Threpe, *v.* A.S. to call.
Threste, *v.* A.S. to thrust; *past tense*, thraste, and thrist.
Threte, *v.* A.S. to threaten.
Threttene, *num. adj.* A.S. thirteen.
Thridde / Thrydde, *adj.* A.S. third.
Thrie / Thries / Thry / Thryes, *adv.* A.S. thrice.
Thrilled, for thirled, *past tense* of thirle, pierced.

Thringe, *v.* A.S. to thrust; *past tense* thronge, and thringe.

Thrist, *past tense* of threste, thrust.

Thronge, *past tense* of thringe, thrust.

Throstel, *n.* A.S. a thrush, or throstle.

Throw, *n.* A.S. a turn, a while.

Thrust / Thurst — *n.* A.S. thirst.

Thruste, *v.* A.S. to thirst.

Thrusty, *adj.* A.S. thirsty.

Thurgh / Thorugh / Thurogh / Thorow — *prep.* A.S. through.

Thrymme, *adv.* A.S. therein.

Thurrok, *n.* A.S. the hold of a ship.

Thwitel, *n.* A.S. a whittle.

Tidde / Tid / Tydde / Tyd — *part. pa.* of tide, or betide, *v.* A.S. happened.

Tidife, *n.* A.S. the tit-mouse.

Tikel / Tykel — *adj.* A.S. uncertain.

Til, *prep.* A.S. to.

Timbesterre / Tymbesterre — *n.* A.N. a female player on the *timbre*, or timbrel, a plate or basin of metal, which was thrown into the air and caught on the fingers.

Timbre / Tymbre — *n.* A.N. a timbrel, or basin.

Tiptoon, *n. pl.* A.S. tiptoes.

Tire / Tyre — *v.* A.N. to tear, to feed upon, in the manner of birds of prey.

Tissewe, *n.* A.N. a riband.

Titleles, *adj.* A.N. without a title.

To, *adv.* A.S. too.

To, *prep.* A.S. *to yere*, this year, *to morwe*, on the morrow.

To is often incorporated with verbs beginning with a vowel; as *texcuse*, to excuse.

To, in composition with verbs, is generally augmentative; as, *The helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede*, they hew and cut in pieces the helmets; *al to-tore*, all torn to pieces; *at to-share*, all shred in pieces; *to-swinke*, labour greatly.

Tofore / Toforen — *prep.* A.S. before. This form is preserved in our word heretofore.

Togideres, *adv.* A.S. together.

Tombestere, *n.* A.N. a dancing girl.

Tone / Toon / Toos — *n. pl.* A.S. toes.

Tonne-greet, *adj.* A.S. of the circumference of a tun.

Torete, *n.* A.N. a ring, or terret.

Torne, *v.* A.N. to turn.

Totelere, *n.* a whisperer.

Totty, *adj.* A.S. dizzy.

Tough, *adj.* A.S. difficult. *To make it tough*, to take a great deal of pains about it. *And made hyt nouther tough ne queynte*, made no difficulty nor strangeness about it.

Tought, *adj.* A.S. tight, or like the naval term *taught*.

Tought, *past tense* of teche, *v.* A.S. taught.

Tour, *n.* A.N. a tower.

Tourette, *n.* A.N. a turret.

Toute, *n.* the backside.

Towail, *n.* A.N. a towel.

Towardes / Towardys — *prep.* A.S. towards.

Traas / Trace — *n.* A.N. a track, or path; a train of attendants.

Trace, *n. pr.* Thrace.

Trad / Tradde — *past tense* of trede, *v.* A.S. trod.

Transmuwen, *v.* A.N. to transform, transmute.

Trappures, *n. pl.* A.N. trappings of a horse.

Trasshe, *v.* A.S. to betray.

Trate, *n.* A.S. an old hag.

Trave, *n.* A.N. a frame in which farriers put unruly horses.

Traye, *v.* A.N. to betray.

Trays, *n.* A.N. the traces by which horses draw.

Tre, *n.* A.S. a tree, wood. *Cristes tre*, Christ's cross.

Trechour, Trichour } *n.* A.N. a cheat.
Tredefoule, *n.* a treader of hens, a cock.
Tregetour, *n.* A.N. a juggler.
Trental, *n.* A.N. a service of thirty masses, usually said on as many different days, for the repose of the souls of the dead.
Trepeget, *n.* A.N. an engine of war.
Tresour, *n.* A.N. *treasure.*
Tretable, *adj.* A.N. tractable.
Trete, *v.* A.N. to treat, to discourse.
Trete, Tretis, Tretys } *n.* A.N. a treaty.
Tretys, *adj.* A.N. well proportioned.
Treuwe, *n.* A.N. a truce.
Trewe, *adj.* A.S. true.
Trewe-love, *n. pr.* the herb, True-love.
Triacle, *n.* A.N. a corruption of *theriaque*, a remedy.
Trice, *v.* A.S. to thrust.
Trie, Trye } *adj.* tried, or refined.
Trille, *v. ac.* A.S. to twirl.
Trille, *v. neut.* A.S. to trickle.
Trine, *adj.* A.N. threefold. *Trine compas*, the Trinity. See Compas.
Trip, *n.* a small piece.
Triste, *v.* for truste.
Tristre, *n.* a preconcerted place of meeting.
Trompe, *n.* A.N. a trumpet.
Trompour, *n.* A.N. a trumpeter.
Tronchoun, *n.* A.N. a headless spear, or truncheon.
Trone, *n.* A.N. a throne.
Trotula, *n. pr.* a medical writer, whose treatise, *Curandarum Ægritudinum Muliebrium*, &c., is printed inter *Medicos Antiquos*, Ven. 1547.
Trouble, *part. pa.* A.N. troubled, gloomy.
Troubler, *comp. degree*, more troubled.
Trowandyse, Truaundise, Truaundyng } *n.* A.N. begging.
Trowe, *v.* A.S. to believe.
Truwe, *n.* A.N. a truce.
Tuel, Tuelle } *n.* A.N. a pipe, the fundament.
Tulle, *v.* A S. to allure.
Tullius, *n. pr.* Marcus Tullius Cicero.
Turkes, *n.* A.N. a turquoise.
Turkeys, *adj.* A.N. Turkish.
Turmentise, *n.* A.N. torment.
Turves, *pl.* of turf, *n.* A.S.
Twayne, Tweye, Tweyn } *num. adj.* A.S. two.
Tweifold, *adj.* A.S. twofold.
Twight, *past tense*, and *part.* of twicche, *v.* A.S. twitched, plucked.
Twinke, *v.* A.S. to wink; hence, twinkle.
Twinne, Twynne } *v.* A.S. to depart from a place or thing; to separate.
Twire, *v.* A.S. to sing low, as a bird.
Twist, *n.* A.S. a bough of a tree.
Twiste, *v.* A.S. to twitch, *past tense*, twiste
Twyes, *adv.* A.S. twice.
Twythen, *part. pa.* whittled, chipped with a knife.
Tykel, *adj.* A.S. uncertain.
Tympan, *n.* Lat. a drum.
Typet, *n.* A.S. a tippet.
Tyre, *v.* A.N.—Same as tire.
Tyt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of tyde, *v.* A.S. betideth.
Tyterynge, *n.* A.S. courtship.

V.

Vaine, *n.* A.N. a vein.
Valence, *n. pr.* Valencia in Spain.
Valerie, *n. pr.* a tract of Walter Mapes, is called *Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum.*
Valerie, *n. pr.* Valerius Maximus.
Valour, *n.* A.N. value.
Varien, *v.* A.N. to change.
Variaunt, *part. pr.* changing.
Vasselage, Vesselage } *n.* A.N. valour, spirit becoming a vassal.
Vavasour, Vavaser } *n.* A.N. Blount interprets this word one that is in dignity next to a baron.

Vekke, *n.* Ital. an old hag.
Vendable, *adj.* A.N. saleable.
Venerye, *n.* A.N. hunting.
Venge, *v.* A.N. to revenge.
Ventusing, *n.* A.N. cupping, a surgical term.
Venym, *n.* A.N. venom, poison.
Ver / Veer } *n.* Lat. the spring.
Veramant, *adv.* A.N. truly.
Verdegresse, *n.* A.N. verdigris.
Verdite, *n.* A.N. judgment, sentence.
Vermeylo / Vermelet } *adj.* A.N. vermilion.
Vernage, *n.* A.N. wine of Verona.
Vernicle, *n.* A.N. dimin. of Veronike, a copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, supposed to have been miraculously imprinted on a handkerchief handed to him by St. Veronica to wipe his face when bearing the cross to Calvary.
Vernysshe, *v.* A.N. to varnish.
Verre, *n.* A.N. glass.
Versifyour, *n.* A.N. a versifier.
Vertules, *adj.* without virtue or efficacy.
Vertuous, *adj.* A.N. efficacious.
Vesselle, *n.* A.N. plate.
Veyne, *n.* A.N. a vein.
Vinage, *n.* A.N. a journey by sea or land.
Vicary, *n.* Lat. a vicar.
Vice, *n.* A.N. the newel, or upright centre of a winding stair.
Vigile / Vigillie } *n.* A.N. the eve of a festival; a wake.
Vinolent, *adj.* Lat. smelling of wine.
Viol, *n.* A.N. the violin.
Virelaye, *n.* A.N. a round, or catch, called freeman's *song*, but, properly, three-man's song.
Visage, *v.* A.N. to front, to face a thing.
Vitaille / Vytaylle } *n.* A.N. victuals.
Vitilyon, *n. pr.* a writer on optics, who flourished in 1270. His works, together with those of Alhazen, were printed at Basil in 1572.
Umbrayde, *v.* A.S. to upbraid.
Unbodye, *v.* A.S. to leave the body.
Unbokele, *v.* A.N. to unbuckle.
Unce, *n.* A.N. an ounce, a small portion.
Uncommitted, *part. pa.* not assigned.
Unconnyng / Unkonning } *adj.* A.S. ignorant; *n.* ignorance.
Uncovenable, *adj.* A.N. inconvenient, unbecoming.
Uncouth / Uncouthe / Unkouthe } *part. pa.* A.S. unknown, rare, quaint.
Uncouthly, *adv.* A.S. uncommonly.
Undirfonge, *v.* A.S. to undertake.
Undergrowe, *part. pa.* undergrown, of low stature.
Undermele, *n.* A.S. the time after dinner, the afternoon.
Undern, *n.* A.S. dinner-time, still used in Swedish.
Undernome, *past tense* of undernime, *v.* A.S. took up, received.
Underpight, *past tense* of underpiche. *He drank and wel his gurdel underpight*, he drank and stuffed his girdle well.
Underspore, *v.* A.S. to raise a thing by putting a *spere*, or pole, under it.
Understonde, *part. pa.* of understande.
Undo, *v.* A.S. to unfold.
Unese, *n.* uneasiness.
Unnethe / Unnethes } *adv.* A.S. uneasily, scarcely.
Unfamouse, *adj.* unknown.
Unfestliche, *adj.* unsuitable to a feast.
Ungoodly, *adj.* A.S. uncivil.
Unhele, *n.* A.S. misfortune.
Unhilid, *part. pa.* of unhele, *v.* A.S. uncovered, unroofed.
Unkindely, *adv.* A.S. unnaturally.
Unletted, *part. pa.* undisturbed.
Unloven, *v.* A.S. to cease to love.
Unlust, *n.* A.S. dislike.
Unmanhode, *n.* A.S. cowardice.
Unpyn, *v.* A.S. to unlock.

Unrest, *n.* A.S. want of rest, uneasiness, trouble.
Unresty, *adj.* A.S. unquiet.
Unright, *n.* A S. wrong.
Unsad, *adj.* unsteady.
Unsely, *adj.* A.S. unhappy.
Unset, *part. pa.* not appointed.
Unshette, *part. pa.* opened.
Unslekked, *part. pa.* unslaked.
Unslept, *part. pa.* having had no sleep.
Unsoft, *adj.* A.S. hard.
Unspered, *part. pa.* unbarred.
Unsufficient, *adj.* insufficient.
Unswelle, *v.* A.S. to fall after swelling.
Unthank } *n.* A.S. ill-will.
Unthonke }
Until, *prep.* A.S. to, unto.
Untime, *n.* A.S. an unseasonable time.
Unto, *adv.* A.S. until.
Untressed, *part. pa.* not tied in a tress, or tresses.
Untretable, *adj.* not admitting any treaty. This word is a translation of the Latin *inexorabile*.
Untriste, *v.* A.S. for untruste, to mistrust.
Untrust, *n.* A.S. mistrust.
Unusage, *n.* want of usage. A translation of the Lat. *insolentia*.
Unware, *part. pa.* A.S. unforeseen.
Unweld } *adj.* A.S. unwieldy.
Unwelde }
Unwemmed, *part. pa.* A.S. unspotted.
Unweting, *part. pr.* A.S. not knowing. *Unweting of this Dorigen*, Dorigen not knowing of this.
Unwetingly, *adv.* A.S. ignorantly.
Unwist, *part. pa.* unknown. *Her intent was for to love hym unwist*, she intended to love him in secret. *Unwist of it hymselve*, he himself being ignorant of it.
Unwit, *n.* A.S. want of wit.
Unwote, *v.* A.S. to be ignorant.
Unwry } *v.* A.S. to uncover.
Unwrye }
Unyolden, *part. pa.* not having yielded.
Voide } *v. ac.* A.N. to remove, to
Voyde } empty.
Voide } *v. neut.* A.S. to depart, to
Voyde } go away.
Volage, *adj.* A.N. light, giddy,
Volantyn, *n.* perhaps a clerical error for *volatile*, game (Fr. *volaille*); or the name of some kind of wine, possibly *valteline*.
Volunte, *n.* A.N. will.
Volupere, *n.* A.N. a woman's cap, a night-cap. In the *Promptuarium Parvulorum*, *teristrum* is interpreted *volupere kercher*. *Theristrum* signifies, properly, a veil.
Vouche, *v.* A.N. generally used with the adj. *sauf*, when it means to vouchsafe, to grant. In this case the verb *vouche* and the adj. *sauf* are sometimes separated by several intervening words, as—

'For sauff of cherlis I ne vouche
That they shulle never neigh it nere.'

For I do not vouchsafe, or grant allowance, to churls that they should ever come near it. Both the verb *vouche* and the adj. *sauf* are inflected. *Vouchen sauf*, to vouchsafe; *voucheth sauf*, vouchsafe ye. *The king vouches it save*, the king vouchsafes, or sanctions, it.
Up, *prep.* A.S. upon. *Up peyne*, upon pain; *up peril*, upon peril.
Up, *adv.* A.S. *Up on lond*, up in the country; *up so down*, upside down. *But Pandarus up*, an elliptical expression, meaning rose up. Thus in the English translation of the Psalms, we find, *Up, Lord*, for Rise up, Lord! and among the vulgar, *He up with his stick*.
Uphaf, *past tense of* upheve, *v.* A S. upheaved.
Upheping, *n.* A.S. accumulation.
Upper, *adv.* A.S. *comp. degree*, higher.
Upperest, *adj.* A.S. *superl. degree*, highest.
Upright, *adj.* A.S. straight. *Upright as a bolt*, straight as an arrow. When applied to persons

lying, it means with the face upward, like the Latin *resupinus*.

Urchoun, *n.* a hedge-hog.

Ure, *n.* Lat. *usura*, use. *To put a statute in ure*, to put it in execution.

Ure, *n.* A.N. *heur*, fortune, destiny, as in *bonheur*, *malheur*.

Ured, *part. past.* destined. *Wel ured*, fortunate.

Usage, *n.* A.N. experience, practice.

Usaunt, *part. pres.* A.N. using, accustomed.

Utter, *adj.* A.S. *comparative degree* of out, outer; as in the law term, the *utter bar*.

Utter, *adv.* A.S. more outwardly.

Uttermeste, *adj.* A.S. outermost.

Uttre, Uttren — *v.* A.S. to publish, bring out; as in Shakspeare:—Money's a medler, That doth utter all men's ware-a.—*Winter's Tale*.

Vyllanye, Vylonye — *n.* A.N. indecency, the language or conduct of a vyllain or slave.

W.

Waar, *adj.* A.N. aware, wary.

Waferer, Waferere, Wafoure, Wafre — *n.* A.N. a maker of *gaufres*, or wafer-cakes.

Wafrestere, *n.* A.N. a maker of the unleavened cakes formerly used for the Eucharist in the Church of England.

Waget, *n.* supposed by Tyrwhitt to mean a kind of blue colour.

Waiment, Wayment, Waimenting, Waymenting — *n.* A.S. a lamentation.

Waine, *n.* A.S. a waggon.

Waite, Wayte — *v.* A.N. to watch.

Wake, *n.* A.S. to watch.

Wala wa, Welaway, Weylaway — *interj.* A.S. woe, alas, wellaway. *Wala wa the while*, alas, the time!

Walachie, *n. pr.* Wallachia.

Walnote, *n.* A.S. a walnut, that is, a French or foreign nut.

Walwe, *v.* A.S. to wallow, or tumble about.

Wan, *past tense* of winne, *v.* A.S. won, gained.

Wane, *v.* A.S. to decrease.

Wang, Wong — *n.* A.S. a cheek-tooth.

Wanger, Wouger — *n.* A.S. a support for the cheek, a pillow.

Wanhope, *n.* A.S. despair, or the sin which is called by theologians sloth, meaning that carelessness which arises from despair of being able to live well.

Wantrust, *n.* A.S. distrust.

Waped, Wapyd — *part. pa.* of wape, put for *awape* or *awhape*, *v.* A.S. stupified.

Wardecorps, *n.* A.N. *garde de corps*, body guard.

Wardeyn, *n.* A.N. a warden of a college, a guard or watchman, a keeper of a gate, a sentinel.

Wardrobe, *n.* A.N. a house of office.

Ware derere, Look out behind.

Wariangle, *n.* According to Cotgrave, 'a small wood-pecker, black and white of colour, and but half as big as the ordinary green one.' Speght explains it to mean: 'a kind of bird, full of noise, and very ravenous, preying upon others, which, when they have taken, they use to hang upon a thorn or pricke, and teare them in pieces and devoure them. And the common opinion is, that the thorne whereupon they then fasten them and eat them, is afterwards poisonsome. In Staffordshire and Shropshire the name is common.' This last description evidently points to the Shrike or Butcher-bird.

Warice, Warishe — *v. ac.* A.N. to heal; *v. neut.* to recover from sickness.

Warisoun, *n.* A.N. seems to mean reward, as it is the translation of *merite*. In the *Promptuari-*

um Parvulorum, *waryson* is translated *Donativum*.

Warne, Werne } *v.* A.S. to caution or warn, to apprize, to refuse.

Warnestore, *v.* A.S. to furnish, to store.

Warien, Wary, Warrye, Werrye } *v.* A.S. to abuse, speak evil of.

Wasshe, Wassche } *v.* A.S. to wash; *past tense* wessch, wissh, wissch; *part. pa.* wasched, waisschen, wesshen.

Wastel-breed, *n.* cake-bread, or bread made of the finest flour, from the Anglo-Norman *gasteau*, a cake.

Wastour, *n.* a spoiler.

Waterynge of Seint Thomas. Tyrwhitt supposes this to have been a place for watering horses, a little out of the Borough of Southwark, on the road to Canterbury. The same place was afterwards called *St. Thomas a Waterings*, probably from some chapel dedicated to that saint. It was a place of execution in Queen Elizabeth's time. — See Wood, *Athen. Oxon.* i. 229.

Watlynge-strete, *n. pr.* a celebrated Roman road which traversed England; the galaxy or milky way.

Waved, *part. pa.* of weve, *v.* A.S. woven.

Wawe, *n.* A.S. a wave; *pl.* wawis.

Wawy, *adj.* A.S. wavy.

Way, *n.* A.S. is often put for the *time* in which a certain space can be passed through; as *a furlong way*, *a mile way*, any short time. *At the leste way*, at least wise. *A devil way*, *a twenty devil way*, are expressions difficult to translate, but they mean with ill luck.

Way, *adv.* A.S. away. *Do way*, do away, take away; used as an interjection, Away with it!

Wayke, *adj.* A.S. weak.

Webbe, *n.* A. S. a weaver.

Wedde, *n.* A.S. a pawn or pledge. *To wedde*, for a pledge; *And leyde to wedde Normandie*, and mortgaged Normandy.

Wede, *n.* A.S. clothing. *Under wede*, in his clothing.

Wede *n.* A.S. a weed; *pl.* wedis.

Weep, Wepe } *past tense* of wepe, *v.* A.S. wept.

Weive, Weyve } *v. ac.* A.S. to waive, decline, forsake.

Weive, Weyve } *v. neut.* A.S. to depart.

Weken, *v. neut.* A.S. to grow weak.

Weke, Wayke } *adj.* A.S. weak.

Wel, Wele } *adj.* A.S. well, fortunate. *Wel were they that thider might winne*, fortunate were they who might succeed in reaching that place. It is also joined to adverbs and adjectives in the same way as *ful* and *right*; thus, *wel more*, considerably more; *a wel good wright*, a right good artisan.

Welde, *v.* A.S. to govern, to wield; *past tense* welt, wielded.

Weldy, *adj.* A.S. active, able to govern or well wield his limbs.

Wele, *n.* A.S. weal, wealth, prosperity.

Weleful, *adj.* A.S. productive of wealth or happiness.

Welefulnes, *n.* A.S. happiness.

Welke, *past tense* of walke, *v.* A.S. walked.

Welke, *v.* A.S. to wither, to grow mouldy; *part. pa.* welked.

Welkin, *n.* A.S. the sky.

Welle, *n.* A.S. a spring. *Welle of vices, of perfeccioun, of alle gentillesse*, spring of vices, of perfections, of all amiability.

Welle, Welme } *v.* A.S. to flow, spring up, as water in a well.

Welte, *past tense of* welde, *v.* A.S. governed, wielded.

Wel-thewed, *part. pa.* endowed with good qualities.

Welewilly, Welewally } *adj.* well-wishing, propitious.

Wem, Wemme } *n.* A.S. a spot, a fault.

Wenche, *n.* A.S. a young woman. It is sometimes used in an opprobrious sense, as *I am a gentil woman, and no wenche.*

Wend, Wenden, Wendyn } for wened, weneden, *past tense* of weno, *v.* A.S. thought.

Wende, *v.* A.S. to go.

Wend, *third person sing.* of wene, *v.* A.S. weeneth, guesseth.

Wene, *n.* A.S. guess, supposition. *Withouten wene*, not by supposition, but certainly.

Wene, Weene } *v.* A.S. to think, to suppose.

Went, *part pa.* of wende, *v.* A S. gone.

Went, Wente { *past tense* of wende. *Went at borde*, lived as a boarder.

Went, *n.* A.S. a way, a passage; a turn in walking; a turning over in bed.

Went, used by poetic licence for *want.*

Wepe, *v.* A S. to weep.

Wepely, *adj.* A.S. causing tears.

Wepen, Wepne } *n.* A.S. a weapon.

Werche, Werke, Werche, Werke } *n.* A.S. work.

Werche, Werke } *v.* A.S. to work.

Were, Weren { *indicative mood past tense plural* of am, *v.* A.S. It is sometimes used, as a reflected verb, for *had*, according to the French custom, as, *Were set hem in a taverne for to drynke, s'etoient assis.*

Were, *subjunctive mood, past tense sing.*; as, *it were a game*, it would be fun.

Were, *v.* A.S. to wear; to guard or defend.

Were, Werre { *n.* A.N. *guerre*, war, confusion. *His herte in suche a were is set, son cuer a mis en tel guerre.*

Were, *n.* A.S. a wear for catching fish.

Weren, *past tense pl.* of am, *v.* A.S. were.

Werke. Same as werche.

Werne. Same as warne.

Werre, *n.* A.N. war.

Werreye, *v.* A.N. to make war against.

Werse, *comp. degree* of ille, *adv.* A.S. worse.

Werse, *comp. degree* of bad, *adj.* A.S. worse.

Werste, *superl. degree* of bad, *adj.* A.S. worst.

Wery, *adj.* A.S. weary.

Wesschen, *past tense* of wasschen, *v.* A.S. washed.

Westren, Westryn { *v.* A.N. to sink towards the west, applied to the sun when about to set.

Wete, *adj.* A.S. wet.

Wete, Wite, Wote { *v.* A.S. to know; *pres. tense second pers. sing.* wost; *third*, woot; *past tense*, woot.

Wether, *n.* A.S. the weather; castrated ram.

Wetyng, *n.* A.S. knowledge.

Weve, Weven { *v.* A.S. to weave.

Wexe, *v.* A.S. to grow, to wax. *Past tense sing.* wax, wex; *pl.* woxe; *part. pa.* woxen.

Weye, Weyen } *v.* A.S. to weigh.

What, *pron. interrog.* A.S. is often used by itself as a sort of interjection; as, *What? welcome be the cutte. What? Nicolas! what how? What? thinke on God.*

What, *pron. indef.* A.S. something. *A little what. What for love and for distress*, partly for love and partly for distress. *Wete ye what?* Do you know something. *Ne elles what*, nor anything else.

What, when joined to a noun (either expressed or understood), is a mere adjective, answering to

qualis Lat., *quèl* Fr., as, *What men they weren.*

Wheder, *conj.* A.S. whether.

Whelme, Whelmyn — *v.* A.S. to sink, depress, whence the modern word *overwhelm.*

Whennes, *adv.* A.S. whence.

Wher, Where — *conj.* A.S. whether.

Wher, *adv.* A.S. where, whereas.

Wher, in composition, signifies *which*; as, *wherfor*, for which; *wherin*, in which; *wherthrough*, through which; *wherwith*, with which. When used interrogatively it signifies *what*; as *Wherof?* of what? *wherwith?* with what?

Whether, *adj.* A.S. which of two.

Whette, *v.* A.S. to whet, sharpen; *past tense* and *participle.* whette.

Which, Whiche — *pron. rel.* A.S. who, whom.

Which, Whiche — *adj.* what, what sort of; as, *Which a miracle befel anoon*, what a miracle befel anon.

While, *n.* A.S. time. *In this menewhile*, in this intervening time. *How he might quyt hir while*, how he might requite her time or trouble. *God kan ful welle youre while quyte*, God can full well requite you your time or pains.

Whilere, *adv.* A.S. some time ago.

Whilke, *adj.* A.S. which.

Whilom, Whylom — *adv.* A.S. once, once upon a time.

Whyne, *v.* A.S. to whine.

White, *adj.* A.S. metaphorically, fair, specious.

Whiten, *v. neut.* A.S. to grow white.

Who, *pron. indef.* A.S., as in the following passage from *Troyl. and Crys.*, b. iii.:

'For wele thow wost, the name yet of hire
Among the peple, as *who* seith, hulowid is.'

Where, *as who seith* is equivalent to *as one would say.* The same phrase is used to introduce a fuller explanation of a passage, as we might use, *That is to say. Who so, who that*, whosoever.

Whos, *gen. case sing.* of who, *pron. rel.* A.S. whose.

Wide-where, Wyde-wher — *adv.* A.S. widely, far and near.

Wierde, Werde — *n.* A.S. destiny.

Wif, Wyf — *n.* A.S. a wife. Properly in the accusative case wyve or wive; *pl.* wyves or wives.

Wifhood, Wifhode, Wyfhode — *n.* A.S. the *condition of* being a wife.

Wifles, Wyfles — *adj.* A.S. without a wife, unmarried.

Wifly, Wyfly — *adj.* A.S. befitting a wife.

Wight, Wyght — *n.* A.S. a person, male or female; a short portion of time. Weight. A witch. Wytch clepyd nyght mare.—*Promptuarium Parvulorum.*

Wight, Wyght — *adj.* A.S. active, strong, swift.

Wiket, *n.* A.N. a wicket.

Wikke, Wikked — *adj.* A.S. wicked, noxious.

Wille, Willen — *v.* A.S. to will; *pres. tense*, I wol, wole; *past tense*, wolde, *part. pa.* wold.

William de St. Amour, *n. pr.* a doctor of the Sorbonne, in the thirteenth century, who took a principal part in the dispute between the University and the Dominican friars. See Moreri, *in v.*

Willy, *adj.* A.S. disposed. *Welwilly*, well-disposed, propitious.

Wiln, for willen, *pl.* of wille, *v.* A.S.

Wilne, *v.* A.S. to desire.

Wimple, Wymple — *n.* A.S. a covering for the neck. It is distinguished from a veil, which covered the head also.

'Weryng a vayle instide of wymple
As nonnys don in her abbey.'

Windas, Wyndas } *n.* A.N. *guindal*, an engine to raise stones with, a windlass.

Winde, Wynde } *v.* A.S. to turn about, bend, escape.

Winne, Wynne, Wynnen } *v.* A.S. to gain, to attain to; *past tense sing.* wan; *pl.* wonne or wonnen; *part. pa.* wonne or ywonne.

Wirry, Wery } *v.* A.S. to worry.

Wis, Wys } *adv.* A.S. certainly. See Ywis.

Wise, Wyse } *n.* A.S. manner.

Wisly, Wysly } *adv.* A.S. certainly. *As wisly God me save*, as certainly as I hope God may save me.

Wisse, Wysse } *v. ac.* A.S. to teach, to direct. *So God me wisse*, so may God direct me.

Wisse, Wysse } *v. neut.* A.S. to know. *Past tense*, wiste, knew; *part. pa.* wist, known.

Wite, Wyte } *v.* A.S. to know, to blame, to impute to. *Pres. tense*, wote; *third person sing.* he woot; *past tense*, woot. *Wyte it the ale of Southwark*, impute it to the ale of Southwark, blame the ale of Southwark for it.

Wite, Wyte } *n.* A.S. blame.

With, *prep.* A.S. governs the ablative of the instrument; as, *Was with the lioun frete*, was devoured by the lion.

'For nought clad in silk was he,
But alle in floures and flourettes
Painted alle *with* amorettes.'

That is *by* wanton girls. *In with*, within. *With mischance and with misaventure; with sorwe and with myschaunce*, are all to be considered as parenthetical curses, used with more or less seriousness. *With harde grace, with sory grace, with evil preef*, belong to the same class of expressions; the last appears to mean, may it prove unfortunate.

Withholde, *v.* A.S. to stop; to maintain.

Withholde, Withholde } *part. pa.* maintained. *Or with a brethurhede be withholde*, or to be maintained by a brotherhood, *i.e.* a religious order.

Withsaye, Withsayn, Withseye } *v.* A.S. to contradict, to deny.

Witnesfully, *adv.* A.S. evidently.

Witnesse, Witnes } *n.* A.S. testimony, a witness. *Witnes on Mida, witnes on Mathew*, see the testimony of Midas or Matthew.

Wit, Witt, Witte, Wytte } *n.* A.S. understanding, capacity, judgment. *To my witte*, according to my judgment.

Wittes, Wyttes } *n. pl.* A.S. the five senses of man.

Wive, Wyve } *n.* A.S. a wife.

Wyves, *n. pl.* of wyf.

Wlatsom, *adj.* A.S. loathsome.

Wo, *n.* A.S. woe, sorrow. *Wo were us, wher me were wo*, are phrases in which *us* and *me* are in the dative case, and should be rendered thus:—it would be woe *to* us, whether it were woe *to* me.

Wo, *adj.* A.S. sorrowful.

Wo-begon, far gone in woe.

Wode, Wood } *adj.* A.S. mad, violent; *for wode*, for madness. *Unto the fyr, that brent as it were wood*, that burned like mad.

Wode, *v.* A.S. to grow mad.

Wodewale, *n. pr.* a bird so called, perhaps our *wittwall*.

Wol, *pres. tense* of wille, *v.* A.S. will; *past tense*, wolde. It is sometimes used by itself, the in-

finitive verb being understood; as, *As she to water wolde*, as if she would melt into water. *And to the wood he wol*, and he will go to the wood. *Ful many a man hath he beguyled or this, and wol*, *i.e.* and will beguile.

Wolde, *past tense* of wille, would; *pl.* wolden; *past tense sub. mood*; as, *Wolde God! God wolde!* O that God were willing! *Newolde God*, O that God may not be willing! or, God forbid!

Wold, *part. pa.* willed, been willing.

Wolle, *n.* A.S. wool.

Womanhede, *n.* A.S. womanhood, the perfection of woman's nature.

Wonde, *v.* A.S. *wandian*, to desist through fear. *For no wight wil it wonde*, it will not desist for any body.

Wonde, *past tense* of winde, *v.* A.S. bent.

Wonde, *past tense* of wone, dwelt.

Wonder / Wondre } *adj.* A.S. wonderful.

Wone / Woon } *n.* A.S. custom, usage, wont; habitation; resort, in the sense of a multitude; plenty, abundance.

Wone / Wonye } *v.* A.S. to dwell, to be accustomed, to resort to a place.

Woneden, *past tense pl.* of wone, dwelled.

Woned, *part. pa.* of wone, wont, accustomed.

Wonyng, *n.* A.S. dwelling.

Wonne, *part. pa.* of winne, *v.* A.S. won, conquered; begotten.

Wood, *adj.*—Same as wode.

Woodnes / Wodenes } *n.* A.S. madness.

Wordles, *adj.* A.S. speechless.

Worldes, *gen. case sing.* of world, is used in the sense of worldly; as, *every worldes sore*, every worldly pain; *my worldes bliss*, my worldly bliss.

Wort, *n.* A.S. a cabbage.

Wort, *n.* A.S. new beer in a state of fermentation.

Worthe, *v.* A.S. to be, to become. *Wo worthe!* unhappy be. *Late ladies worthe with her thynges*, let ladies be, or, let ladies alone, with their tricks, &c.

Worthe, *v.* A.S. to climb, to mount.

Wost, *second pers. sing. pres. tense* of wite, *v.* A.S. knowest.

Wot / Wote } *pres. tense* of witen, or wyten, *v.* A.S. to know.

Woung, *n.* A.S. the cheek.—Same as wang.

Wounger, *n.* A.S. a pillow on which the cheek is laid.

Wowe, *v.* A.S. to woo.

Woxe, *past tense pl.* of wexe, *v.* A.S. waxed, grew.

Woxen, *part. pa.* of wexe, grown.

Wrathen, *v. ac.* A.S. to make angry, or wrath.

Wrawe, *adj.* A.S. wrathful, peevish.

Wrawness, *n.* A.S. wrathfulness, peevishness.

Wreche / Wreke } *v.* A.S. to revenge; *past tense* wrak; *part. pa.* wroken, or ywroken.

Wrenche, *n.* A.S. a fraud, stratagem.

Wreste / Wrest } *v.* A.S. to bend forcibly, to twist; applied to the nightingale's singing: *that the nyghtyngale, with so grete myght her voys gan out wrest.*

Wrethen / Wrythen } *part. pa.* of writhe, *v.* A.S. twisted, or wreathed, together.

Wreye, *v.* A.S. to bewray, betray.

Wrie / Wrye / Wryne / Wrene } *v.* A.S. to cover, to wrap, to turn, incline.

Wright, *n.* A.S. an artisan.

Writhe, / Wrythe, / Writhin, } *v.* A.S. to twist, to turn aside.

Wrything, *n.* A.S. turning.

Wroght / Wroghte } *past tense* and *part.* of werche, *v.* A.S. wrought.

Wronge, *part. pa.* of Wringe, *v.* A.S. squeezed together, as the hands are in violent grief.

Wrote, *v.* A.S. to root with the snout like a hog.

Wyn, *n.* A.S. wine; *Wyn of ape*, such a quantity of wine as makes a man act like an ape. See vol. iii. p. 237, note 3.

Wynter-myte, *n.* A.S. perhaps a warm covering for the head, worn by the lower orders and called in France a *marmotte*.

Wys, *adj.* A.S. wise.

Wyvere, *n.* A.S. a serpent.

Y.

Y at the beginning of many words, especially verbs and participles, is a corruption of the Saxon *ge* which has remained uncorrupted in the other collateral branches of the Gothic language. What the power of it may have been originally, it is impossible now to determine. In Chaucer it does not appear to have any effect upon the sense of a word; so that there seems to be no necessity for inserting in a glossary such words as *yblessed*, *ygranted*, &c., which differ not, in signification, from *blessed*, *granted*, &c. Some however of this sort are inserted, which may serve at least to shew more clearly the extent of the practice (i.e. of prefixing y to verbs) in Chaucer's time.—*Tyrwhitt.*

Ya, Ye, Yhe { *adv.* Yea, A.S. the affirmative answer to a question asked in the affirmative form, as *Yis*, or *Yes*, is an affirmative answer to a question asked in the negative form.

Yaf, *past tense sing.* of yeve, *v.* A.S. gave; *pl.* yave.

Yaite, Yeit { *third person sing. present tense* of yelde, *v.* A.S. yieldeth; *yaite himself* (*Fr. se rend*) betaketh himself.

Yare, *adj.* A.S. ready.

Yate, *n.* A.S. a gate.

Yave, *past tense pl.* of yeve.

Ybe, *part pa.* of to be, *v.* A.S.; been.

Yburied, *part pa.* buried.

Ybete, *part. pa.* of bete, *v.* A.S. beaten.

Yblent, *part. pa.* of blinde, *v.* A.S. blinded.

Ybore, Ibore, *part. pa.* of bere, *v.* A.S. borne.

Ybourded, *part. pa.* of bourde, *v.* A.S. jested.

Ybrent, *part. pa.* of brenne, *v.* A.S. burnt.

Ychaped, Ichapud *part. pa.* furnished with chapes, or claaps.

Yche, *pr.* A.S. each.

Ycorven, Ykorven, *part. pa.* of kerve, *v.* A.S. cut.

Ycoupled, *part. pa.* coupled.

Ycrased, *part. pa.* broken.

Ydel, *adj.* A.S. idle.

Ydeled, *part. pa.* distributed.

Ydight, *part. pa.* adorned.

Ydo, *part. pa.* done, finished.

Ydolastre, *n.* A.N. an idolator.

Ydrawe, *part. pa.* drawn.

Ye, *adv.* A.S. See Ya.

Yeddynges, *n. pl.* The *Promptuarium Parvulorum* makes *yedding* to be the same as *geste*, which it explains thus:—Geest or romaunce, *gestis*. So that of *yeddynges* may perhaps mean of *story-telling*.

Yede, *past tense* of go, *v.* A.S. (gehen, Germ.) went.

Yefte, *n.* A.S. a gift.

Yelde, *v.* A.S. to yield, to give, to requite; *par. pa.* yolden; *God yelde it you*, God requite you for it.

Yelle, *v.* A.S. to yell.

Yelleden, *third pers. pl. past tense*, yelled.

Yelpe, *v.* A.S. to whine, to prate, to boast.

Yelt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of yelde, *v.* A.S. yieldeth.

Yeman, *n.* A.S. *gama*, a man; hence a servant. Hence, like the Lat. *homo*, a feudal retainer; *pl.* yemen. — See vol. iv. p. 130, note 5.

Yemanrie, *n.* A.S. the rank of yeoman.

Teme, *v.* A.S. to aim.
Yemede, *prep.* A.S. amid.
Yis, *adv.* A.S. yes, the affirmative reply to a question in a negative form. See Ya.
Yerde, *n.* A.S. a rod or staff; *under the yerde*, sub ferulâ, in a state of pupilage.
Yer, Yere } *n.* A.S. a year, also put for yeres; as, *thre yer and more.*
Yerne, *adj.* A.S. brisk, eager.
Yerne, *adv.* A.S. briskly, eagerly, early. *As yerne*, soon, immediately.
Yerne, *v.* A.S. to yearn, desire; to seek eagerly.
Yernyng, *n.* A.S. activity, diligence.
Yeten, *part. pa.* of yete, *v.* A.S. gotten.
Yettis, *n. pl.* A.S. gates.
Yeve, *v.* A.S. to give. *Past tense* yaf; *pl.* yave; *part. pa.* yeve, or yeven.
Yf, Yif } *conj.* A.S. if.
Yfalle, Ifalle } *part. pa.* fallen.
Yfeynit, *part. pa.* of feyne, *v.* A.S. feigned. *Lordes hestes mow not ben yfeynit*, the commands of lords must not be executed in a slovenly manner.
Yfett, *part. pa.* of fecche, *v.* A.S. fetched.
Yfonden, *part. pa.* of finde, *v.* A.S. found.
Yforstred, *part. pa.* of forstere, *v.* A.S. brought up, educated.
Yfreten, *part. pa.* of frete, *v.* A.S. devoured.
Ygeten, *part. pa.* of gete, *v.* A.S. gotten.
Yglosed, *part. pa.* of glose, *v.* A.N. explained, commented upon.
Yglewed, *part. pa.* of glewe, *v.* A.S. joined together with glue.
Ygo, *part. pa.* of go, *v.* A.S. gone.
Ygrave, *part. pa.* of grave, *v.* A.S. buried.
Yhallowed, *part. pa.* of hallowe, *v.* A.S. hallooed, applied to a hunted stag.
Yhalwed, *part. pa.* of halwe, *v.* A.S. esteemed holy.
Yhe, *adv.* A.S.—See Ya.
Yheerd, *part. pa.* haired, covered with hair.
Yholde, *part. pa.* held, beholden.
Yive, *v.* A.S. to give.
Yjaped, *part. pa.* of jape, *v.* A.S. tricked.
Yliche, Ylike } *adj.* A.S. like, resembling.
Yliche, Ylike } *adv.* A.S. alike, equally.
Ylimed, *part. pa.* limed, caught with bird-lime.
Ylogged, *part. pa.* lodged.
Ymaginacioun, *n.* A.N. imagination.
Ymasked, *part pa.* of maske, *v.* A.S. meshed, entangled.
Ymeint, Ymeynt } *part pa.* of menge, *v.* A.S. mingled.
Ymeneus, *n. pr.* Hymenæus.
Ympe, *n.* A.S. a scion.
Ympe, *v.* A.S. to graft.
Yn, *prep.* A.S. in.
Ynne, *adv.* A.S. in.
Ynough, Ynow } *adv.* A.S. enough.
Yolden, *part. pa.* of yelde, *v.* A.S. yielded, given, repaid.
Younghede, Younghede } *n.* A.S. youth.
Yore, *adv.* A.S. of a long time; a little before. *Yore ago*, a long time ago; *In olde tymes yore*, in old times long past; *of tyme yore*, of ancient times.
Youre, *pron. poss.* A.S. is used for *youres.*
Youres, *pron. poss.* A.S. used generally when the noun with which it agrees is understood.
Youthede, *n.* A.S. youth, the state of youth.
Yoxe, *v.* A.S. to hiccup.
Ypiked, *part. pa.* preened, spruce.
Ypocras, *n. pr.* Hippocrates; a sort of drink.
Yqueint, Yqueynt } *part. pa.* of quenche, *v.* A.S. quenched.
Yreke, Ireke } *part. pa.* of reke, *v.* A.S. smoking.
Yren, *n.* A.S. iron.
Yrent, *part. pa.* of rende, *v.* A.S. torn.

Yronne } *part. pa.* of renne, *v.* A.S.
Ironne } run.
Ys, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of am, *v.* A.S. is.
Ystablid, *part. pa.* established.
Yse, *n.* A.S. ice.
Yserved, *part. pa.* served, treated.
Ysette, *part. pa.* set, placed, appointed.
Yshent, *part. pa.* of shende, *v.* A.S. damaged.
Yshove, *part. pa.* pushed forward.
Yslawe, *part. pa.* of sle, *v.* A.S. slain.
Ysope, *n. pr.* Æsop, the fabulist, generally so called, though the true spelling of his name is pointed out in the following technical verse:

Ysopus est herba, sed Æsopus dat bona verba.'

The fables of Phædrus and Avienus, and an anonymous collection of sixty fables in elegiac verse, were generally quoted in the middle ages as being the productions of Æsop.

Ysowe, *part. pa.* sown.
Yspreint } *part. pa.* of sprenge, *v.*
Yspreynt } A.S. sprinkled.
Ystikkyd, *part. pa.* of stike, *v.* A.S. stuck.
Ystorven, *part. pa.* of sterve, *v.* A.S. dead.
Ytake, *part. pa.* taken.
Yteyed, *part. pa.* of teye, *v.* A.S. tied.
Ytrespassed, *part. pa.* trespassed.
Ytukkid, *part. pa.* of tukke, *v.* A.S. tucked.
Yvanyssked, *part. pa.* vanished.
Yvel, *adj.* A.S. evil.
Yvel, *adv.* A.S. ill.
Yvoyre, *n.* A.N. ivory.
Ywis }
Iwis } *adv.* A.S. certainly.
Ywys }
Ywrye } *part. pa.* of wrye, *v.* A.S.
Iwrye } covered.

Z.

Zeuxis, *n. pr.* a Grecian painter.

THE END.

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